

# OUR OUTSIDES

*W. T. FERNIE, M.D.*



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# OUR OUTSIDES: AND WHAT THEY BETOKEN

A SUMMARY

BY

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## PREFACE

LET Juvenal plead for us with a classic line to begin with : “ *Tenet insanabile multos scribendi cacoethes, et ægro in corde senescit* ” ; which signifies that, “ though now in our dotage, yet a dominant passion for handling the goose-quill still possesses us.” Again, “ *Multi, mei similes, hoc morbo laborant, ut, cum scribere nesciant, a scribendo non possunt temporare.* ” “ Many, like ourselves, labour under this malady, that, though not knowing how to write properly, they yet cannot refrain from striving to appear repeatedly in print.” Sir Walter Scott, when his health was already much impaired by overwork, went on “ writing like a tiger,” as he himself expressed it, until no longer able to handle a pen. After producing more articles, memoirs, and even sermons, he was struck down with paralysis. But he had no sooner recovered power sufficient to hold a pen than he was again at his desk. In vain his doctors told him to give up work ; he would not be dissuaded. “ As for bidding me not work,” he said to Dr. Abercrombie, “ Molly might just as well put the kettle on the fire, and say, ‘ Now, kettle, don’t boil.’ ” Nevertheless, let us hope for ourselves that, however vain-glorious our present reappearance in book form may seem, we shall discredit thereby the maxim of Richard Bentley, (1720) that “ no man was ever written out of reputation except by himself.”

Thus it is that we once again announce a “last performance;” and this time positively the last! Indeed, the simple pages which we now set about may almost be styled *obiter dicta*; much as was “My Awful Dad,” the final piece (adapted by himself) produced in June, 1875, by the polished, versatile, gentlemanly actor, Charles Mathews, when taking leave of the stage. He died at Manchester in that same month. We witnessed his courageous performance in those days; and were saddened in our laughter by noticing how distressingly he had to continually moisten his dry lips with a clammy tongue, so as to make himself heard; and understood; how literally, in his witty dialogue, which was a personal struggle, “*vox faucibus haesit*,” his voice stuck in his throat. Not that we have any personal record to make here of an “awful Dad,” who has at any time beset ourselves. The revered author of our being—a comely cleric, head master of a large public school,—though by nature red-visaged, and iracund (yet with occasional merriment in his twinkling grey eyes), was *awful* to his four sons only because of his more than Spartan sternness. Wherefore it was that we, his boys, even in our play hours, literally shunned his approach, lest it should entail reproof or correction, though quite undeserved. How gladly every now and again we hailed his matutinal appearance at the breakfast-table when specially clad in go-to-meeting bravery, which implied our temporary emancipation throughout the coming day. But—peace to his

respected Manes ! Withal he was a shy man ; eloquent in the pulpit, but reserved, and too retiring, or he might have been made a bishop. As it was, some of his elder scholars styled him Latimer, because of his primitive old-fashioned Nonconformist aspect,—which would certainly be thought singular in these modern days. When walking abroad he usually wore an ample Spanish cloak, of heavy dark-blue cloth, fastening at the neck in front with black cords and tassels, after the correct national fashion ; and this with a tall silken top hat ! Surely a most incongruous combination ! A sombrero, and a cigarette would have better completed the picture ! We remember, whilst yet a mischievous urchin, espying his reverence through the front lower window (facing the High Street) of the “ Greyhound Inn,” at Richmond, one night, immediately after a vestry dinner, with a long clay churchwarden between his lips, gravely blowing a fragrant cloud of unaccustomed “ Bird’s eye.”—But enough of these irrelevant personalities, for indulging in which we crave pardon from our patient readers. None the less shall Shakespeare plead our excuses. In his large-hearted humanity he assures us that, “ One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin ! ”

Coming back to our distinguished actor, and his last appearance on the histrionic boards, with a bright little play, we now, in like fashion, step before the footlights, not “ on the boards ” but between the modest brown boards of our unpretending little volume, with a concluding Epilogue. During the

last quarter of a century we have been occupying ourselves in print, with dissertations on our internal economies, and their welfare ; to-day we devote our energies, such as they are,—“veteran efforts, lagging on the stage of life”—to “OUR OUTSIDES : AND WHAT THEY BETOKEN.”

It may be remembered that in one of our former publications, *Meals Medicinal*, we told how Rumilius Pollio, an ancient Roman, whilst still enjoying wonderful health, and vitality, was presented, when over a hundred years old, to the Emperor Augustus. On his inquiring what had been the secret of such marvellous longevity, Pollio answered—“Interus melle ; exterus oleo”—“By reason of Honey within, and of Oil without.” Now if we only allow ourselves to whimsically suppose that these two health-preserving methods had been reversed, then some such highly inconvenient results to Pollio would have followed as are said in Austey’s popular story, *Vice Versa*, to have befallen Paul Bultitude, Esquire, of Mincing Lane, a pompous self-satisfied city merchant, and his son, Dick, a mischief-loving lad who was being packed off again to school after the holidays by his much-relieved father. Dick happened to have found, knocking about, a (“Garuda”) stone which an uncle had brought from India, and which Dick asked his father to give him. The latter was unconsciously holding it, whilst paternally expostulating with Dick for his tardiness, and—by way of protest—wishing himself a schoolboy again, and in that capacity

going back to the Grimstone Academy. Whereupon, to the infinite surprise of both, and with a strange complexity of consequences, they found themselves—through some magic influence of the said stone—changing places. The astonished parent became an overgrown pupil, whilst the home-sick boy was all at once a ridiculous grown-up city merchant.

Only supposing then that if after a similar fashion the Honey (or rather, the bees which made it) had been applied “*exterus*”—“outside”—to Rumilius Pollio, in old Rome, and the Oil taken by him “*interus*”—“within”—(particularly if of the sort known as “*castor oil*”), then under such a dire metamorphosis, poor Rumilius might have shared the fate of the fabled soldiers of Xerxes, who were stung to death on the field of battle by an infuriated swarm of bees; he being at the same time tormented by internal gripings, and intestinal contortions, through the purgative action of his oleaginous doses swallowed “*within*” :—

“ He sits alone in a darkened room,  
Alone in the fading light :  
Why is his brow so heavy with gloom,  
And his cheek so deadly white ?

“ But, though his heart is sick with care,  
His courage never blenches ;  
His eyes are fixed in a glassy stare—  
What is’t his firm hand clenches ?

“ ‘ A little courage,’ he murmurs, ‘ Yes !  
‘ A little, and all is won ’ ;  
A choking gurgle, more or less,  
A gasp, and the deed is done !

“ Without a shudder, or eyelid wink—  
    (Ah! it makes the heart recoil!)  
That he could coolly, calmly drink  
    A dose of Castor Oil!”

As to Bee-stinging, it is no longer to be dreaded, or regarded as formidable. Stingless bees are to the fore because of a strain of the busy little insect having lately gained vogue, which even a child can handle with perfect safety. But hitherto, as we all know, such has by no means been the fortunate case. To quote a homely “limerick” from Edward Lear’s popular *Book of Nonsense* :—

“ An honest old man of Dundee  
Went to seat himself on a settee;  
    He sat down with a bump,  
    But sprang up with a jump!  
‘ This seat is reserved,’ said the Bee.”

It may be to many of our readers a surprise to learn that an apiary is maintained to-day with profit in the very heart of noisy crowded London. Within sight of Holborn, on the roof of a block of flats, are kept fifteen of the modern wooden hives (from one of which fifty-three pounds of excellent honey were gathered last year). The bees are quite healthy, and buzz as merrily in the London smoke as if they were in a country garden. They fly far abroad, and find their own food during the summer: whilst throughout the winter they are fed within the hives at top by flat horizontal blocks of barley-sugar, mixed with meal by way of pollen. In severely cold weather the bees become torpid, and hibernate.

Furthermore, the old-fashioned straw hives have



become commonly superseded by neat square wooden structures containing frames fitted with waxen foundations, and with section boxes above. Thus the inmates of the hives are kept always well fed, and the bees remain good-tempered. But it was formerly on the rustic straw hives that the bit of crape, or other black fabric, was hung when the bees were lamenting the death of their owner, or were otherwise in mourning. It dangled from the top of the hackle; but would look incongruous on a modern square hive.

Apropos of "telling the bees" about a death, Whittier, the American poet, published a poem bearing that title. Merely a simple country idyll describing the scene, the cottage, and the barn, with an adjoining brook, and with "the bloom of the rose under the eaves."

"Just the same as a month before,—  
The house and the trees,  
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door—  
Nothing changed but the hive of bees;

"Before them, under the garden wall,  
Forward and backward,  
Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,  
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

"For I knew she was telling the bees of one  
Gone on the journey we all must run."

Piously, and prayerfully, trusting that some loving hands may likewise suspend trappings of their fond sorrow, ("flowers of the field" by choice), on our memorial stone, we make our grateful obeisance to the indulgent Public for not a few past favours;

and, (with our tilting-lance—the pen—"in rest,") we silently retire behind the arras for the remnant of our time.

"Invalidi miserere senis qui tardior ævo  
Supplicat ignotas devius ante fores!"

"Pity the failings of a poor old man,  
Whose trembling limbs now bear him to your door;  
Whose days have dwindled to the shortest span;  
Oh! buy his book, and Heaven will bless your store."

"The days of our years," saith the Psalmist. "are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour, and sorrow." Accepting which complete sentence, (though disallowing in our own case the second of its penalties), we work thankfully on to the inevitable end. Bedtime draws near, and the dustman has come, as we tell the children whose eyes are tired, and sleepy. Our prayers must therefore be simply said; and then to lie down, and go, for the final time, into the land of dreams.

"Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,  
And wash my Body whence the Life has died,  
And in a Windingsheet of Vineleaf wrapt,  
So bury me by some sweet Gardenside.

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a Share  
Of perfume shall fling up into the Air,  
As not a true Believer passing by  
But shall be overtaken unaware."

A wise old Latin adage teaches that "to labour is to pray"—"laborare est orare." Willingly obeying which dictum we jog on until "the night cometh when no man can work." Then at the last.

before turning our face to the wall, and tranquilly closing our eyes, we shall await the final kiss of our devoted faithful wife, and the farewell hand-grasp of our dearest friends—not a few, thank God! and loyal to the end!

“ Pray for my soul! More things are wrought by Prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice  
Rise like a fountain for me night and day;  
For what are men better than sheep, or goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of Prayer,  
Both for themselves, and those who call them friend?  
For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God!”

“ And, friends, dear friends, when it shall be  
That my low breath is gone from me,  
And round my bier you come to weep,  
Let one most loving of you all  
Say, ‘ Not a tear must o’er him fall,  
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RICHMOND, SURREY, 1913.



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# OUR OUTSIDES: AND WHAT THEY BETOKEN.

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## INTRODUCTION.

“THE finger of God,” saith Sir Thomas Browne—(*Religio Medici*)—“hath left an inscription upon all his works, not graphical, or composed of letters, but of the several forms, constitutions, parts, and operations which, aptly joined together, do make one word that doth express their natures.” “This ‘one word’ stands aptly comprised in the term ‘Physiognomy,’ the art, or sense, of discerning the character of the mind from the features of the face; or, the art of discovering the predominant qualities of the mind and the temper, by the form of the body, especially by the outward signs of the countenance. The same word formerly comprehended the practice, (now wisely exploded) of foretelling the future fortunes of persons by indications of the countenance.”

“Manners may be carefully studied, and yet mislead. But the human face is an open book, in which he who runs may read. Animals are never at a loss in their instinctive judgment of faces for the first time. They are guided by an unerring

judgment which is not to be deceived. But in man this intuitive instinct is far less generally developed than in the animal world. Yet we all, more or less, draw conclusions as to the character of those whom we meet at first sight, in doing which we unconsciously testify to the truth of Physiognomy: a science which is Nature's own stamp and seal."

Charles Kingsley went still further in his belief, and became convinced that the soul of every living being, down to the lowest, secretes the body thereof, just as a snail secretes its shell; and that the body is nothing more than an expression in material terms of the mental or spiritual stage of development which that body has reached at the particular time of its career. The Physiognomists Lavater (1741-1804), Gall (1758-1828), and Spurzheim (1776-1832), were among the first to discover the betokenments of the human face; but the Egyptians were the most ancient and famous students of the art. Tacitus ascribes this to the fact that their language, being formed of hieroglyphical representations of the higher and lower animals, compelled them to discover beforehand the nature, and dispositions of these symbolic creatures, before they could express by them the ideas which they wished to convey. This naturally led to close observation and inquiry, which presently extended onward to mankind. There is nothing mysterious, or unnatural in the delineation of the character by the face, the figure, and the head. Observation, close attention, and deductive reasoning will enable any person of

ordinary intelligence to form just conclusions as to the character of those whom they meet, and desire to fathom.

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

“ My pipe is lit, my grog is mixed,  
My curtains drawn, and all is snug ;  
Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,  
And Tray is sitting on the rug.  
Last night I had a curious dream,  
I married was to Mistress Mogg ;  
What d’ye think of that, my Cat ?  
What d’ye think of that, my Dog ?  
  
“ She look’d so fair, she sang so well,  
I could but woo, and she was won,  
Myself in blue, the bride in white ;  
The ring was placed, the deed was done !  
Away we went, in chaise and four,  
As fast as grinning boys could flog ;  
What d’ye think of that, my Cat ?  
What d’ye think of that, my Dog ? ”

A good gardener knows assuredly the quality and maturity of any fruit by its outside, without cutting it. His attention has placed him above that maxim (which is accounted by some a treasure of prudence) that “ there is no judging by appearances.” If this is so with every other being, can man be thought to be without his Physiognomy ? According to the comparison of Aristotle, “ If a huntsman judges—and judges aright—of the qualities of dogs only from their colour, eyes, and head, why may not the features of a man’s face be as sure grounds of conjecture to a skilled Physiognomist ? ” We dare even advance that no certain judgment can be formed of men but from their Physiognomies. They can vary their talk at will ; and their actions are mostly

decided by circumstances. It is their Physiognomies only which declare their real tempers. Nature teaches most of her children to recognize the hidden workings of the mind, and the motives which are actuating others, by looking into their faces, just as Art teaches children to tell the time indicated by movements within a clock by looking at the face and the hands of its dial.

“ Behold the child, by Nature’s kindly law,  
 Pleas’d with a rattle, tickled with a straw ;  
 Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,  
 A little louder, but as empty quite ;  
 Scarves, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage ;  
 And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age :  
 Pleased with this bauble still as that before,  
 Till tir’d he sleeps, and life’s poor play is o’er.”

“ Know then thyself, presume not God to scan :  
 The proper study of mankind is Man.”

*Alexander Pope (1688–1744).*

“ Oh ! what are the prizes we perish to win,  
 To the first little minnow we caught with a pin ?  
 No soil upon earth is so dear to our eyes  
 As the soil we first stirred in terrestrial pies ! ”

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

“ I’d echoose to be a Baby,  
 A darling little flower,  
 Without a care, or sorrow,  
 As I lived in childhood’s hour :  
 When the ladies—heaven bless them—  
 They would kiss me, and would vow  
 That they could almost eat me !  
 WHY DON’T THEY DO IT NOW ?

“ Oh, when I was a Baby,  
 They’d to my cradle creep,  
 And kiss, and hug, and cuddle me,  
 Till I went off to sleep ;  
 Oh, yes, they’d kiss and squeeze me,  
 Till I felt anyhow :  
 They’d even wash and dress me—  
 BUT THEY NEVER DO SO NOW !

“ I’d choose to be a Baby,  
A darling little flower,  
For my friends to love and kiss me,  
As they did in childhood’s hour.

“ How happy when a Baby,  
And bathing in my tray;  
The ladies all flocked round me—  
How personal were they !  
They’d say, ‘ He’s well proportioned,  
And can make a pretty bow,’  
And they’d tickle me all over—  
BUT THEY NEVER DO SO NOW.

“ I’d choose to be a Baby,  
A little nursery flower,  
A plaything for the ladies,  
In many an idle hour.”

“ While a man appears to his spiritual adviser better than he really is, and to his lawyer worse than he actually is, his real nature is revealed to his doctor.”

It has become an established fact that in the mobile parts of the human face which express emotions, those features which constantly express the same emotions come to be stamped with their permanent Physiognomical characters.

“ Fortunately,” said Spurzheim (1815), “ no profession is better prepared than that of the physician to investigate this subject by accessory knowledge, and by the study of Nature in general. No one has such facility for observing men at all times, and in all situations, when liberated from, when incapable of, their habitual restraint, and ceremony. The physician alone has opportunities of being, during the night, or the day, a witness of the most intimate relations, and the most secret events in families.

Good and bad men, when sick, with difficulty conceal from him their true sentiments. Who does not wish for the friendship of the man whom he trusts with his own life, with that of his wife, and of his children? To such a man, supposed to know all that belongs to our nature, we unfold our most secret thoughts, we acknowledge our frailties, and our errors, in order to guide his judgment concerning our situations. There is consequently no profession more entitled to study mankind than that of medicine."

Let us notice here that as concerning this present Physiognomical treatise about "OUR OUTSIDES," its scope of observation, and instruction is limited to English men and women for the most part, with incidental inclusion of our Scottish, and Irish compatriots; otherwise its sphere of scrutiny would have to be much enlarged. Furthermore, we must be mindful of the facts that climate, and the time of life, do much to modify physical characteristics. Thus we, people of the Aryan race, have cheeks which are only slightly prominent; whereas in the natives of other territories—to wit, the Esquimaux—they are very prominent. Again, in certain races of Northern Africa the lobe of the ear is wanting.

As to the colour of the Hair, this with us is chiefly of a dark hue. whereas blonde hair is most common among the Germanic races. The Japanese have black hair, and black eyes. It is certain that in Europe, and particularly in our large towns, persons with blonde hair tend to diminish in number. This

has been demonstrated in England, to the chagrin of the English. We admire flaxen hair, jet-black hair, and the pronounced chestnut. Red hair, although comparatively rare, is generally disliked, not only because it denotes singularity, but also because it is usually associated with two unpleasant things, a disagreeably smelling perspiration, and numerous freckles on the skin. "Heaven keep you from red-haired women and from alguacils," wrote the Spanish satirist Quevedo to a friend. Generally fair hair is much thicker than brown. As to the Beard, this is very much developed among the most advanced types of us Aryans, whereas the American races are specially beardless people. A beard is pleasing both to women, and to men, because it gives a virile aspect to the face. But in women this appendage is repulsive; hence the proverb, "A bearded woman greet with stones."

With respect to Facial beauty, the most handsome women are found among the Spanish and the English. In Italy, the men are more comely than the women, but the contrary is the case in Spain. Italians, being of animated expression, say about the English, "They are stolid, and feel nothing;" whilst the English say of the Italians, "They are buffoons!" Everyone knows the tranquil expression of the Oriental peoples, who await everything from God, and do not share the feverish activity of Europeans. Perhaps the English of all Europeans weep the least; they are ashamed to shed tears! In Germany, for the most part the men are phlegmatic,



choleric, and corpulent. In speaking of the French, Lavater said they are above all distinguished by their teeth, and by their way of laughing. The Swiss have no national Physiognomical character except the frankness of their look.

Another Physiognomical writer says, "The Englishman walks uprightly, and when he is standing he maintains a stiff immobility; when he is silent, and inactive, he gives no indication of the mind and intelligence, which he possesses in so high a degree. The Frenchman walks in a dancing manner. His open face announces at once a thousand agreeable and amiable things. He does not know how to hold his tongue; and when his mouth is closed, his eyes, and the muscles of his face continue to speak. The Frenchman displays all that he wishes by his face and gestures; thus he is recognized at the first glance, and can hide nothing." His expression is rapid and gay; that of the Englishman stern, and often haughty; that of the German heavy, benevolent, and always ungraceful. The Spaniard and the Portuguese gesticulate but little, so that the dignity of the Hidalgo may not be compromised.

Among the *Essays of Elia* (Charles Lamb) is a quaint humorous disquisition on "The Two Races of Men," which runs thus:—

"The human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, *the men who borrow, and the men who lend*. To these two original diversities may be reduced all those



impertinent classifications of Gothic and Celtic tribes, white men, black men, red men. All the dwellers upon earth, 'Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites,' flock hither, and do naturally fall in with one or other of these primary distinctions. The infinite superiority of the former, which I choose to designate as the *great race*, is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive sovereignty. The latter are born degraded. 'He shall serve his brethren.' There is something in the air of one of this cast, lean, and suspicious; contrasting with the open, trusting, generous manner of the other.

"What a careless, even deportment hath your borrower! what rosy gills! what a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest,—taking no more thought than the lilies! What contempt for money,—accounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross! What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*! or rather, what a noble simplification of language (beyond Tooke), resolving these supposed opposites into one clear, intelligible pronoun adjective!—What near approaches doth he make to the primitive *community*,—to the extent of one-half of the principle at least!

"To one like Elia, whose treasures are rather cased in leather covers than closed in iron coffers, there is a class of alienators more formidable than that which I have touched upon; I mean your *borrowers of books*—those mutilators of collections, spoilers of the symmetry of shelves, and creators of odd volumes. There is Comberbatch, matchless in his depredations!

“ That foul gap in the bottom shelf facing you, like a great eye-tooth knocked out—(you are now with me in my little back study in Bloomsbury, reader!)—with the huge Switzer-like tomes on each side (like the Guildhall giants, in their reformed posture, guardant of nothing) once held the tallest of my folios, *Opera Bonaventuræ*, choice and massy divinity—itself an Asepart!—*that* Comberbatch abstracted.

“ Reader, if haply thou art blessed with a moderate collection, be shy of showing it; or, if thy heart overfloweth to lend them, lend thy books; but let it be to such a one as S. T. C.—he will return them (generally anticipating the time appointed) with usury; enriched with annotations, tripling their value. I have had experience. Many are these precious MSS. of his—in *matter* oftentimes, and almost in *quantity* not unfrequently, vying with the originals)—in no very clerkly hand—legible in my Daniel; in old Burton; in Sir Thomas Browne; and those abstruser cogitations of the Greville, now, alas! wandering in Pagan lands—I counsel thee shut not thy heart, nor thy library, against S. T. C. (Coleridge).”

It needs but a few words to remark how the advance of years, and old age, tends to alter those Physiognomical indications which may be relied upon during childhood, adult life, and middle age. As to the dome of the skull, its inner bony plate is no longer supported and conformed by a fully-developed ample brain within, because this para-

mount central nervous substance gradually shrinks, and shrivels more or less. Consequently, the phrenological configuration can no longer be fairly estimated or depended upon; likewise the faculties, both mental and physical, lose their primal integrity of function. Spectacles and artificial teeth become indispensable; the hair turns grey, and is scanty; the body stoops; the hands become tremulous; the gait is shambling, and uncertain. The seventh age of Shakespeare comes on apace.

“The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,  
With spectacle on nose, and pouch on side;  
His youthful hose, well sav’d, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again towards childish treble, Pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;  
Sans eyes, sans teeth, sans tasto, sans everything.”

“O, Kate, my dear partner through joy and through strife!  
When I look back at Hymen’s dear day,  
Not a lovelier bride ever changed to a wife,  
Though now you’re old, wizened, and grey!

“Those eyes then were stars, shining rulers of fate!  
But as liquid as stars in a pool;  
Though now they’re so dim—they appear, my dear Kate,  
Just like gooseberries boil’d for a fool.

“That brow was like marble, so smooth, and so fair;  
Though it’s wrinkled so crookedly now;  
As if Time, when those furrows were made by the share,  
Had been tipsy whilst driving his plough!

“Your nose, it was such as the sculptors all chose,  
When a Venus demanded their skill;  
Though now it can hardly be reckoned a nose,  
But a sort of Poll-Parrotty bill!

- " Your mouth, it was then quite a bait for the bees,  
Such a nectar there hung on each lip ;  
Though now it has taken that lemon-like squeeze,  
Not a blue-bottle comes for a sip !
- " Your chin, it was one of Love's favourite haunts,  
From its dimple he could not get loose ;  
Though now the neat hand of a barber it wants,  
Or a singe, like the breast of a goose !
- " How rich were those locks, so abundant and full,  
With their ringlets of auburn so deep !  
Though now they look only like frizzles of wool,  
By a bramble torn off from a sheep !
- " That neck, not a swan could excel it in grace,  
While in whiteness it vied with your arms ;  
Though now a grave 'kerchief you properly place  
To conceal that scrag-end of your charms !
- " Your figure was tall then, and perfectly straight ;  
Though it now has two twists from upright—  
But, bless you !—still bless you !—my Partner ! my Kate !  
Though you be such a perfect old fright."

Charles Darwin has summed up his masterly work on " The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals " (1872), thus : " The movements of expression in the face, and body, whatever their origin may have been, are in themselves of much importance for our welfare. We have seen that the study of expression confirms to a certain extent the conclusion that man had his origin from some lower animal form. To understand, as far as is possible, the sources or origin of the various expressions which are to be hourly seen on the faces of the men around us, not to mention our domesticated animals, ought to possess much interest for us ! We may fairly conclude then that the philosophy of this highly important subject has well deserved

the attention which it has already received from several excellent observers; and that it deserves still further attention, especially from capable Physiognomists." Now if Darwin could thus pronounce some forty years ago, we are entitled to claim to-day a largely increased importance for our present subject, and a more supreme regard for its study, seeing what rapid and far-reaching strides have been made in methods of physical research as bearing on the organic systems and functions of the body and limbs. Especially has much fresh knowledge been acquired as to the intimate relation which exists between almost all the emotions and their outward manifestations.

Thus we have come to know that even the simulation of an emotion tends to arouse it in our minds. "Shakespeare," said Darwin, "who, from his wonderful knowledge of human nature, ought to have been an excellent judge, has said—

"Is it not monstrous, that this player here,  
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,  
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd;  
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,  
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!"

*Hamlet. Act. ii., Sc. 2.*

"Totus mundus agit histrionem" was the motto inscribed over the Globe Theatre at Southwark.

"All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players;  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts."

It is to some extent true that an ability to read with unfailing accuracy the characters of one's neighbours, to put one's finger on their "foibles," and to lay bare their weaknesses by means of an educated, and at the same time gifted, power of observation, puts into the hands of the professor of Physiognomy a lever of a powerful, and it may be dangerous, nature. But for this very reason the more widespread the scholastic knowledge of "OUR OUTSIDES, AND THEIR BETOKENMENTS" is, the less possible or successful will attempts at its disguise become.

"We are scarcely so sanguine" (*Nature's Revelations of Character*, by Joseph Simms, M.D., New York), "as to hope for a very prompt realization of such an advanced state of knowledge; but of this we are assured, that come it will; that the science of Physiognomy shall be one of universal application, and utility; that its formulæ will be as common as household words; and it will be as rare to find a man ignorant of its first principles as it is now to discover one who does not know his letters." Some of our readers will be astonished to learn that by Act XVII. of George the Second. it became ordained that "All persons pretending to have skill in Physiognomy are hereby included amongst those offenders who are deemed Rogues and Vagabonds. As such they are liable to be publicly whipped, or sent to the House of Correction until the next Sessions, or any less time; and after whipping, or commitment, they may be passed to their last legal settlement, or birth-place; and moreover, the



Justice may sentence them to hard labour for not more than six months.”

An incontrovertible proof of the amount of attention which has been paid, almost from time immemorial, to the Physiognomical peculiarities which mark the human countenance and form, in their infinite varieties, stands ready to hand in the endless compilations of titles and names bestowed upon our progenitors by reason of their distinctive facial and bodily features and forms. A few examples will plainly show the truth of this statement. Thus, from Colour we have derived the names of Brown, Gray, Green, Black, Blue, White, and so on, over the entire gamut of the alphabet. From Stature we have Long, Short, Small, Bigg, Little, and so on. From Complexion we have Fair, Dark, Pale, etc. From Bodily Strength we have Strong, Power, and Wight (Weight); and as to Bodily Characteristics, we may cite Strong Arm (Armstrong), Greathead, Greatheart, Longshanks, Cruikshanks, Longman, and a host of other such self-speaking titles; not a few similar examples of which are ludicrous, or even broad, in their personalities. Furthermore, if we were to quote from other languages than our own, a mine of illustration would be opened which we might work successfully almost *ad infinitum*.

We have only to add in conclusion: “To the intent that these bare Sceletons of Persons, and Faces may be fleshed with some pleasant passages, we have purposely interlaced (not as meat, but as condiment) many agreeable stories, so that the Readers, if they

do not arise (which we hope or desire) Doctiores, or Religiosiores,—with more learning, or piety,—at least may depart Jucundiores,—with more pleasure, and lawful delight. For our own part we had rather that our Readers should rise hungry from our Book than surfeited therewith ; rather uninformed than misinformed thereby ; rather ignorant of what they desire to learn than having a Falsehood, or (at the best) a Conjecture for a Truth, obtruded, on them.”

“ And what is writ is writ ;  
Would it were worthier ! ”



“‘MY FACE IS MY FORTUNE, SIR,’ SHE SAID.”

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IT is a favourite practice with urchins of the street who encounter us in the roadways, and other public places, to ask, “Please, will you tell me the time?” A responsive reference to the face of our watch, taken from the pocket straight-way, tells how the day is going, and probably relegates the small inquirer to his or her place of abode for the welcome meal, or the unwelcome bedtime. Perhaps indeed the question has manifestly been put to us out of mere idle mischief, or for the curious sake of getting speech with the owner of a “ticker.” In some measure a similar motive actuates us—the grown-ups—when we scan the features of those persons whom we happen to meet *vis-à-vis* in the railway-carriage, the motor car, the assembly room, at table, or on the side paths in our daily walks abroad. In any of these events—unless our minds are preoccupied with matters of more pressing moment, so as to supersede such casual or leisurely observation—we are given to form mental conclusions (more or less accurate according to our powers of penetration, insight, and instinct), by determining within ourselves the character (favourable, or forbidding), which the distinctive features, the complexion, the attitude,

and the evident personal peculiarities of the Physiognomy scrutinized by us, seem to disclose. Our mental verdict as to the general attributes, and bearings of him, or her, whom we thus inspect, more or less closely, is arrived at for the most part correctly, and this chiefly from our rapid study of the facial lineaments, and the individual aspect of him. or her, whom we thus subject to the tests of our intuitive perception, or our acquired experience. Therefore it has become the aim and object of the present writer to draw up a plain Guide, or Manual, which shall serve to reliably assist in explaining, and interpreting those definite marks and characteristics which may seem to reveal themselves.

Thereby we gain useful help towards our concluding aright how best to regulate our conduct, and relations with regard to the possessors of the facial indications, and the particular conformation which we have sought to analyse.

When trying to judge what is the character, and what are the tendencies of this person, whether within the circle of one's acquaintance, or a stranger within one's gates, the first consideration should be as to the "Temperament" of the individual in question. This preliminary problem being solved mentally to one's satisfaction, it becomes comparatively easy to follow up the train of conclusions thus started. So, when a Botanist wishes to discover the name and attributes of any plant with which he meets, hitherto unknown to him, he first tries by its external features, and its general formation, to

ascertain the Natural Order to which it belongs. Having determined satisfactorily such Natural Order, he next proceeds by duly estimating the size, shape, and relative positions of the structural parts, to learn the particular Genus of the said Order to which the plant under inspection appertains. Finally, by closely observing the numbers, and arrangement of sepals, petals, stamens, pistil, leaves, stems, and stalk of the plant, he goes on to pronounce the Species, or individual identity, of the specimen plant on which his attention is bestowed. Much after a similar fashion the student of human faces, and figures which come under his scrutiny, whether rapid or deliberate, must first resolve within his mind the problem as to the particular Temperament—so-called—which claims the person now under his inquisitive notice. The several Temperaments tell unmistakably the broad general personality, and tendencies of each single individual, quite as fully and correctly as the main physical possessions of a plant serve to explain the Natural Order to which such plant belongs. First and foremost, therefore, we must tell ourselves (as a quick clever eye, and an intelligent scrutiny will learn by practice to do with marvellous precision) the Temperament to which the individual under our analytical notice should be assigned. Having rightly told ourselves this point, we may safely proceed to examine the separate features and the particular indications of face, and form presented by the subject now under tacit investigation.

Four Temperaments are recognized by Physiognomists, each of which is indicated by very manifest signs. They are the Nervous, the Sanguine, the Bilious, and the Lymphatic.

Persons endowed with the Nervous Temperament are physically fair, and of spare form, with finely cut features; the skin is thin and transparent; the eyes (hazel, or blue) have a peculiar sparkling look. There is a relatively small chest, and a large head, particularly as to its upper frontal part. The hair is fine, and glossy, the chin is narrow, the neck small. The manners are conciliatory and obliging. Warmth, and energy are imparted to all that is done.

“Why should a man whose blood is warm within,  
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?”

They are active rapid thinkers, intellectually fertile, and adventurous; but also sensitive, excitable, irresolute, and secretive. In morals they are apt to go to the extremes of right or wrong. While usually lively, they are subject at times to unreasonable depression, or despondency. Being very persistent, they often exceed their powers of endurance. Most geniuses, and reformers belong to this class.

The Sanguine folk are of ruddy complexion, with chestnut or red hair, and blue eyes, rounded and fully open. The face is rather round than oval; the step is quick; the movements of the head are sudden. There is a predominance in the organs of the chest, the blood-making organs,—heart, lungs, and liver. Whatever troubles arise, they of this Temperament remain cheerful, and never lose hope.

They are emotional, and energetic, but impulsive, and changeable. They are frank and outspoken; never secretive, or spiteful. They are too superficial to be great students, and too happy-go-lucky to prove disagreeable. They are as much pleased over trifles as over big things. The Sanguine man is not to be depended upon in minor matters. He may mean what he says; but he cannot resist pleasure, and hence he is apt to break a promise.

The Bilious, or Fibrous, Temperament includes those who are of dark eyes and hair; broad, and thick-set. Mentally they are serious, whilst slower in thought, and action than those who are "Nervous."

"There's Morbid, all bile, and verjuice, and nerves;  
Where other people would make preserves,  
He turns his fruit into pickles;  
Jealous, envious, and fretful by day,  
At night to his own sharp fancies a prey,  
He lies like a hedgehog roll'd up the wrong way,  
Tormenting himself with his prickles.

"But a child—that bids the world good-night  
In downright earnest, and cuts it quite—  
A cherub no art can copy—  
'Tis a perfect picture to see him lie  
As if he had supp'd on dormouse pie  
(An ancient classical dish, by the by)  
With a sauce of syrup of poppy."

In persons of this Fibrous Temperament there is a strongly defined outline of features, with a well marked development of the muscular, and fibrous parts of the bodily system. The bony skeleton is not necessarily large, though it is solid and compact. The head is small and round, with a thick-set neck, and square jaws. The face is large, with heavy

features, a low forehead, and hair growing down towards the eyebrows. The man is slow to speak, slow to work, slow also to become tired, being always at his best in the after part of the day. Often such persons are careless of the *bienséances* of life, and are blustering, and ruthless as to whose corns they tread on. They are good in business, and not given to rash speculation. Whilst apt to be morose, and unforgiving, they are very domesticated, and are kind parents : being disposed towards selfishness they often accumulate wealth.

Lymphatic persons are lethargic, fair, often with brown eyes, fleshy, and heavy in build. The skin is pale, and free from hair ; the eyes are dull, and inexpressive. In women there is a network of blue veins beneath the skin, the contours of the limbs being rounded, with a doughy aspect. They are mentally slow, and careful in thinking out conclusions ; ready to forgive, being too lazy to behave maliciously or to cherish unkind feelings. They are never brilliant or energetic, but plodding, and with great powers of endurance. They spend little, yet are self-indulgent. Sometimes there are strong-minded persons of this Temperament, but they never hurt themselves with hard persistent work. The Lymphatic man eats largely, and indiscriminately ; he is the one-meal-a-day person of whom we hear ; he loves after dinner to linger over his glass of wine, and smoke away the rest of the evening. Persons of the Sanguine and the Bilious Temperaments have a somewhat less capacity for food than



the Lymphatic, but, like them, can take wine and other stimulants freely, the Bilious more so than the Sanguine. They digest well, and sleep soundly.

Said the *Saturday Review* some time ago : " One day a hospitable gentleman told his butler that six clergymen were coming to dine with him, and he bade that official make due preparation. " May I ask," said the butler deferentially, " whether they are 'Igh, or Low Church ? " " What on earth makes you put such a question ? " replied the master. " Because you see, sir, if they are 'Igh they drinks ; and if they are Low they eats."

When illustrating characters in fiction it is important that artists, whilst capable draughtsmen, should have carefully studied at least the broad outlines of Physiognomy, and of regional Phrenology. Charles Dickens was particularly fortunate in securing the famous services of " Phiz " (Hablot K. Browne) in these respects, for convincingly depicting the numerous characters told about (and thereby immortalized) in all his earlier stories. The widely known illustrations display not only a close faithful attention to the leading canons of these *sciences* (if we may so term them), but furthermore an innate, instinctive aptitude for pursuing his art with such signal success by reason of possessing special and rare natural gifts for the purpose. Let us take, for instance, the portrayed figure of Mr. Micawber, now so delightfully familiar to us all ! What happier example could we have presented to us of one owning the main attributes of the Sanguine

Temperament, as shown by all its best features? The hearty, robust, hopeful, fresh-complexioned, mobile face of the convivial, simple-minded, affectionate creature is most faithfully shown; and with his characteristic attire, just as our fond fancy is led by the incidents of the story to imagine him.

Or, take again the pictured presentment of that arch, pompous pretender and humbug, Mr. Pecksniff. His large inflated deportment, with a fat flabby face, and hair brushed upright back from a shallow-brained forehead, bespeak him to the life; whilst indomitable self-esteem, giving much loftiness of carriage, because of the over-weighty animal back head, with its conspicuous uprising summit—misleading at first sight; these all tell their own tale with amazing fidelity of a big, mean, crafty, deceitful charlatan.

But it must not be supposed that the bodily characteristics of the four pure Temperaments which we have briefly described are often to be met with pure, and entire. In the majority of persons, mixed or compound Temperaments prevail; in fact there must be relative proportions to constitute harmonious organization. The intermixed ancestry, and hereditary influences, have been at work, with their various modifications. It is by the blending of physical characteristics derived from different Temperaments, as seen in nearly every face, that Nature bestows upon man the charm of infinite variety, insomuch that the study of these several Temperaments becomes increasingly interesting when



it is found that even one colour, or form, has been deduced as characteristic of a different Temperament from the prevailing one. This outsider brings with it something of the mental action of its own foreign Temperament. Thus, for instance, if black eyes replace blue ones, they indicate more or less the caution, the persistence, the ambition, of the Bilious Temperament; and, similarly, if blue eyes replace black ones, they bring more or less of the impulsiveness, the love of change, the unwarranted hopefulness of the Sanguine Temperament. After this fashion the late Professor Laycock advised his medical classes to pursue the study of Temperaments. "Do this," said he, "by habitual, constant, and careful observation; which indeed is easy, because you can always practise the art wherever there are faces, and forms to be seen. If you look about you, whether in the hospital wards, or in the public streets, you can observe the evident variety of mixed Temperaments."

It may be asked, Which is the best Temperament? The reply is not doubtful. The compound in equal proportions of the four pure Temperaments—that is, the "balanced" Temperament—is certainly the best for its possessor, since in this the four serve to modify one another, so that the troublesome or special tendencies, or impulses, which characterize each of the four pure Temperaments singly, have become toned down to a comfortable smoothness of action. Thus the impulsiveness of the Sanguine is tempered by the inaction of the Lymphatic; the business capability, and endurance of the Bilious, by the

imaginativeness of the Nervous; the indolent love of ease, and contentment with personal comforts of the Lymphatic, by the ambition of the Bilious; the perplexity, and indecision of the Nervous from seeing too many ways open, by the impulsiveness of the Sanguine. The Nervous with the Sanguine produces a combination of mental and bodily activity; whilst an addition of the Bilious (Fibrous), imparts more endurance; and, furthermore, some imparted strain of the Lymphatic gives that desire for easy enjoyment which is necessary so that the whole system may recruit, and regain its power for exertion.

"Mrs. Carlyle," said *The Times*, "had two distinct sides to her character; on the one hand she was what circumstances had made her; she was a bustling, frugal, notable housewife who seemed to regard everything from the practical point of view. But at the same time she was intensely emotional, and almost morbidly susceptible. That she had schooled herself to go on phlegmatically and conscientiously about her daily tasks, was all the more to her credit." Carlyle himself (*The Times*, March 31, 1883) "was morbidly nervous, irritable, and thin-skinned. The slightest noise prevented his sleeping; the slightest disturbance prevented his working. He could tolerate no disturbance of his habits; and the trifles that seriously annoyed him threw him off his balance for days." Mr. Froude says of Carlyle's eyes that they became lighter in colour late in life. The Carlyles—husband and wife—were thus described: "The one tall, lean, and

rugged, with the head of a thinker, the eye of a lover, the mouth of a peasant: the other, slim, bright, upright, with her great lustrous eyes of gipsy black; the most brilliant conversationalist, perhaps, that ever entered a house."

Persons of Nervous Temperament are quick in their movements, keenly sensitive to every kind of suffering, or enjoyment, and peculiarly susceptible to the influence of alcoholic liquors, opium, tobacco, and tea. If a lady has a large brain and her husband a small one, the former will be decidedly the master of the household; and the husband will generally have to play the part of the mate in the matrimonial ship, rather than that of the captain.

John Stuart Mill says: "It is characteristic of the Nervous Temperament to be capable of sustained excitement holding out through long-continued effort. It is what is meant by spirit. It is what makes the high-bred racehorse run without slackening speed till he drops down dead." The busts of Charles Dickens show the tapering face of the Nervous Temperament. In Forster's Life of him are given numerous proofs of his untiring energy in work or play. "Bar-leaping, bowling, and quoits were among the games he carried on with the greatest ardour; and in the sustained energy of what is called 'keeping it up,' he certainly distanced every competitor." As an instance: "Little Mary and her sister Kate had taken much pains to teach their father the polka, so that he might dance it with them at their brother's

birthday festivities; and in the middle of the previous night, as he lay in bed, the fear had fallen on him suddenly that the step was forgotten; whereupon, there and then, in the dark cold wintry night, he got out of bed to practise it. Anything more characteristic could certainly not be told, unless I could have shown him dancing it afterwards, whilst far excelling the youngest performer in untiring vigour and vivacity."

Again, "Behind Gadshill was the much-coveted meadow" which Dickens obtained from the Trustees of the Free School at Rochester. It was in this field that villagers from Higham played cricket matches; and where, just before Dickens went to America for the last time, he held those quaint foot races for all and sundry, as described in one of his letters to Forster. Among oddities in which he delighted was a hurdle race for strangers. On a certain occasion the man who came in second ran 120 yards, and jumped over ten hurdles, with a pipe in his mouth, and smoking it all the time. "If it hadn't been for your pipe," said the master of Gadshill Place, clapping him on the shoulder at the winning-post, "you would have been first." "I beg your pardon, sir," he answered, "but if it hadn't been for my pipe I should have been nowhere."

Says old Thomas Fuller, in his *Worthies*: "Some heathen have causelessly complained of Nature as a stepmother to mankind, because other creatures come into the world clothed with feathers, furs, fleeces, etc.; or armed with paws, claws,

beaks, tusks, horns and hoofs, whilst man is exposed naked into the world. I say, a causeless charge; because Providence having given to men hands, and reason to use them, (two blessings denied to other creatures), all clothing, and fencing, are *EMINENTLY AND TRANSCENDENTLY* bestowed upon him."

Presupposing a fair acquaintance with the four main Temperaments which we have been considering in detail; and making such allowance as may be thought expedient in each case for likely combinations, any sharp-witted and clever observer may almost instantly form a correct opinion as to the general disposition, and personal characteristics of a stranger, or acquaintance, met for the first time, and hitherto unknown to him. Moreover, to a sensitive judge there will occur an instinctive feeling of personal like, or dislike, which may be as a rule trusted implicitly. Indeed, it is probable that even all intelligent animals have more or less an inherent faculty for summing up the disposition, and likely behaviour of the men who have to deal with them. Thus it is that children and the domesticated animals are wonderful Physiognomists. They look up straightway into the face of any individual who makes approaches to them, and they seem to determine at once, unhesitatingly and unerringly, whether they like, or dislike, that individual.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

"Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
That is known as the Children's Hour.

" I hear in the chamber above me  
The patter of little feet ;  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
And voices soft, and sweet.

" From my study I see in the lamplight,  
Descending the broad oak stair,  
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.

" A whisper, and then a silence ;  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise.

" They climb up into my turret,  
O'er the arms and the back of my chair ;  
If I try to escape, they surround me ;  
They seem to be everywhere.

" I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart ;  
But put you down into the dungeon,  
In the round tower of my heart.

" And there will I keep you for ever,  
Yes, for ever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away."

It is noticeable that with the dog this particular gift of instinctive judgment is materially aided by the sense of smell, which is additionally brought into immediate use, and which must be of some latent magnetic service such as we with our less capable nasal organs fail to fully realize. Again, the horse certainly distinguishes the bold masterly rider from the timid apprehensive equestrian. If Cicero had taken his opinion of Cæsar from his Physiognomy, and not from his effeminate dress,—as he owned after the battle of Pharsalia,—he would never have been seen in Pompey's camp. So nice and correct was



Pythagoras (6th century, B.C.) in the choice of his disciples, that none were admitted but such only whose comely exterior warranted a beautiful soul. It was a usual saying of his, "Not every sort of marble or wood is fit for representing an Apollo, or a Mercury."

Saint Paul must have been a man of mixed Temperaments ; mainly Nervous, but with a modicum of the Sanguine, which gave him active energy ; and again a certain share of the Fibrous, which conferred endurance. Nevertheless he was not a strong man. He himself tells us of his being afflicted with "a thorn in the flesh" (commonly supposed to signify a trouble of the eyes). Yet his literary abilities were of a high order. To the Corinthians he said : "Though I should boast somewhat more of our authority, which the Lord hath given us for edification, and not for your destruction, I should not be ashamed : that I may not seem as if I would terrify you by letters. For his letters, say they, are weighty and powerful ; but his bodily presence is weak, and his speech contemptible."

As Alexander Pope expresses it (in his *Odyssey*)

"With partial hands the gods their gifts dispense ;  
Some greatly think, some speak with manly sense ;  
Here Heav'n an elegance of form denies,  
But wisdom the defect of form supplies ;  
In outward show Heav'n gives one to excel,  
But Heav'n denies him praise of thinking well."

"With regard to strength and honesty of character" (*Physiognomy Illustrated*), "a few pounds, more or less, of flesh and bone determine all the difference

between an honest man and a villain." Shakespeare was right when he made Julius Cæsar, while plotting for supreme power in Rome, exclaim :—

“ Let me have men about me that are fat,  
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o’ nights;  
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look—  
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous ! ”

Thus then, when convinced as to what is the prevailing Temperament (or Natural Order, so to speak) of our examinee, we may go on, and seek to discern the special Genus of Features, and Head formation with which the said person is endowed : these being the ears (if seen from a profile view), the eyes, nose, mouth (with its lips), forehead, chin, neck (in front, behind, and at the sides), complexion, and general pose of the Head. Finally, as individualizing the stranger at our inquisitorial bar, we may sum up his, or her, totality of personal characteristics, so as to pronounce the actual Species placed before us. But repeated and prolonged experience has to be patiently earned before any such positive, and incontrovertible a verdict may be arbitrarily pronounced. It is only His Holiness the Pope, with his infallible Bulls, who can speak for a certainty, as if he were a demigod :—

“ The Pope, he leads a happy life :  
He knows no cares of marriage strife,  
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine ;  
I would the Pope’s gay lot were mine !

“ But yet not happy is his life ;  
He loves no maid, or wedded wife ;  
No child hath he to cheer his hope ;  
I would not wish to be the Pope.



“ The Sultan better pleases me ;  
He leads a life of jollity,  
Has wives as many as he will ;  
I would the Sultan’s throne then fill.

“ But yet he’s not a happy man ;  
He must obey the Al-Koran,  
And dares not taste one drop of wine ;  
I would not that his lot were mine.

“ So here I take my lowly stand ;  
I’ll drink my own, my native land ;  
I’ll kiss my maiden’s lips divine,  
And drink the best of Rhenish wine.

“ And when my maiden kisses me,  
I’ll fancy I the Sultan be ;  
And when my sparkling glass I tope,  
I’ll fancy that I am the Pope.”

There is a very singular fact, attested by many travellers, that savages will not only track a man for several leagues successfully ; but also will, *mirabile dictu*, by the quickness of their scent distinguish what countryman he is ; likewise they are so sharp-sighted as actually to see a canoe half an hour before a European so much as imagines he can discern any such thing at all.

And thus with persons who are expert in examining, and deciphering Physiognomies, through having a particular natural gift in this direction. Their lynx eyes discover motions, and lineaments which are hid from all others ; and these motions and lineaments, being the sure denotatives of many things, capacitate such adepts to become judges of them with infallibility. Tumultuous passions are visible to anyone with his eyes open ; but to detect the more disguised ones, or to discern a storm lurking under the most

winning tranquillity, shows the special penetration of the true Physiognomist.

It is told that Zopyrus, a Physiognomist of Athens, after examining the features of Socrates, declared that by natural disposition he was addicted to gluttony and drunkenness; whereupon the philosopher admitted it had been a perpetual struggle with him all his life to restrain his innate tendency towards these excesses.

“Character: as seen in Body, and Parentage”—a clever little book, full of original observation, by Dr. Furneaux Jordan, of Birmingham (1896)—says: “The wife of Socrates has been handed down to us as a shrew; perhaps justly so. Socrates is rightly regarded as one of the world’s loftiest characters; there are good reasons however for supposing that he himself was also a shrew. He was never at rest. He gave others no peace. He questioned, and lectured everybody, in season and out of season. To him notoriety was life; and when tired of life he courted the crown and notoriety of an ostentatious death. A singular incident is recorded of him. One morning, in a public place, he struck an attitude of profound reverie, as if a new problem had just presented itself to him. This attitude he maintained all day, and all night—a whole twenty-four hours—after which he offered a prayer to the Sun-god, and went his way. At noon general attention was aroused; the crowd grew; and a band of observers remained out all night to watch him. Now, no human strength can endure for twenty-four hours one position of abstract

thought, without movement, or food, or drink. Socrates was not solving a problem. Was he not rather seeking distinction by conscious, and more or less painful, effort? The great moralist little thought that he was revealing to a distant generation the story of his body, his heredity, and his Physiological proclivities."

Lemprière, in his *Classical Dictionary*, confirms this statement of Zopyrus. "Socrates," he says, "was naturally of a licentious disposition; and a Physiognomist observed when looking into the face of the philosopher that his heart was the most depraved, immodest, and corrupted that ever was in the human breast. This utterance nearly cost the satirist his life; but Socrates upbraided his disciples who wished to punish the Physiognomist, and declared that his assertions were true, but that all his vicious propensities had been duly corrected, and subdued by means of reason." Socrates believed in the divine origin of dreams, and omens. He publicly declared that he was accompanied by a demon, or invisible conductor, whose frequent interpositions stopped him from the commission of evil, and the guilt of misconduct.

Coming to modern times, the tragedian Macready (1793-1873) was equally unfortunate as to his nose; but, unlike the great philosopher, he did not bear his burden with patience. It is said that when he rehearsed his parts before a large looking-glass, he would from time to time, as he caught sight of his nose, break out with the expression, "Oh! d—n that nose!" "Pœnitet me hujus nasi!"

The two Greek words "Physis" and "Gnomon"—which give his name to the "Physiognomist," as an examiner, or discoverer, of Natural character,—signify the rule which Nature has exhibited to us whereby to judge outwardly of mankind. The true Physiognomist affects not to foretell what a person will become, but what his personality actually denotes. Future circumstances are beyond his verge; he only conjectures the most likely behaviour under them. His discoveries reach no farther than what is inherent in the person whom he examines. He penetrates into the innate disposition, not the fortunes, of a man; he declares his genius, but not the province of its exertion; he knows the part for which the person is fit, but not that to which he is destined.

The scrutiny of a Face and Head may be made either in profile, or fully from the front. In the former case, special notice must be taken of the Ears as to their relative position. This circumstance is of very remarkable import; it serves much such a purpose as the panes of glass let into the sides of a clock-case, through which can be seen at what rate, and with what regularity, the clock is going.

"I do not suppose," says a well-known London scientist, "one person in a thousand knows that the position of the Ears on the Head is an almost certain index of character. A man may have a sloping forehead, a weak mouth, and indeed all the facial signs which are looked upon with disfavour; but if the said man's Ears are set far back, and if

their hearing apertures are almost on a level with the eyes (the head being held upright, and not stooping forward), you may safely disregard all other features, and class that man instantly as intelligent, and of a well-balanced disposition." This rule obtains because the horizontal line between the eye and the Ear-aperture denotes the base of the brain; and if this line is long, it shows that the brain has a capacious foundation. Among criminals, the Ears are almost invariably too far forward; and the apertures thereof are low, more on a line with the lips than with the eyes. But it is to be remembered that sensitiveness and acuteness of hearing in no wise depend on this relative position of the Ears.

Phrenologists (with what sufficiency of reason has to be determined) locate the musical organs of "Time" and "Tune" on the forehead, above the eyebrows, at their outer angle. Good dancers are specially developed in this particular. Reliable portraits of Charles Lamb show that his brows were somewhat wanting in any such lateral breadth. Accordingly, in writing to Clara Novello, the famous singer, he addressed to her the following clever, and personally descriptive lines:—

—  
TO CLARA N—.

"The gods have made me most unmusical,  
With feelings that respond not to the call  
Of stringed harp, or voice—obtuse and mute  
To hautboy, sackbut, dulcimer, and flute;  
King David's lyro, that made the madness flee  
From Saul, had been but a Jow's harp to me:  
Theorbos, violins, guitars, French horns,  
Leave in my wounded ears inflicted scorns.

I hate those trills, and shakes, and sounds that float  
 Upon the captive air; I know no note,  
 Nor ever shall, whatever folks may say,  
 Of the strange mysteries of *Sol* and *Fa*.  
 I sit at Oratorios like a fish,  
 Incapable of sound, and only wish  
 The thing was over. Yet do I admire,  
 O tuneful daughter of a tuneful sire,  
 Thy painful labours in a science which,  
 To your deserts, I pray may make you rich  
 As much as you are loved; and add a grace  
 To the most musical Novello race.  
 Women lead men by the nose, some cynics say:  
 You draw them by the Ear—a delicate way.”

Why did not Lamb write more poetry?  
 Hood's poem—"The Tale of a Trumpet"—with  
 much humour and many puns, begins thus:—

“Of all old women hard of hearing  
 The deafest, sure, was Dame Eleanor Spearing!  
     On her head, it is true,  
     Two flaps there grew,  
 That served for a pair of gold rings to go through;  
 But for any purpose of Ears in a parley,  
 They heard no more than Ears of barley.  
 “No hint was needed from D. E. F. !  
 You saw in her face that the woman was deaf;  
 From her twisted mouth to her eyes so peery,  
 Each queer feature asked a query;  
 A look that said in a silent way,  
 ‘Who?’ and ‘What?’ and ‘How?’ and ‘Eh?’  
 ‘I’d give my Ears to know what you say!’”

Further on:

“She was deaf as a stone—say one of the stones  
 Demosthenes sucked to improve his tones;  
 And surely deafness no further could reach  
 Than to be in his mouth without hearing his speech!  
 She was deaf as a nut—for nuts, no doubt,  
 Are deaf to the grub that is hollowing out;—  
 Or as Charles the First, ‘in statu quo,’  
 Or the stillborn figures of Madame Tussaud,  
 With their eyes of glass, and their hair of flax,  
 That only stare whatever you ‘ax,’  
 For their Ears, you know, are nothing but wax.



“ And yet the almond oil she had tried,  
And fifty infallible things beside,  
Hot, and cold, and thick, and thin,  
Dabb’d, and dribbled, and squirted in !  
But all remedies failed and, though some, it was clear,  
Had made a noise in the public Ear,  
She was just as deaf as ever, poor dear ! ”

“ Mistake me not,” wrote Elia, in his *Essay on Ears*, “ nor imagine that I am by nature destitute of those exterior twin appendages, hanging ornaments, and (architecturally speaking) handsome volutes to the human capital. Better my mother had never borne me. I am, I think, rather delicately than copiously provided with these conduits, and I feel no disposition to envy the mule for his plenty, or the mole for exactness, in those ingenious labyrinthine inlets. When therefore I say, ‘ I have no Ear,’ you will understand me to mean—for music. I even think that sentimentally I am disposed to harmony. But organically I am incapable of a tune. I have been practising ‘ God save the King ’ all my life, whistling and humming it over to myself in solitary corners ; and am not yet arrived, they tell me, within many quavers of it. Yet hath the loyalty of Elia never been impeached. I am not without suspicion that I have an undeveloped faculty of music within me. For thrumming, in my wild way, on my friend A.’s piano the other morning, while he was engaged in an adjoining parlour, on his return he was pleased to say he ‘ thought it could not be the maid.’ ”

Dr. Gall (1757–1828), a physician of Vienna, and the originator of the science which goes by the

name of Phrenology, based his conclusions on the special developments of the Head and Face, which attracted his critical observation. He found that murderers always showed a large development of Skull as to its breadth, and thereby of assumed brain conformation beneath the Skull, just above the ears; and hence he taught that this is the faculty of Murder: not recognizing it at first as in truth only the perversion of a good useful faculty which was afterwards named "Destructiveness." He found that those who were given to thieving had a large development of brain above the temples. He found also that persons who were naturally of a religious and pious disposition displayed a remarkable fullness in the top region of the Head; whereas those persons who were sceptical and had no reverence in their nature, were flat and depressed in this region. Similarly he was led to assign other faculties and endowments (with their opposites) to other parts of the Skull and its dependencies, according to the share of development—plus or minus—which these several parts indicated. And thus Dr. Gall claimed to prove (*Physiognomical System*, 1815) that by a careful study of the Cranium, or Skull, as to its exterior development, it may be declared what men are best adapted for, the profession or pursuit in life they would more successfully practise, the faults they should more particularly guard against, and the virtues with which they are naturally gifted.

Carefully observing the Heads of quarrelsome



pugnacious persons, he found that in them the part of the Head immediately above and behind each ear is much larger than in others more peaceably disposed.

Persons whose Heads are thin and narrow in the region of the ears, and wide above, are nervous, timid, and fearful lest violence should be done them.

When the Head of a person is seen in profile, being devoid of hat, or cap, its proclivities of disposition may be known broadly by the predominance in size, and development of this, or that cranial "Region," as it is termed. Thus, if the Coronal Region occupying the top of the Head is large (the so-called organ of "Veneration" being located there by Phrenologists), the person endowed in this way will have a considerable amount of faith in the unseen; and if studying religious matters will become enthusiastic about them. The posterior, or hindmost, region of the Head is supposed to confer social endowments when it is developed with special fullness. Thus the person with a large back brain is found to be very fond of society, and companionship, being moreover patriotic, a good parent, and fond of home.

In *The Mirror for Magistrates*, a quaint old book of shrewd truthfulness, it stands stated:—

"The greatest Heads, and smallest eke were wont  
To bear in them the finest wits away:  
This thing is true; thou eanst not say it nay."

A common error with those who study the Head lies in estimating the absolute size of the brain therein

contained as a measure of intellectual power. But if these observers were to take the brain, and weigh its different lobes separately, those in the front brain, and those in the hinder brain, they would find that the extent of the intellect varies chiefly with the relative mass of the front lobes, and not with the size or dimensions of the entire brain. So that a man with quite a small brain may still be distinguished for his intellectual gifts, if the greater bulk of his brain is situated in the anterior part of the Skull. A familiar instance of this fact was observable in the person of Lord John Russell (First "Earl," 1792-1878), who, whilst having a remarkably small Head, was so versatile in his many capabilities that it was said of him, "He could cut for the stone, or command the Channel Fleet." Again, a man may be intellectually an idiot (though with a brain of the same total size, or even larger) if the greater portion of his Skull contents is situated in the hinder part.

In "*Choses Vues*," by Victor Hugo, which vividly depicts scenes and doings wherein he had taken part throughout a long life, is given his word-picture of the embalming of Talleyrand. "This man died on May 1st, 1838. The doctors came and embalmed the body. In order to do this after the Egyptian fashion, they drew the entrails from the body, and the brains from the Skull. This done, after they had transformed Prince Talleyrand into a mummy, and nailed the said mummy down in a coffin lined with white satin, they went away, leaving

on the table the brains ; those brains which had thought so many things, inspired so many men, built so many edifices, led two revolutions, deceived twenty kings, and kept the world within bounds. When the doctors left, a footman entered, and saw what they had forgotten. He suddenly remembered that there was a drain in the street outside ; so off he went, and threw the brains into it ”—*Finis rerum !*

The Hands, as to their size, shape, quality, gestures, employment whilst speaking, and even, according to some thinkers, their palmar lines, express much, and tell many things about the individual character.

Dr. Delaunay, of Paris, has made the curious discovery that, to ascertain the qualities of an applicant cook, it is sufficient to give her a plate to clean or sauce to make, and watch how she moves her Hand in either act. If she moves it from left to right, or in the direction of the hands of a watch, you may trust her ; if the other way, she is certain to be stupid, and incapable. Similarly, the intelligence of people may be gauged by asking them to make a circle on paper with a pencil, and noting in which direction the Hand is moved. The good students in a mathematical class draw circles from left to right. The inferiority of the softer sex (as well as of male dunces) is shown by their drawing from right to left ; asylum patients, and children do the same. In a word, centrifugal movements are a characteristic of intelligence, and higher development ; centripetal, are a mark of incomplete evolution. A

person, as his faculties are developed, may come to draw circles the opposite way to what he did in youth.

As natural weapons of defence, the closed fists—always ready for use—are at once the most serviceable, and trustworthy weapons which a brave Englishman has at his disposal. Anacreon, in one of his Odes, has discoursed eloquently on this topic. Freely translated the distich runs thus:—

“ Liberal Nature doth dispense  
To all things arms for their defence ;  
And some she guards with sinewy force,  
And some with swiftness in the course ;  
Some with hard hoofs, or crooked claws ;  
And some with horns, or tusked jaws ;  
And some with scales, and some with wings :  
And some with teeth, and some with stings ;  
Wisdom to Man she did afford—  
Wisdom for shield, and Wit for sword.

“ And what to beauteous womankind ?  
What arms, what armour stand assigned ?  
Beauty is both ; for, with the fair,  
What arms, what armour can compare ?  
What steel, or gold, or diamond,  
More unassailable is found ?  
Likewise what flame, what lightning e'er  
So great and active power did bear ?  
They are all weapons, and they dart,  
Like porcupines, from every part.  
Who can, alas ! their strength express,  
Armed when they themselves undress,  
All cap-à-pie with nakedness ! ”

“ One thing is certain,” says an able article on Sparring and Boxing, in *Badminton* (1889), “ that since the fall of the Ring the squabbles of the people in the streets have been settled more commonly in a brutal, and cowardly way than when the ideal of

Gully or Bendigo was before the eyes of the quarrelsome man." Our English manner of squaring-up straightway with the fists is undoubtedly more honest and manly than the methods of personal encounter adapted by our near Continental neighbours. This opinion is curtly expressed in an ode of Béranger (with an amusing plate to bear it company):—

“Ca—mes dames; qu’en pensez-vous ?  
C’est à vous de juger les coups.  
Quoi ! ce spectacle vous atterre ?  
Le sang jaillit—battez les mains.  
Dieux ! que les Anglais sont humains !  
Nos : chez-nous,  
Point de ces coups de poing  
Qui font tant d’honneur à l’Angleterre.”

It is worth noticing that a Physiognomical sign of self-defence is shown by an anterior projection of the nose just above its end (where the lowest point of the bony division between the nostrils terminates the nose in front). This trait manifests itself in a disposition to stand on the defensive: whilst if in excess, to oppose, and contradict. “Fighting with fists,” wrote “An Old Boy” in *Tom Brown’s School Days*, at Rugby, “is the natural and English way for English boys to settle their quarrels. What substitute for it is there, or ever was there, amongst any nation under the sun ?” These earnest manly words occur as a comment on the school fight between Tom Brown and Slogger Williams, which had just been related with a wonderful power of the pen, and which has become a classic in the literary annals of Rugby under the famous headmastership of Doctor Arnold. “Boxing may be a

better training for the temper, but it cannot be compared with wrestling as a means of physical development. As a test of endurance, fighting is superior to boxing, but that is all that can be said for it. It may fire the blood to read of the old Homeric combats, of how the Duke of Wellington fought 'Bobus' Smith, the brother of Sydney, at Sixpenny Corner, or in Long Chamber, we forget which: and how Tom Brown stood up to Slogger Williams." The fact, too, that the original of Tom Brown, the Rev. Augustus Orlebar, has just died at the age of eighty-seven may be adduced as a proof of the physical value of these fisticuffs.

Again, a graphic account of a bout at fisticuffs (though occurring in fiction only) is described by Lord Lytton in his novel, *Kenelm Chillingly*, when the big village Goliath, a hero of brute force only, is defeated ignominiously by the lad Kenelm. He, though merely a slim youth and short of stature, doubles up Tom Bowley through his trained skill. Taking care to avoid coming to close quarters with his giant antagonist, Kenelm delivers a scientific blow straight from the shoulder, which lays his giant foe prostrate, and senseless on the sod.

"Happy is he whose fighting cause is just:  
Thrice happy he who gets his blow in first."

Prize fighting began to be a recognized practice in the reign of George the First, Cribb being then the champion fighter. John Gully, who afterwards represented Pontefract in Parliament, was a noted prize fighter in 1805-1808. Up to 1860 *Bell's Life*



was the newspaper organ specially devoted to graphic accounts of all the more famous prize-fights; and it acquired a widespread popularity on this account. The last and most celebrated prize fight legally allowed, was that which took place at Farnborough, in June, 1860, between Tom Sayers and the young American, Heenan, the Benicia Boy: a contest which caused the greatest excitement among English folk in all ranks of life. It was witnessed by a large array of eager spectators, which included many personages well known in society at that time. Indeed it was said that Parliament was emptied for this remarkable occasion. The glorious fact connected with the well-remembered battle is that Tom Sayers, though crippled early in the fight by the springing of a tendon in his right arm, stuck to his adversary with undaunted British pluck through a series of rounds in which he managed to hold his own, though severely punished, until at last, because of Heenan having him pressed down on the ropes until nearly strangled, this was pronounced by the umpire as unfair, and the battle of fisticuffs was declared to be a drawn one. This was the last great fight with bare fists on English soil.

Again, about the use of the fists in self-defence, one of our standard novels (we forget which) tells of a stand-up fight between a huge bargee, and a mere stripling of an aristocrat who espouses the cause of a poor woman whom the big brute has insulted. On stripping for the unequal set-to, the slim youth, who is nevertheless expert as a light-

weight boxer, having (like Mr. Toots in *Dombey and Son*, with "The Chicken," his personal attendant, a professor of the pugilistic art, and "up to every move") taken lessons from a skilful instructor with the gloves, displays on his clear white skin, tattooed around his waist, the semblance of a snake. Much daunted thereby the dazed bargee loses his guard, and falls short with what would otherwise have been a crushing blow. In rushes the youth to close quarters, and with a well-directed thrust, delivered straight from the shoulder, fells the giant, and finishes the fight.

Another still more spirited encounter with the "mawleys" stands inscribed on the pages of *Rodney Stone*, by Sir Conan Doyle. It is supposed to have taken place in consequence of an impromptu challenge sent by an unknown youth to any one of a boisterous company of professional bruisers who were carousing at a tavern supper in the presence of George, Prince of Wales, then a dissolute young man and much given to keeping low company. The story speaks for itself as affording a reflection of the manners and the pluck then dominant among our sporting men in the middle and lower classes.

"It was a large room with a wooden floor, and an open square in the ceiling, which was fringed with the heads of the ostlers and stable-boys who were looking down from the harness-room above. A carriage-lamp was slung in each corner, and a very large stable-lantern hung from a rafter in the centre. A coil of rope had been brought in, and under the



direction of Jackson four men had been stationed to hold it.

“Meanwhile the supper was in full swing—one of those solid and uncompromising meals which prevailed in the days of your grandfathers, and which may explain to some of you why you never set your respective eyes upon that relative.

“Great rounds of beef, saddles of mutton, smoking tongues, veal and ham pies, turkeys and chickens, and geese, with every variety of vegetables, and a succession of fiery cherries and heavy ales were the main staple of the feast. It was the same meal, and the same cooking as their Norse, or German ancestors might have sat down to fourteen centuries before; and, indeed, as I looked through the steam of the dishes at the lines of fierce and rugged faces, and the mighty shoulders which rounded themselves over the board, I could have imagined myself at one of those old-world carousals of which I had read, where the savage company gnawed the joints to the bone, and then, with murderous horse-play, hurled the remains at their prisoners.

“It was clear that Berks the Champion—a bully—had got to the stage when he must fight someone. His heavy face was gorged, and the veins stood out on his low forehead, while his fierce grey eyes looked viciously from man to man in quest of a quarrel. His great red hands were bunched into huge, gnarled fists, and he shook one of them menacingly as his drunken gaze swept round the tables.

“‘I think you’ll agree with me, gentlemen, that

Joe Berks would be all the better for some fresh air and exercise,' said my uncle. 'With the concurrence of His Royal Highness and of the company, I shall select him as our champion on this occasion.'

" 'You do me proud,' cried the fellow, staggering to his feet and pulling at his coat. 'If I don't glut him within the five minutes, may I never see Shropshire again.'

"Sponges, towels, and some brandy in a bladder were passed over the heads of the crowd for the use of the seconds.

" 'Here's our man,' cried Belcher. 'Come along, Berks, or we'll go to fetch you.'

"Jim, a young novice—fresh from the provinces—appeared in the ring stripped to the waist, with a coloured handkerchief tied around his middle. A shout of admiration came from the spectators as they looked upon the fine lines of his figure, and I found myself roaring with the rest. His shoulders were sloping rather than bulky, and his chest was deep rather than broad, but the muscle was all in the right place, rippling down in long low curves from neck to shoulder, and from shoulder to elbow. His work at the anvil had developed his arms to their utmost, and his healthy country living gave a sleek gloss to his ivory skin, which shone in the lamplight. His expression was full of spirit, and confidence, and he wore a grim sort of half-smile which I had seen many a time in our boyhood, and which meant, I knew, that his pride had set iron-hard, and that his senses would fail him long before his courage.

“Joe Berks in the meanwhile had swaggered in, and stood with folded arms between his seconds in the opposite corner. His face had none of the eager alertness of his opponent; and his skin, of a dead white, with heavy folds about the chest and ribs, showed, even to my inexperienced eyes, that he was not a man who should fight without training. A life of toping, and ease had left him flabby and gross. On the other hand, he was famous for his mettle, and for his hitting power, so that, even in the face of the advantages of youth and condition, the betting was three to one in his favour. His heavy-jowled, clean-shaven face expressed ferocity as well as courage, and he stood with his small bloodshot eyes fixed viciously upon Jim, and his lumpy shoulders stooping a little forwards, like a fierce hound straining on a leash.

“The two men had stood up to each other, Jim as light upon his feet as a goat, with his left well out and his right thrown across the lower part of his chest, while Berks held both arms half extended and his feet almost level, so that he might lead off with either side. For an instant they looked each other over, and then Berks, ducking his head and rushing in with a hand-over-hand style of hitting, bored Jim down into his corner. It was a backward slip rather than a knock-down, but a thin trickle of blood was seen at the corner of Jim’s mouth. In an instant the seconds had seized their men, and carried them back into their corners.

“They were at it again, and I was jumping about

upon my upturned bucket in my excitement. It was evident that Berks meant to finish the battle off-hand ; whilst Jim, with two of the most experienced men in England to advise him, was quite aware that his correct tactics were to allow the ruffian to expend his strength and wind in vain. There was something horrible in the ferocious energy of Berks's hitting, every blow fetching a grunt from him as he smashed it in ; and after each I gazed at Jim, as I have gazed at a stranded vessel upon the Sussex beach when wave after wave has roared over it, fearing each time that I should find it miserably mangled. But still the lamplight shone upon the lad's clear alert face, upon his well-opened eyes, and his firm-set mouth : while the blows were taken upon his forearm, or allowed, by a quick duck of the head, to whistle over his shoulder. But Berks was artful as well as violent. Gradually he worked Jim back into an angle of the ropes from which there was no escape, and then, when he had him fairly penned, he sprang upon him like a tiger. What happened was so quick that I cannot set its sequence down in words, but I saw Jim make a quick stoop under the swinging arms, and at the same instant I heard a sharp ringing smack, and there was Jim dancing about in the middle of the ring, and Berks lying upon his side on the floor, with his hand to his eye.

“How they roared ! Prize-fighters, Corinthians, Prince, stable-boy, and landlord were all shouting at the top of their lungs. Old Buckhorse was skipping about on a box beside me, shrieking out criticisms,

and advice in strange obsolete ring-jargon, which no one could understand. His dull eyes were shining, his parchment face was quivering with excitement, and his strange musical call rang out above all the hubbub. The two men were hurried to their corners, one second sponging them down, and the other flapping a towel in front of their faces, whilst they, with arms hanging down and legs extended, tried to draw all the air they could into their lungs in the brief space allowed them.

“ ‘Time!’ said Jackson, and the two men sprang forward to the mark again.

“This round was a good deal shorter than that which had preceded it. Berks’s orders evidently were to close at any cost, and so make use of his extra weight and strength before the superior condition of his antagonist could have time to tell. On the other hand, Jim, after his experience in the last round, was less disposed to make any great exertion for keeping himself at arm’s length. He led at Berks’s head, as he came rushing in, and missed him, receiving a severe body blow in return, which left the imprint of four angry knuckles above his ribs. As they closed, Jim caught his opponent’s bullet head under his arm for an instant, and put a couple of half-arm blows in; but the prize-fighter pulled him over by his weight, and the two fell panting side by side upon the ground. Jim sprang up, however, and walked over to his corner, while Berks, distressed by his evening’s dissipation, leaned one arm upon Mendoza and the other upon Dutch Sam as he made for his seat.

“ ‘Time!’ said Jackson once more.

“They were both at the mark in an instant, Jim as full of sprightly confidence as ever, and Berks with a fixed grin upon his bulldog face, and a most vicious gleam in the only eye which was of use to him. His half-minute had not enabled him to recover his breath: and his huge hairy chest was rising and falling with a quick loud panting like a spent hound. ‘Go in, boy! Bustle him!’ roared Harrison and Belcher. ‘Get your wind, Joe! get your wind!’ cried the Jews. So now we had a reversal of tactics, for it was Jim who went in to hit with all the vigour of his young strength and unimpaired energy, while it was the savage Berks who was paying his debt to Nature for the many injuries which he had done her. He gasped, he gurgled, his face grew purple in his attempts to get his breath, while with his long left arm extended, and his right thrown across, he tried to screen himself from the attack of his wiry antagonist. ‘Drop when he hits!’ cried Mendoza. ‘Drop and have a rest!’

“But there was no shyness, or shiftiness about Berks’s fighting. He was always a gallant ruffian, who disdained to go down before an antagonist as long as his legs would sustain him. He propped Jim off with his long arm: and though the lad sprang lightly round him looking for an opening, he was held off as if a forty-inch bar of iron were between them. Every instant now was in favour of Berks, and already his breathing was easier, and the bluish tinge fading from his face. Jim knew that his chance



of a speedy victory was slipping away from him, and he came back again and again as swift as a flash to the attack, without being able to get past the passive defence of the trained fighting-man. It was at such a moment that ringcraft was needed, and luckily for Jim two masters of it were at his back.

“‘Get your left on his mark, boy,’ they shouted, ‘then go to his head with the right.’”

“Jim heard, and acted on the instant. Plunk ! came his left just where his antagonist’s ribs curved from his breast-bone. The force of the blow was half broken by Berks’s elbow, but it served its purpose of bringing forward his head. Spank ! went the right, with the clear crisp sound of two billiard balls clapping together, and Berks reeled, flung up his arms, spun round, and fell in a huge fleshy heap upon the floor. His seconds were on him instantly, and propped him up in a sitting position, his head rolling helplessly from one shoulder to the other, and finally toppling backwards with his chin pointed to the ceiling. Dutch Sam thrust the brandy-bladder between his teeth, while Mendoza shook him savagely and howled insults in his ear, but neither the spirits nor the sense of injury could break into that serene insensibility. ‘Time !’ was duly called ; and the Jews, seeing that the affair was over, let their man’s head fall back with a crack upon the floor ; and there he lay, his huge arms and legs asprawl, whilst the Corinthians and fighting men crowded past him to shake the hand of his conqueror.”



When the Head of a person is seen in profile, being devoid of hat, or cap, its proclivities of disposition may be known broadly by the predominance in size, and development of this or that cranial "region," as it is termed. Thus, if the Coronal region occupying the top of the Head is large (the so-called organ of "Veneration" being located there by Phrenologists) the person endowed in this way will have a considerable amount of faith in the unseen, and if studying religious matters, will become enthusiastic about them. The posterior, or hindermost, region of the head is supposed to confer social endowments when it is developed with special fullness. The person with a large back brain is found to be very fond of society and companionship; and is patriotic, being fond of home, and a good parent.

"A human Skull! I bought it passing cheap—  
It might be dearer to its first employer;  
I thought mortality did well to keep  
Some mute memento of the Old Destroyer.

"Time was, some may have prized its blooming skin:  
Here lips were wooed perchance in transports tender:  
Some may have chucked what was a dimpled chin,  
And never had my doubt about its gender!

"Did she live yesterday, or ages back?  
What colour were the eyes when bright and waking?  
And were your ringlets fair, or brown, or black,  
Poor little Head! that long has done with aching?

"But this I surely knew before I closed  
The bargain on the morning that I bought it;  
It was not half so bad as some supposed,  
Nor quite as good as many may have thought it."  
*Frederick Locker (1865).*

In April, 1821, an attempt was made to play off a hoax upon Mr. George Combe. A doctor in

Edinburgh, with the help of a painter friend, modelled a turnip into the shape of a human Head. A cast was taken from this model, and forwarded to Combe (then becoming noted as a clever Phrenologist), with the request that he would favour the sender with his observations on the talents and dispositions which he judged to be indicated by the Head. It was added that the Skull was from a person of an uncommon character. Combe instantly detected the trick, and got his brother, Abram, who had some reputation in his private circle as a verse-maker, to compose a parody on "The Man of Thessaly." The verses were written out, and pasted on the brow of the cast, which was then returned to its sender. They ran as follows :—

- " There was a man in Edinburgh,  
And he was wondrous wise ;  
He went into a turnip field,  
And cast about his eyes ;
- " And when he cast his eyes about,  
He saw the turnips fine ;  
' How many Heads there are,' said he,  
' Which likeness bear to mine.'
- " ' So very like they are, indeed,  
I'm sure no sage would know  
This turnip Head, which I have on,  
From those which here do grow.'
- " He pulled a turnip from the ground ;  
A cast from it was thrown ;  
He sent it to a Spurzheimite,  
And passed it for his own.
- " And so indeed it truly was  
His own in every sense ;  
For east and joke alike were made  
At his conjoint expense."

The author of the hoax called on the following day, and assured George Combe that he had meant no offence, only a harmless jest. Combe replied that if the author was satisfied with his share of the wit, no feeling of uneasiness remained on the other side.

A phrenological expert has recently taught that "young ladies should avoid the small-Headed man, on account of his incompetence. The average adult Head has a circumference of fully twenty-two inches. The average adult hat is fully  $6\frac{3}{4}$  size. The sizes of men's hats are  $6\frac{3}{4}$  and  $6\frac{7}{8}$  generally. 'Sevens' hats are common in Aberdeen, and the professors of the Colleges there generally wear  $7\frac{1}{8}$  to 8 sizes. Heads wearing hats of the sizes  $6\frac{3}{8}$  and smaller, or being less than twenty-one inches in circumference, can never be powerful. Heads between nineteen and twenty inches in circumference, are invariably very weak; and no lady should think of marrying a man with a Head less than twenty inches in circumference. People with Heads under nineteen inches are mentally deficient, and with Heads under eighteen inches invariably idiotic."

As to our national configuration of Head throughout the three kingdoms, it varies more or less according to hereditary descent. This interesting fact has been proved by examination of the numerous Skulls discovered in Kent, at Folkestone and Hythe (which was the scene in 456 of a bloody battle fought between the Britons and the Saxons—the former being signally victorious). Two vast heaps of Skulls and bones have been found in the vaults beneath the

Parish Churches of Folkestone and Hythe, the large number making it evident that they were the remains of some great fight. They appear by their whiteness to have become bleached by lying for some time on the sea-shore. Several of the Skulls have deep cuts in them, as if made by some heavy weapon, most likely of the Saxons. Probably the Skulls originally at Folkestone were those of the Saxons; and the Skulls found at Hythe those of the Britons. But none now remain at Folkestone; whilst under the Church at Hythe there still may be seen a large heap thereof, which formerly made a pile twenty-eight feet in length, and eight in height as well as breadth. Among these very numerous Skulls two quite distinct forms are found to predominate. The one is a long narrow Skull, closely resembling the Celtic of the present day; the other a short broad Skull, greatly resembling the Gothic. It is aptly said that the Skull of the English bulldog scarcely differs more from that of the Italian greyhound than these two forms of Head do from each other. A competent authority declares there is no doubt in his mind but that the former Head was Celtic, or Ancient Briton; and the latter Gothic, Saxon, or Danish. At Folkestone where the farmers still dig for chalk, are found within the Castle Hill (or Cæsar's Camp) Skulls with red hair yet adhering to them, which hair was a striking characteristic of the Gothic nations. Here also have been found Skulls of a third type, fewer in number but far more capacious in size than either of the others: the same being assuredly those of the

pristine victorious Roman rulers, conspicuous by their "protuberantia occipitalis, externa latissima. et ingenter eminens"—an external posterior occipital protuberance, very broad, and extremely prominent, denoting a superior military race of mankind.

#### THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

- "It was a summer's evening,  
Old Kaspar's work was done,  
And he before his cottage door  
Was sitting in the sun;  
And by him sported on the green  
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.
- "She saw her brother Peterkin  
Roll something large and round,  
Which he beside the rivulet  
In playing there had found;  
She ran to ask what he had found,  
That was so large, and smooth, and round.
- "Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
Who stood expectant by;  
And then the old man shook his head,  
And with a natural sigh—  
'Tis some poor fellow's Skull,' said he,  
'Who fell in that great victory.
- "'I find them in my garden, for  
There's many hereabout;  
And often when I go to plough  
The ploughshare turns them out;  
For many thousand men,' said he,  
'Were slain in that great victory.'
- "'Now tell us what 'twas all about,'  
Young Peterkin, he cries,  
And little Wilhelmine looks up  
With wonder-waiting eyes;  
'Now tell us all about the war,  
And what they killed each other for.'
- "'It was the English,' Kaspar cried,  
'Who put the French to rout;

But what they kill'd each other for  
I could not well make out.  
But everybody said,' quoth he,  
' That 'twas a famous victory !

“ ‘ My father lived at Blenheim then,  
Yon little stream hard by ;  
They burn'd his dwelling to the ground,  
And he was forced to fly :  
So with his wife and child he fled,  
Nor had he where to rest his head !

“ ‘ With fire and sword the country round  
Was wasted far and wide ;  
And many a childing mother then  
And new-born baby died !  
But things like that, you know, must be  
At every famous victory.

“ ‘ They say it was a shocking sight  
After the field was won ;  
For many thousand bodies here  
Lay rotting in the sun !  
But things like that, you know, must be  
After a famous victory.

“ ‘ Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,  
And our good Prince Eugène.'—  
' Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !'  
Said little Wilhelmine.  
' Nay, nay, my little girl,' quoth he,  
' It was a famous victory !

“ ‘ And everybody praised the Duke  
Who this great fight did win.'—  
' But what good came of it at last ?'  
Quoth little Peterkin.  
' Why, that I cannot tell,' said he,  
' But 'twas a famous victory.' ”

Concerning the earliest Englishmen, we read thus :

“ Ten bands of red-ochre in the cave near the Mumbles known as Bacon's Hole does not appear a very significant matter at first sight, but the importance of this discovery, which was made by Professor



Breuil in company with Professor Sollas, will be apparent to many anthropologists besides these eminent authorities. It may help to clear up a very much disputed point in the history of the men who inhabited Britain when the retreating ice-cap which slid in glaciers towards our southern coasts had withdrawn far enough to make habitation possible.

“For the history of those men who drew the bands of red-ochre in the Mumbles cave, and left some of their flint scrapers as legacies to it, when starvation, or an unfriendly bear, or a hostile tribe had killed them, we must travel a long way back into time. We must go beyond the age when the Romans, as yet unconscious of the Britons, were enlarging their Empire with the iron swords they had learnt to forge from Egypt; beyond the age when Slav and Goth—yes, and Briton—knew the use of bronze; further back, beyond the age when, perhaps coming from the East, the Neolithic men hewed out their heritage with the stone axe, and the flint beautifully polished; and beyond that again to the men who, herdsmen or hunters, dwelt if not peacefully, then contentedly, armed only with quite rude instruments and weapons of stone. These were the Palæolithic men. They lived in days when, so it seems to us now, the threat of the icy north must have overhung them.

“No longer do anthropologists, or geologists speak of the great Ice Age: or if they do, they signify an age very vast in extent, of which the relics still linger among us; so that in a sense the twentieth century is part of an Ice Age which has not yet, in the swing



of the pendulum, reached the point at which the climate of Europe might revert to an era of much warmer climate. But the Ice Age of the past is now split up into a number of periods, during which the snow and the ice glaciers bore down from the north for hundreds or thousands of years; and then for thousands of years retreated again (as it appears to be doing still). There were thus glacial periods, and inter-glacial periods; and, according to Professor Penck, the leading authority, there were eight of them. But whether there were eight of them or fewer, in the inter-glacial periods, races of Men then occupied the plains, and valleys of Belgium, and France and parts of Germany; and it is conceivable that there was often, or always, an open road for migrations between Asia and Europe.

“In these periods these primitive Palæolithic men hunted or herded, according to their bent; and we should not have very much by which to distinguish them, or their epoch, if it were not for the animals they appear to have hunted, and the weapons they left behind. The race may have been broadly divided into the Canstatt men, with long narrow Heads, heavy brow ridges, with prognathous jaws; and the Cromagnards, who were also narrow-Headed, but of a rather finer type, and who, to judge by many paintings and sculptures they left in the caves of France, had among them some individuals gifted with the artistic temperament.

“These are the two main types: and though some anthropologists used to think that the oncoming of

the northern ice swept one or other of the tribes of men completely away, never to be seen again, and replaced them by others, that view is not held to-day. The late Dr. John Beddoe, who had tried his calipers on most of the races of Europe, used to say that he had seen beautiful specimens of the Skulls of the Cromagnard, and even of the Canstatt people who are alive to-day.

“Be that as it may, there are, however, several ways of distinguishing the early races of European men who lived in the inter-glacial epochs. There are differences in their Skulls; there are sometimes minglings of a new race of Skulls in their graves; and there are the relics of the animals they hunted, or in a sense domesticated. We say in a sense, for it was not till the Neolithic men came that men seemed to take animals as their companions. Palæolithic man certainly kept a horse, but he ate him. The earliest Palæolithic man had to hunt the mammoth, the bison, and the bear; and when we reflect on the inadequacy of the weapons with which he had to do it we may perhaps elect not to feel ashamed of this courageous ancestor of ours.

“There are other marks of distinction between the races,—distinctions sometimes based on Skull, or teeth or shinbone, sometimes on the way their owners chipped flints, sometimes on the character of the paintings with which they adorned their caves. The names given to these Palæolithic races often are based merely on the name of the place where the relics were discovered. Thus we have Chelleans and Monsterians

of the Canstatt type, Solutreans and Aurignacians of the Cromagnard type. The red-ochre bands of Bacon's Hole are identified by Professor Boule as of the Aurignacian stage of culture.

“How then does the discovery bear on the anthropological position of the English race? In this way. Hitherto we have been rather *parvenus* among the races. Bronze men no doubt we certainly have; Neolithic men are not to be doubted; and, of course, we have those curious flinty relics called ‘eoliths,’ which may have been made by a race compared with which the Palæolithic Canstattts were mushrooms. But many people sniff at eoliths; and it is a fact to be chronicled, though deplored, that the flints we have produced as Palæolithic relics have been looked at with coldness. Our Skulls have fared no better. When the ‘Palæolithic’ Galley Hill Skull was shown to Professor Boule in Paris, he airily described it as bric-à-brac; and in general our ‘Palæolithic’ evidences have been treated with a disrespect which rouses Professor Keith, for example, to extreme indignation.

“The Continental view has been that we have taken our races from them; and that every age, even down to the Bronze Age, has run its race on the European plains before pushing over to us. Eskimo, Celt, Iberian, even Mongol, have been suggested as our earliest colonists; but by most conclusions we came out as a rather mongrel breed. The Aurignacian origin gives us a new, and yet an ancient dignity.”

" John Day, he was the biggest man  
Of all the coachman-kind,  
With back too broad to be conceived  
By any narrow mind.

" The very horses knew his weight  
When he was in their rear,  
And wished his box a Christmas box,  
To come but once a year.

" The barmaid of the Crown he lov'd,  
From whom he never ranged ;  
For, tho' he changed his horses there,  
His love he never changed.

" He thought her fairest of all fares,  
So fondly love prefers ;  
And often among twelve outsides,  
Deemed no outside like hers."

A faculty described as that of " Human Nature " has been assigned to the middle of the upper Forehead, giving it height and character. If associated with an Intuitional Temperament it enables the individual to foresee the probable outcome of events. It even anticipates the arrival of visitors, or the fate of friends at a distance. It likes, moreover, to look speculatively into man's future destiny. Those persons who have the power to win their way, and to mould circumstances, are well endowed with this faculty.

Dr. Gall noticed that a young man of his acquaintance, when rambling in the woods with him, never lost his way, which Gall himself frequently did. This young man had two very marked prominences on his Forehead just above the root of his nose on each side. Subsequent observation convinced the Doctor that persons so distinguished will acquire with

ease a knowledge of localities, and will find again without difficulty, almost by instinct, any place where they have been before.

A full central Forehead (as in the lamb, the kitten, and the squirrel) shows a playful disposition; if the Forehead is large in its centre from the nose to the hair, with full and flexible lips, there is a capital faculty for remembering names, also for recalling events and past incidents. A long face with a receding Forehead and a large prominent nose, tells of the beneficent person. This combination of traits was remarkably exemplified in the person of the late General Booth. His son, who has succeeded him, is endowed with a lofty straight Forehead, and a more sensitive Physiognomical aspect, beaming with good-nature and kindliness.

The Forehead may be made to seem receding if it happens that the Perceptive projecting faculties below at its base are conspicuously prominent. Yet a receding Forehead is seldom found except on a person of great practical inclinations. Frederick the Great, a man of remarkable intellectual power, had a receding Forehead, and a flat top head. Doctor John Hunter (1728-1793), one of the most eminent philosophers, and scholars of his time, had a low receding Forehead. Gambetta, founder of the French Republic, 1880, one of the most powerful statesmen of his day, had likewise a receding Forehead, and an exceedingly small, though very compact, brain. At forty-four years of age his brain weighed but little over forty ounces. He died then from a pistol wound.

The faculty of arriving at a rapid recognition of truth intuitively is shown by a high Forehead, with large open eyes.

It need scarcely be said that the Brain within the skull is the seat of all sensation. Only let the nerves proceeding from the brain to the different regions endowed with sense be cut off therefrom, and the mind ceases to act. It is by no means a demonstrated fact that brains (of some sort) are a necessity of animal life, even animal enjoyment of life. Tony Weller was not so very far wrong in at least one of his Natural History similes: "Now, Sammy, I know a gen'lm'n here, as'll do the rest o' the bisness for us, in no time:—a limb o' the law, Sammy, as has got brains like the frogs, dispersed all over his body, and reachin' to the very tips of his fingers."

As a matter of fact, however, frogs—the "martyrs of science"—have a brain pan, and brains in it; but vivisectionists have experimented with the cranium of frogs by scooping out its brains, and they have demonstrated that the brainless frogs can live and, apparently, enjoy life with an absolutely empty skull. Nay, more, as the late humane St. George Mivart pointed out in one of his biological lectures,—what their (frogs) legs can do without their bodies, what their bodies can do without their heads, what their arms can do without either head or trunk, how they can manage without their eyes, what is the effect of all kinds of local irritations, from chokings, from poisonings, from other mutilations the most varied, are questions again and again answered, practically,



for the instruction of youth, while the most delicate and complex researches are carried on through their aid by the first physiologists of Europe.

It may also be pointed out that in her "simple," "beautiful," and "fine" "Ode to an Expiring Frog," the gifted Mrs. Leo Hunter gave expression to a profound physiological fact of frog-life :—

“ Can I view thee panting, lying  
On thy stomach, without sighing ?  
Can I unmoved see thee dying ?  
On a log,  
Expiring frog ? ”

for, however pleasantly a frog may get through life without brains, it cannot live without moisture.

Small aquatic insects, and other creatures which ordinarily lead only a short life, when becoming subject to desiccation so as to be absolutely dried up, may be revived to activity, and vigorous existence again by prolonged immersion in fresh water. This fact bears strongly on the question of vitality, and the possibility of maintaining it during artificial hibernation or torpidity.

M. Sequin (1860), wishing to ascertain for himself the truth of the assertion that toads will live for an indefinite length of time imbedded in solid rock, enclosed some toads firmly in plaster, and left them for years in the middle of the blocks. At various intervals of time he broke the blocks, and found some of the toads still alive ; one after ten years, another after twelve years, and another after fifteen years. Two of the toads still within their blocks were presented by M. Sequin when he was very old to the



Academy of Sciences, for future testing; and they were accepted.

However, it seems clear that with the great majority of the larger animals the age limit is below thirty years and commonly above twenty. This applies to dogs and horses, asses and zebras, domestic cattle, giraffes, lions, tigers, hippopotami, swine, and the larger mammals generally. Sheep and deer fall somewhat below this level; rats, mice, and rabbits very considerably below it; while elephants often greatly surpass it. There have been elephants in India known to have been at work for man for more than eighty years; and centenarian elephants are comparatively numerous. Nevertheless, the average records of menagerie animals place thirty or forty as the normal age limit; and it is probable that the popular idea of the ages reached by normal elephants is exaggerated.

On the whole, and with recognition of size as a determining factor, the choice appears to lie between a short life and a merry one, and linked dullness long drawn out. If you whirl about, singing, and dancing, and improving each shining minute of the shining hour, like skylarks, and nightingales, you die of senility at the age of eight. But a creature like the tortoise that can sit and do nothing for days on end, save wink its eye once and again, may watch the rise and fall of dynasties, and feel no older at the end of it.

Many years ago now, Sir Astley Cooper, a noted surgeon of the time (1768-1841) recorded a case

which excited much attention at that date. A man, who during the days of Lord Nelson had been "pressed" on board an English ship, sustained while sailing in the Mediterranean a fall from the yard-arm, and was picked up insensible. He was placed in a hospital at Gibraltar, where he remained for some months still insensible. Subsequently he was brought home in an English frigate to a depôt for sailors at Deptford. There he remained, whilst showing but few signs of life, lying on his back, breathing indeed, and with a pulse, but to all appearances having entirely lost his powers of mind, volition, and sensation. Only he seemed to be retaining some motive use of his fingers. A Mr. Davey, then studying in a London hospital, went to see the patient, and found that on being examined he exhibited a slight depression in the skull on one side of the head. Having learnt the facts of the case, he recommended that the man should be sent to St. Thomas's Hospital. When admitted there to undergo the operation of being trephined, it was thirteen months and a few days after the accident. The depressed portion of bone was cut down upon, and elevated from pressing on the brain beneath. The movements of his fingers went on during the operation; but no sooner was the portion of bone raised, than they ceased. Three hours afterwards, when Sir Astley was walking through the wards, he went up to the man's bedside, and was surprised to see him sitting up in bed. He had raised himself on his pillow; and when Sir

Astley asked him if he felt any pain, he immediately put his hand to his head, thus showing that volition and sensation were returning. In four days the man was able to get out of bed, and began to converse ; and in a few days more he was able to tell where he came from. He recollected the circumstance of being "pressed," and carried to the vessel ; but from the moment of the accident up to the time when the operation was performed, his mind had remained in a state of complete oblivion. For thirteen months he had been dead so far as his mental faculties were concerned ; and by a small portion of depressed bone being lifted from off his brain, he was at once restored to all the functions of his mind, and almost to all the powers of his body ; a very remarkable proof this of what we have stated, that the brain is the seat of sensation, without which organ neither pain nor pleasure can be felt. Sir Astley Paston Cooper (Surgeon to Guy's Hospital, 1810) had a splendid Head, and a fine face, indicative of much intelligence and of all the graces. His portraits show him conspicuously as the scholar, the operator, and the dignified gentleman. Physiognomically, to be a good surgeon needs firmness, benevolence, and even the faculty of destructiveness (under wise control). These qualities give stability, fortitude, and kindness. Sufficient caution is needed to make him careful where he cuts ; also self-esteem to confer assurance ; hope, to inspire his patients with confidence ; and genial good-nature, to make him liked at the bedside. The surgeon and the physician must be

honourable, and keep confidences inviolate. Moreover, a high moral character is essential for their being properly esteemed.

The frontal region may be judged-of as to its comparative size, by the length noticeable between the ear aperture and the flat of the Forehead. If this region projects mostly above the brows, in the middle line, then a full share of the "Perceptive" faculties is indicated. The ablest lawyers in criminal cases exhibit such a particular development. But if the frontal region is more largely displayed above at the top of the Forehead as to its middle and sides, than lower down between the eyebrows, then it may be known that the "Reflective" faculties have the predominance. When the upper part of the Forehead is large and arched above, this is found to show a benevolent disposition; but when benevolence is wanting, the Forehead is low, and receding. The size of each Region is the measure of the degree to which the faculty seated therein characterizes the individual.

#### THE BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.

- ' An attorney was taking a turn,  
In shabby habiliments drest,  
His coat it was shockingly worn,  
And the rust had invested his vest ;
- " His breeches had suffered a rent,  
His lincn, and worsted were worse,  
He had scarce a whole crown in his hat,  
And not half-a-crown in his purse ;
- " And thus, as he wandered along,  
A cheerless and comfortless elf,  
He sought for relief in a song,  
Or complainingly talked to himself—

- “ ‘ Unfortunate man that I am !  
I’ve never a client but grief ;  
The case is, I’ve no case at all,  
And in brief, I have never a brief.
- “ ‘ I’ve waited and waited in vain,  
Expecting an opening to find,  
Where an honest young lawyer might gain  
Some reward for the toil of his mind.
- “ ‘ ’Tis not that I’m wanting in law,  
Or lack an intelligent face,  
That others have cases to plead,  
While I have to plead for a case !
- “ ‘ Oh ! how can a modest young man  
E’er hope for the smallest progression,  
The profession’s already so full  
Of lawyers so full of profession ! ’
- “ While thus he was strolling around,  
His eye accidentally fell  
On a very deep hole in the ground,  
And he sighed to himself, ‘ It is well ! ’
- “ To curb his emotion he sat  
On the kerb-stone, the space of a minute ;  
Then cried, ‘ Here’s an opening at last ! ’  
And in less than a jiffy was in it.
- “ Next morning twelve citizens came  
( ’Twas the Coroner bade them attend ),  
To the end that it might be determined  
How the man had determined his end.
- “ ‘ The man was a lawyer, I hear ! ’  
Quoth the foreman who sat on the corse ;  
‘ A lawyer ? alas ! ’ said another,  
‘ He undoubtedly died of remorse.’
- “ A third said, ‘ He knew the deceased,  
An attorney well versed in the laws ;  
And as to the cause of his death,  
’Twas no doubt from the want of a cause ! ’
- “ The jury decided at length,  
After solemnly weighing the matter,  
‘ That the lawyer was drowned because  
He could not keep his head above water.’ ”

*John G. Saxe.*

Lavater, the Swiss poet, and author of several leading works on Physiognomy, had a remarkable development of the Perceptive organs ; but inasmuch as his Reflective faculties were but small, he failed to systematize his wealth of observation, and has not produced any lasting standard treatise on this science. He was born at Zurich in 1741, and died there in 1801.

Thus, then, it may be taken for granted that talent, benevolence, and acquired knowledge dwell in the high Forehead ; that a low wide band of Forehead signifies clever men who are intuitively sharp and quick of perception, arriving at rapid sure conclusions, whilst possessing innate talent ; frequently also owning ready wit. The Forehead may be "Retreating," "Straight," or "Projecting." The "Perpendicular" Forehead is best of all. A high narrow Forehead shows a rather hard unimpressionable nature. And in an unwrinkled brow there is declared but a small share of sympathy. The profile of Charles Dickens shows by its projecting prominence between the eyebrows, and about the lower Forehead, that he possessed powers of close observation in a remarkable degree ; and this fact is fully verified by the faithful remembrance of details in all he noticed during his daily walks abroad, and his communion with fellow-creatures of every grade—which details make his stories specially entrancing, and convincing. "This bronzed hardy-looking man, with a face like steel," said Mrs. Carlyle of him, when he was walking with her in his garden at Gadshill, "he looked eagerly to



and fro, casting his eyes—of extraordinary brilliancy—over the glorious panorama of the landscape, and the sun-lit splendour of the flowers.” Marcus Stone, again, said about Gadshill, it was “the most comfortable methodical house I ever was in; Dickens himself took a personal, and masterful interest in all the minutiae of its management; every detail was ordered by his own tastes. It was an ideal home in many respects; and especially arranged with a view to the comfort of those countless visitors whom he loved to entertain. The household appeared to be conducted by invisible agencies, like the enchanted palace in *Beauty and the Beast*.” Dickens is said to have declared that every word uttered by his characters was distinctly heard by him before it was written down.

There are lines in most Foreheads; lines traced, for instance, by the elevation of the brows, or by the habit of concentrated thought; these latter being perpendicular, while parallel regular wrinkled lines across the Forehead are seldom found except in wise, intelligent, rational persons. Downward lines between the brows show close observation. The Chinese say: “Look at a man’s Forehead if you want to know what he is likely to become; look at his mouth when in a condition of repose, if you would ascertain what he has become.” It seems to be an assured fact that a Forehead free from wrinkles shows the unsympathetic person, who is selfish, cold, unimaginative, calm, and sarcastic.

As regards the Eyebrows (which must be carefully



observed), their form, extent, and relative position are important signs. The curve, and length of the two Eyebrows severally are important; also whether the one brow unites with the other brow, or is separated from it; furthermore, whether they rise at either end, or droop. The most characteristic sign afforded by the Eyebrows is their meeting in the middle of the Forehead, or their separation. "Meeting Eyebrows" have the reputation of denoting an untrustworthy owner. It seems certain that they denote a want of frankness, a suspicious nature, perhaps a dishonest one under temptation. On the other hand, a clear space between the Eyebrows indicates an open, unsuspicious, frank nature, amounting, it may be, to credulousness. The Eyebrows should be well defined, and rather low down. Voltaire, the infidel, was a marked instance to the contrary. Eyebrows starting high, and, after curving, drooping again, indicate good breeding, taste, and elegance. It is certain that thick, well-marked Eyebrows show firmness, decision, and brain power. The want of Eyebrows, or to have Eyebrows lighter than the hair, is a sign of personal weakness; the low hanging drooping brow is of a melancholy type. If the hair of the Eyebrows is short, the individual is an observant person. Full, long, arching Eyebrows descending towards the eyes, show a scrutinizing observer. Darwin, the naturalist, was a marked instance of this. So Eyebrows running outwards at their off-ends horizontally backwards are a sure sign of a ready calculator, or mathematician. If,

however, the Eyebrows curve directly downwards at their outward terminations, towards the cheek bones, then the individual is signally deficient in an ability to make numerical calculations. Eyebrows elevated far above the eyes, with a wide space between them, show a too ready credulity.

With respect to the Eyelids, a strong infallible characteristic of a sensual disposition is the tendency of the under Eyelid to close over the iris, or lower portion of the eye pupil. This under Eyelid rises or falls, either from pleasure, or pain,—in laughter, or grief. A thick lower Eyelid which crowds up under the eye, marks a tendency to free indulgence of the sexual passions; as witnessed in faithful portraits of Henry the Eighth. In the drunkard the lower Eyelids fall away, particularly as age advances.

“ Our fathers, who in most respects were wondrous wise,  
Did wash their throats before they washed their eyes.”

Eyelids which are widely expanded so as to give a round form to the eye, as in the cat, and the owl, indicate a keen habit of inspection, but little sensibility; the expanded opening being acquired so as to receive a fuller view of the object inspected than the first impression gives. Thus, in most fishes—a voracious class—there is no movable Eyelid.

In the year 510, the son of the Chinese Emperor Kosjuva, famed for his religious zeal, went on a missionary enterprise to which he devoted all his time and knowledge. In order to set an example he imposed upon himself mortifications, and privations, forsook sleep, and lived mostly in the open air,

devoting himself to prayer, praise, and contemplation. However, after spending some years in this exemplary austere manner, he involuntarily fell asleep. On waking, so distressed was he at having violated his oath that, to prevent a repetition of such backsliding, and never again to permit "tired Eyelids to rest on tired eyes," he cut off those offending appendages; and in his remorse threw them upon the ground. Returning next day to the same spot, he discovered that his rejected Eyelids had undergone a strange metamorphosis, having become changed into a shrub—tea—the like of which had never been seen growing upon the earth before. Having eaten some of its leaves he found his spirits wonderfully exhilarated thereby, whilst his former physical vigour was restored. We now know as a familiar fact, that an infusion of this fragrant invigorating herb, if taken when strongly brewed, is effectual to dispel somnolence, and to revive alacrity of mind.

About the Eyes alone—windows of the soul—a whole volume might be written, without exhausting the subject. English folk have in the main open, steadfast eyes. Most commonly Eyes as to their colour (dependent on that of the iris, or pupil) are grey, whitey-grey, blue (light or dark), brown (of many shades), or black (so called by reason of the contrast with the cornea, or white of the Eye-ball). Furthermore, there are Eyes hazel in colour, likewise orange, yellow, and green Eyes.

The general indications of all blue Eyes are gentleness, and serenity, but lack of determination and of

much business capacity. The dark blue Eye, "true blue," is beautiful, and specially steadfast. It occurs most generally in persons of delicate, refined, or effeminate nature; but if shallow, and tinged with clay colour, they tell of selfishness, self-indulgence, and a fickle though lively personality. Swift had blue Eyes—"azure as the heavens."

Grey Eyes show liveliness, impressionability, earnestness, and a desire to gain experience. Wordsworth has spoken of a "noticeable man with large grey Eyes." They are quick to see at a glance, to catch what is said, or done, in an instant; but they are not so reflective as hazel Eyes. These latter tell of enthusiasm, excitability, impulsiveness, yet of instability. They are found most generally in thoughtful, reflective, studious, self-contained persons, who, whilst not being very quick to perceive, are profound of thought, frequently with a masculine vigorous mind. Shakespeare had hazel Eyes; those of Milton, Scott, Chalmers, and Byron were grey. The individual with Eyes which are dark brown (or "black" in colour) is seldom known to be slothful, or supine—defects usually shown by blue Eyes, which are nevertheless more tender, and sympathizing. Blue Eyes do not suddenly set in a blaze those who look upon them, as do black Eyes of the eagle's strength, telling of powerful sight, keen penetration, passion, (and jealousy). Martin Luther had such a lion-like vivacity of the Eyes that all men were not able to look directly on them. It is related that one was sent to him who, under pretence of holding

a private conference, should shoot him; but the man was so confounded by the vigour of Luther's Eyes that he left him unhurt.

“The instinct that sometimes guides, and sometimes misleads us in the judging of character is apt to over-estimate the importance of the Eyes. A man is not necessarily a rogue because he does not look you in the face. He may be merely thoughtful, and very self-contained.”

In the Eyes of Tamerlane there was such a majesty that a man could hardly behold them without closing his own: whilst many in talking with him, and often beholding him, became mute. It is recorded by Francis Mendoza about the Duke of Braganza's one-Eyed servant, that with his single Eye he would make any falcon, or sparrow-hawk, in its flight fall down to the ground as if dead; as to which power we can give no more reason for it than why the loadstone draws iron.

Octavianus Cæsar had specially clear and bright Eyes, in which he would have it to be thought there was a divine vigour. One said of him: “*Oculorum tuorum fulmen ferre non possum.*” Polydore Vergil tells about Edward the First, King of England, that his Eyes were inclining to black, which when he was inflamed with anger would appear of a reddish colour, whilst sparks of fire seemed to fly out from them. The action of the Eyes and of the mind are reciprocal; thus it comes about that the expression of the Eyes changes with the disposition of the individual.

Greenish Eyes have much the same meaning as

those which are grey. But in Shakespeare we read of the "green-Eyed monster," jealousy. Eyes of this hue are commonly supposed to be deceitful and cunning, but large, open green Eyes, in which the green colour is distinctly visible, often indicate talent. Taken all in all the green Eye is clever, and by no means bespeaks a greenhorn.

"William Hogarth"—the famous painter—"was," according to Justin Dobson, "when out of his apprenticeship a sturdy, ruddy-complexioned, blue-Eyed, rather round-shouldered young fellow." "He grew to be," says G. A. Sala, "an outspoken man; his pencil and graver were as outspoken as his tongue." Judging by his portrait in the National Gallery, he had a square face, an outspread nose, and a short neck. Hogarth, as well as the more modern talented artists Cruikshank, and Phiz, was an admirable Physiognomist: witness, for instance, the truthfulness of features given to his varied characters in "The Rake's Progress," in "The Industrious and the Idle Apprentice;" indeed, to the actors, great and small, throughout all his humorous paintings. He was especially clever and correct as a nasologist; which endowment is particularly noticeable in his pictures, "The Bench," "The Lecture," and other such groupings of remarkable assemblies.

Prominent Eyes are generally thought to show an aptitude for languages. They would seem to tell of a good memory for words; but very prominent Eyes usually betoken stupidity. A young woman in whose Eyes the whole of the iris is seen, the Eyes being



large, open, and round, will be found to be impulsive, imaginative, and affectionate, according to the colour of her Eyes. If these orbs are set well apart, she is frank, candid, and with a proper simplicity of disposition. Brown Eyes serve their possessor the longest, blue being less serviceable. Light, pale, almost colourless Eyes are the weakest, in both a mental, and a physical sense.

“The true brown Eyes have a softness, and a beauty which are peculiarly their own. Some are eager, quick, and merry, such generally going with light hair, and fair fresh complexions, whilst being as different from the cooler, and calmer look of the hazel Eyes as light from darkness. Others, strangely enough, have a reddish glow, or rather an auburn hue, which gives them a peculiar charm, especially if the hair matches. Others again, of a more decided brown, go with black hair and a dark complexion; and yet again, others, still large, and soft, need only the curling hair and the pale gentle face, with the tender womanly heart, to complete their charm.”

“Thy brown Eyes have a look like birds  
Flying straightway to the light.”

*Mrs. Browning.*

Unsteady Eyes love very little, if at all, whatever their colour, and dimensions may otherwise indicate. Moist Eyes may love too much: and very open Eyes love everything. Pink Eyes do not possess any great reach of vision, or thought. A dreamy Eye, with the body bending forward from the arm-pits, denotes a prescient person who anticipates events.



and provides more or less for the future. Certain very rare individuals are gifted with a power of pre-recognizing the future, and of foreshadowing approaching events with much certainty. Grey Eyes are of many varieties, some being sharp, shrewish, cold, and even spiteful. But directly opposed to these is the calm clear grey Eye, which reasons rather than feels. It looks you quietly in the face, viewing you kindly, but yet dispassionately; indeed, passion rarely lights it. The owner of such Eyes is upright, conscientious, and God-fearing, pitying his fellow-men, even when at a loss to understand their vagaries. It is the Eye for a kind conscientious doctor, for an *honest* lawyer, for a worthy village cleric, for a friend as faithful as a human being can be. It is told that the Eyes of Mary, Queen of Scots, were bewitching grey soft Eyes, with large pupils, contracting or dilating with a word, or a thought, or a flash of feeling; wonderful Eyes which proved winsome, whether one would or not. Black-Eyed women are apt to be passionate, and jealous; blue-Eyed women are truthful, affectionate, and confiding; whilst the Eyes of children are clear, sinless, and full of the pure light of innocence. Blessed be the maiden who hath gentle blue Eyes. Great strength of intellect she may not possess, but great wealth of love, with which she will fill your dwelling, and your heart! Artists much favour this style of beauty; they paint the Mary-Mother, blessed among women, with blonde hair, and Eyes of heavenly blue. "Milton's Eyes must have been beautiful; for even

in the busts which we see of him, and in the portraits taken after he became blind, we perceive the lids to be large, and well separated from the brows, like to well-proportioned doors sliding freely."

By the fanciful phrase, "Oculus, loculis, poculis," is expressed the notion that in "beauty (by the Eyes), in fullness of the purse, and in goblets of generous wine," stands comprised the sum of human happiness.

"Oculi nigri non semper sunt faciei ornamentum."

"Black Eyes are not always an ornament to the face."

"When Nature has decided on the colour of an Eye, it is not for man to alter it," remarked Mr. Plowden at Marylebone in fining a man ten shillings for blackening another man's Eye. In Texas the slang term for a revolver is "Black-Eyed Susan."

Chaucer, in his *Canterbury Tales* (*The Host*), has noticed the downcast look of the thoughtful Scholar:—

" 'What man art thou,' quoth he,  
    'That lookest as thou wouldest find a hair?  
For ever on the ground I see thee stare!'"

With the Arabs, grey Eyes are supposed to signify sin, and enmity. Hence it is written in the Koran: "On that day the trumpet shall be sounded, and we will gather the wicked together, even those having grey Eyes." This is explained as bearing reference to the Greeks, whom the Arabs detest. Eyes set at the sides of the head bespeak timidity, and nervous gentleness of disposition. They are commonly

accompanied by a slim long neck, and a narrow chest with elongated narrow fingers. On the other hand, Eyes set directly in front of the head bespeak courage, and boldness, being ordinarily accompanied by a short thick neck, and a capacious chest. Saint Augustine asserted that he himself had beheld persons born with only one Eye, in a foreign nation. "It was now," said he to the Bishop Hippo, "that, when accompanied with certain of the servants of Christ, I went as far as Æthiopia that I might preach the Holy Gospel of Christ to that people; and in the lower parts of Æthiopia we saw men that had but one Eye, and this placed in the midst of their foreheads." It is told in *The Arabian Nights* that Sinbad, the Sailor, in his third voyage was cast on an island inhabited by one-Eyed giants.

Recently our leading ophthalmologists have directed attention to the morbid effects on vision induced, of late years, by railway travelling, which causes perverted views of the objects seen from the carriage windows because of the unusual rapidity of the picture. This occurs particularly when sitting with the back to the engine. Thus it is that train-sickness, equally with sea-sickness, comes under the purview of the ophthalmic physician in the present day.

"The Emperor Nero could see nothing distinctly without winking or having it brought close to his eyes." (*Riley's Trans.* Bk. xi., chap. 54.)

He was exceedingly myopic, and used a concave jewel (not glass, as stated by T. E. B.) to assist his

sight; this he also used for viewing the combats of gladiators.

This jewel was merely used as ordinary glasses are by short-sighted persons nowadays.

As is stated in our *Precious Stones* (1907): "Among Highland superstitions that of the 'Evil Eye' still finds its convinced, and timorous votaries. Cattle, and all kinds of stock, are believed to suffer thereby. Its malign influence is thought to deprive the cows of their milk, and will spoil the milk by rendering it unfit for food. This superstition can lay claim to a great antiquity. Virgil, Ossian, and other classic writers have alluded fearsomely to its disastrous effects. "Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos." M. Victorien Sardou, the veteran French dramatist, has related not long ago that on the day when he sought admission into the "Société des Auteurs Dramatiques" he met a singular-looking old man with a hooked nose and a reddish beard, excessively thin, and with a strikingly piercing glance, suggesting altogether one of the fantastic figures of Hoffman. It was Jacques Offenbach, who, it appears, was credited with possessing the "Evil Eye." Sardou adds that he was no more superstitious then than he is now; but the fact remained nevertheless that, until five years after this ill-omened encounter, he was not able to bring a single piece to success.

A former charm against the "Evil Eye" consisted of a quill filled with mercury, sealed at each end, and worn bound to the body. Witches were believed of old to be capable of causing death by the "Evil

Eye." It is customary even to-day among the Bedouin tent-dwellers of Palestine to suspend over a child's primitive wooden cot, or cradle, a blue bead for averting the "Evil Eye."

"A widespread form of amulet in Southern Europe consists of coral in various shapes, comprising horns, a closed fist with the thumb placed between the first and the middle finger, a hand with only the forefinger extended, and other forms too numerous to mention. Great is the belief in the efficacy of such a coral amulet, the virtues attributed to coral being manifold; but it is adopted more frequently as a protection against the dreaded jettatura, or 'Evil Eye,' so apprehended at the present day not only by illiterate, but by numbers of educated Southerners. As for Neapolitans, the fear of the 'Evil Eye' appears to amount to a form of insanity, so fostered has it been by tradition.

"It must be remembered that a large amount of capital is embarked in coral dredging; and there are not wanting those who have 'an axe to grind' in fostering this credulity, with a view to maintaining a sale for a once excessively and still comparatively lucrative commodity. It is with the proceeds of the coral-dredging that time after time the inhabitants of Torre del Greco have been able, after the devastations caused by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, to rebuild their dwellings more sumptuously than before. Pietro Colletta has recorded, in his *Storia del Reame di Napoli*, how, towards the end of the eighteenth century, six hundred large barques used to set out



yearly for the coral fisheries off the coasts of Africa. These vessels, manned by more than four thousand sailors, left in April, and returned before the beginning of winter.

“To this day the belief in the power of coral to avert the baneful influence of the ‘Evil Eye’ is so strong in the Neapolitan provinces, that it is unusual to find an inhabitant who does not wear a coral amulet of some sort.”

Perhaps certain of the most beautiful symbolisms associated with the human hand as protective against evil, are found in the use of this member for the ceremonies of the Church,—in the invocation of blessing, in making the sign of the Cross, and in the laying on of hands. We have the priestly blessing with the whole hand, and the episcopal blessing with the thumb and two fingers only, extended, as we see them in the charms which are sold at Naples for the repulse of the “Evil Eye.” The Dissenters, on the contrary, make the sign of the Cross with the first and second fingers only, without including the thumb.

Concerning the origin of the hitherto inexplicable and mysterious question, “Do you see any green in the white of my Eye?” this may be traced back to a quaint colour effect produced upon the transparent cornea (or white surface of the eye-ball) of some renowned Egyptian belle by her use of an ancient cosmetic tincture. Certain cosmetics of such sort have been recently discovered among the mummy graves of Achmim, by Professor Baeyer, of the Munich

University ; notably upon the person of one Princess Aft, an Egyptian Royal Highness entombed some three thousand four hundred years ago. Chemical analysis has shown that one of these dyes had the property of imparting a verdant sheen to textures of the human Eye. Professor Baeyer discloses the fact, for the special edification of the German ladies, that the application of this compound to the Eyes not only lends them a greenish aspect, but further invests them with a limpid film of glittering moisture which seems to reveal unfathomable depths of loving expressiveness, and passionate significance. His is the proud achievement of having rendered this valuable preparation available for the female beauties of to-day.

The manner of the soul's speaking through the Eyes is by filling them with tears, or with fire, by opening them more or less widely, by turning them in various directions, by enlarging or contracting them ; but in what way these emotional effects are produced has never yet been explained by anyone.

Large Eyes indicate a candid and generous temper ; and prominent Eyes are more promising than those which are sunken and hollow. But a disposition of remarkable vivacity is seldom seen in the person with large Eyes, whilst in small Eyes, the fire of passionate emotion being confined therein, a lesser orbit beams out to more advantage. The ordinary sort of meaningless Eyes shows their owners to be persons without any particular virtues, or vices, yet not lacking sagacity, and occasional vehemence of



passion. The open Eye, as in a faithful terrier, betokens strong attachment, and trustworthy friendship. Dr. Gall observed when a boy at school that the "ox-eyed" students—those whose Eyes were large and prominent—excelled in learning rapidly by heart, and in giving correct recitations. Although several of these boys were by no means distinguished for general talent, they always carried off the palm when the acquisition of words for elocution purposes was concerned.

The late Professor Skeat—a great philologist—had conspicuously large full Eyes. "He did, perhaps, as much as any contemporary Englishman has ever done to arouse interest in language, and literature. Many people believe that English will be the language of the future; but what kind of English will this universal English be? In Professor Skeat's view, 'Cockney' was destined to become the standard pronunciation; and he looked forward to the time when the highest in the land would complacently refer to 'ouses' and 'tibles'—"houses," and "tables." "He was a philologist of European reputation; he had many foreign degrees, and there was no higher English authority on the derivations, the meanings, the pronunciations of words. His special study was, of course, the study of his native tongue; and his *Etymological Dictionary of the English Language* is one of the greatest contributions to lexicography. His editions of Chaucer, and of the other early English writers, are the standard, and recognized works on the subject."

Dryden has read us a lesson about the Eyes :—

“ Thus while the mute creation downward bend  
 Their sight, and to their earthly mother tend,  
 Man looks aloft, and with erected Eyes  
 Beholds his own hereditary skies ”—

these happily expressed lines being a translation from Ovid : *Met.* i. 84 :—

“ Pronaque cum spectent animalia cætera terram,  
 Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri  
 Jussit.”

Amongst animals, the ox has a large mild Eye ; the sheep a patient Eye ; the pig a small vindictive Eye, taking a querulous ill-natured view of things. The partridge has a long Eye, with a drooping lid, this signifying covert amorous tendencies. In persons, the round dove-like Eye denotes strong connubial love, whilst half-closed eyelids, almond-shaped, with a narrowed length of intermediate aperture, show a proneness to promiscuous love. Width of the Eyes foretells permanence of their functions ; height shows intensity.

In a secretive, cautious person the Eyes are half shut, just sufficiently open to enable him to see out of them, but not so wide as to allow others to see in. Moreover, if he is over-cautious, then the Eyes, supposing that the individual is alarmed, roll from side to side. In Sir Walter Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, the suspicious secretive Eye-movements of Cormac Doil are thus described :—

“ For evil seemed that old man's Eye,  
 Dark and designing, fierce yet shy.  
 Still he avoided forward look,  
 But slow and circumspectly took  
 A circling, never-ceasing glance,  
 By doubt and cunning marked at once.”

Hood has written a humorous little poem cognate to this subject :—

- “ Tim Turpin he was gravel blind,  
And ne’er had seen the skies ;  
For Nature, when his head was made,  
Forgot to dot his Eyes.
- “ So, like a Christmas pedagogue,  
Poor Tim was forced to do—  
Look out for pupils, for he had  
A vacancy for two.
- “ There’s some have ‘ specs ’ to help their sight  
Of objects dim and small ;  
But Tim had ‘ specks ’ within his Eyes,  
And could not see at all.
- “ But just when Tim had lived a month  
In honey with his wife,  
A surgeon op’d his Milton Eyes,  
Like oysters, with a knife.
- “ But when his Eyes were open’d thus,  
He wish’d them dark again ;  
For when he look’d upon his wife,  
He saw her very plain.
- “ Her face was bad, her figure worse ;  
He couldn’t bear to eat,  
For she was anything but like  
A grace before his meat.
- “ Now Tim, he was a feeling man,  
For, when his sight was thick,  
It made him feel for everything—  
But that was with a stick.
- “ So, with a cudgel in his hand—  
It was not light or slim—  
He knocked at his wife’s head, until  
It opened unto him.
- “ The neighbours fetched a doctor in ;  
Said he, ‘ This wound, I dread,  
Can hardly be sew’d up—her life  
Is hanging on a thread.’

“ But when another week was gone,  
He gave him stronger hope—  
Instead of hanging on a thread,  
Of hanging on a rope.

“ Then, turning round his head again,  
He saw before his Eyes,  
A great judge, and a little judge,  
The judges of assize !

“ The great judge took his judgment cap,  
And put it on his head,  
And sentenced Tim by law to hang,  
Till he was three times dead.”

Small Eyes set deep in the head tell of poor parentage, limited early advantages, with equally limited present powers of gaining, and contributing knowledge. They further betoken a suspicious nature. Sidelong glances, with shy covert looks, show a secretive disposition, whilst full open Eyes are frank and guileless. The bright blue (basilisk) Eyes of Lord Kitchener can flash unutterable disdain at those unfortunate wights who contrive to merit his contempt. Set beneath heavy brows, and of an elongated shape, with very little of the lids showing when they are open, these are Eyes which seem to look one through and through—yet are far from being what are generally known as gimlet Eyes—little round piercing things without a spark of intellect in them. Typical of the born organizer and leader of men are the shrewd clever wonderful Eyes of this famous Lord Kitchener. The Eyes of the German Emperor, pale blue in colour, are nevertheless supposed to strike terror into the souls of those upon whom they glare in displeasure ; their shape, however, in portraits of him are not provocative of

any such desperate dread. It would rather seem that the general belief in the Kaiser's ferocity is due to the determined closure of the lips, and the fiercely upturned moustache, which lend to the countenance as a whole an aspect of severity; whilst the Eyes actually reveal generosity and kindness of disposition as lurking behind a fierce and stern will. The Eyes of Sir Frederick Treves are precisely such as those of a great surgeon should be; wise, implicitly to be trusted, and very gentle. Sir Edward Clarke eminently owns the legal Eye; shrewd, and that of a man who must calculate his chances of success, or failure to a nicety; who must weigh in the balance indefinite probabilities, and possibilities. It resembles in type the Kitchener Eye, as that of a born leader of men; yet with brows of a different shape, and not so well marked.

Those Eyes are of chiefest interest which change most with the emotions; thus, grey Eyes will deepen to the colour of a lake's violet hue under the influence of love; and the beautiful hazel orbs of a happy child will wither to a slate-like drab, in keeping with the pale and stricken face, if the said child is suddenly transmuted by a great fright.

Sir Alfred Turner tells a tale of the way in which General Dormer once impressed some Arab spies who had laughed at the idea that the English could do more than the Mahdi. "Can he do this?" said the General, taking out his glass Eye, tossing it in the air, and putting it back again; and the Arabs, praying fervently, departed in haste!

Proverbially it is said, "The Eye of the master does more than both his hands."

To summarize this Physiognomical topic: Dark Eyes are indicative of strength of character, truth, courage, and honour; and are capable of more expression than are those of light shades. Very large and transparent blue Eyes show great common sense, and a ready capacity for overcoming difficulties; but a proneness to deceit and jealousy. Green Eyes are expressive of courage, eagerness, and enthusiasm; small grey eyes of deceit, irritability, and indecision.

Small Eyes, deeply sunk, denote a love of intrigue; large prominent Eyes, covetousness and greed; but those tapering to a fine point are indicative of great talent, almost amounting to genius.

Elegance, taste, discrimination in all matters connected with art, self-respect, and quick discernment are manifest in the case of bright-Eyed people, whether the colour be black, or dark brown, blue, or grey, but the lids must open wide and the eyebrows be well marked, and sharply defined.

A few words as to the best type of a medical man at the present day will not be out of place here. "It is only in the days of his maturity, when long years of professional routine and responsibility have set their seal on his Physiognomy, that the average doctor becomes recognizable as such, even to the most discriminating observer." The time will no doubt come when every young medical aspirant will be submitted to anthropometric scrutiny, and advised as to his fitness, or the reverse, for a medical



career. As it is, there are far too many round pegs in square holes ; that is, men "practising medicine" who would be happier and more useful keeping a ledger, or serving in a shop. "How far we seem to have travelled nowadays from the medical type of the mid-nineteenth century—the genial, rubicund, whiskered, port-drinking, gig-driving, fox-hunting family doctor ! Who would suspect as his lineal representative to-day the somewhat reticent, clean-shaven, water-drinking individual, who drives his own motor car, plays golf on Sundays (if he dare), has an *x-ray* installation in his consulting-room, and has no personal weakness worth mentioning."

Before considering the several features of a Face, and tacitly summing up in our minds their significance, we must first determine for ourselves the general form, contour, and physical proclivities of the particular Face under our critical scrutiny. There are four leading shapes of Face: the Square; the Tapering; the Oval; and the Semi-Oval,—with Long, and Broad varieties of the same. There is also the Melancholic form of Face. As helpful towards judging these several classes, we have selected a few typical examples as displayed in Lodge's *Historical Portraits*, which may be taken as of reliable accuracy.

Owners of the Square Face were Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury (1575), and Adam Duncan, first Viscount Camperdown (1804). Parenthetically we may likewise quote Steele (Alexander Carbuncle) and Addison (*Spectator*, No. 17, 1710): "For my own part I am a little unhappy in the mould of

my Face, which is not quite so long as it is broad. Whether this might not partly arise from my opening my mouth much seldomer than other people, and by consequence not so much lengthening the fibres of my visage, I am not at leisure to determine. However it be, I have often been put out of countenance by the shortness of my Face, and was formerly at great pains in concealing it by wearing a periwig with an high fore-top, and letting my beard grow." Addison likewise had a Square Face, with outspread nostrils, a short neck, and a thick-set frame.

Of Tapering Faces are given those of William Powlett, Marquis of Winchester (1572); Cardinal Allen (1594); Viscount Brackley, Lord High Chancellor (1617); and George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham (1628). Later on we further notice that Charles Dickens eminently possessed the Tapering Face.

William Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury (1532); Sir John More (1533), Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke (1751); and William Pulteney, Earl of Bath (1764), owned Oblong Faces; whilst King Edward the Sixth (1553); Sir William Lethington, of Lethington (1573); Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick (1590); and John Graham, Viscount Dundee (1689), showed Faces of the Broad Tapering type.

As to owners of the Oval Face (*see* Lodge) we find the first Marquis of Lansdowne (1605); Robert Greville, Lord Brooke (1643); Anne Hyde, Duchess of York (1671); and the Hon. Robert Boyle (1691).

Possessors of the Semi-Oval Face were Lady

Jane Grey (1554); also Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset (1675). Likewise Alexander Hood, Viscount Bridport (1814); Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel (1593); and John, second Duke of Montague (1749), had Long Semi-Oval Faces. Queen Anne (1714) and Augustus, Viscount Keppel (1786) had Broad Semi-Oval Faces.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (1547), and Cardinal Pole (1558), exhibited the Melancholy Face (characterized by black hair, dark and generally large eyes, a dull dark complexion, the visage tapering somewhat to the chin, and the neck long; or (as Mr. Galton says) "the well-known Puritan features, black straight hair, hollowed cheeks, and sallow complexion."

Having searchingly inspected the Eyes, whether of a stranger under casual scrutiny, or of a friend newly made, as to their colour, expression, size, shape, and appendages, we go on to inquiringly take note of the Nose as the next most important, and significant facial feature.

ON AN ADJUDGED CASE NOT TO BE FOUND IN  
ANY OF THE BOOKS.

"Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose;  
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;  
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,  
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

"So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause  
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;  
While Chief Baron Ear sat to balance the laws,  
So fam'd for his talent in nicely discerning.

“ ‘ In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,  
And your Lordship ’—he said—‘ will undoubtedly find  
That the Nose has had spectacles always to wear,  
Which amounts to possession for time out of mind.’

“ ‘ Then, holding the spectacles up to the Court—  
‘ Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle  
As wide as the bridge of the Nose is ; in short,  
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

“ ‘ Again, would your Lordship a moment suppose  
    (‘Tis a case that has happened, and may be again)  
That the visage, or countenance, had not a Nose ;  
Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then ?

“ ‘ On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,  
With a reasoning the Court will never condemn,  
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,  
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.’

“ ‘ Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how)  
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes :  
But what were his arguments few people know,  
For the Court did not think they were equally wise.

“ ‘ So his Lordship decreed with a grave solemn tone  
Decisive and clear, without one ‘ if,’ or ‘ but,’  
That ‘ Whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,  
By daylight, or candlelight, Eyes must be shut ! ’ ”

In the year 1848, Mr. George Jabet (“Eden Warwick”) was the author of a clever little work, *Notes on Noses*, then said to be the best of modern Physiognomical treatises. In this small scientific booklet, which professes to be nothing more than an introduction to the momentous subject on which Slawkenbergius wrote a folio, the writer has argued that the Nose is an index to the mental, though not to the moral, character. He based this hypothesis on a comparison between the nasal and intellectual traits of great men. In which manner Noses are

divided into five great divisions: the Roman; the Grecian; the Cogitative; the Jewish (or Hawk); and the Snub (or Celestial). "It is not contended," says this author, "that all the faculties, and properties of the mind are revealed by the Nose; for instance, we can read nothing of temper or the passions from it. But it reveals power, or energy, to carry out ideas, and the inclination which dictates, or guides them. Thus the Nose is an important index to Character."

Between the well-defined Classes of Noses just enumerated, there is an infinite number of crosses, and intermixtures, which at first lead to embarrassment in their study; but after a little practice they may be distinguished with tolerable precision. A compound of different Noses of course indicates a compound character, and it is only in the rather rare instance of a perfect Nose, belonging singly to any one of the Classes, that the character is found developed with strength corresponding thereto. A crooked Nose tells of a crooked mind:—

"Peter Wright, he never goes right,  
And I'll tell you the reason why;  
He follows his Nose wherever he goes,  
And that is all awry."

The Roman, or Aquiline, Nose is prominent, aquiline, and usually somewhat coarse. When less conspicuous in these respects it approaches the Greek Nose, and exhibits a modified character. This Roman Nose shows great decision, considerable energy, firmness, absence of refinement, and dis-

regard for the *bienséances* of life. A popular example of this Nose was afforded by the great Duke of Wellington; and quite recently a striking instance of the same has been exhibited on the remarkable face of the late General Booth, who was imperious, intense, and engrossing; the central figure on every platform which he occupied. Being a man of iron will, and unbending purpose, he yet displayed an appealing tenderness when pleading, or helping. Wherever he went, throughout Great Britain, the Continent of Europe, the Colonies, America, or the Far East, everything was with him incidental to Salvation. Such a remarkable Nose as his, on a long face, joined to a receding forehead, forms Nature's intimation of a Physiognomically beneficent person, with a persistent tendency to do good towards his fellow-creatures.

The bold arched Nose denotes fitness for command, and generally the requisite determination for carrying it out. But it must not be narrow, otherwise the more masculine qualities of the owner are in a great measure modified. Julius Cæsar's Nose was of the Aquiline shape, characteristic of patient courage, and heroic firmness. The great Frederick's Nose was so prominent that Lavater offered to wager his reputation that blindfold he could tell it out of ten thousand other Noses by simply taking it between his thumb and forefinger. Washington's Nose was the true Aquiline, showing great firmness of character, patience, and heroism.

John Wesley likewise possessed a Roman Nose. He



lived to the age of eighty-eight, his eyesight remaining undimmed and his natural force unabated to the last. After the age of thirty-six he travelled some two hundred and twenty-five thousand miles, and preached forty thousand sermons. He ate little ; never drank wine ; rose at four in the morning ; and gave away to the poor three-fourths of his wretchedly small income. During his early evangelizing visit to America he often slept in the open air wrapped in a blanket, and got wet through during the night. On one occasion he went barefooted to a school, so that he might teach the scholars the lesson that they must not despise their poorer brethren. His Methodism, it has been well declared, was a religious movement which changed the face of England.

This type of Nose is called Roman because it was generally found among the Romans, who for a good one thousand years held dominion over nearly all Europe. It is termed "Aquiline" from the Latin *aquila*, eagle (which royal bird was the standard of the Romans)—this particular form of Nose being considered to resemble the beak of the king of birds. The owner of such a Nose takes delight in action, but no counsel of his fears ; and sacrifices everything to the attainment of his object. The Romans owned the Combative faculties very large, particularly in attack.

William the Third, Queen Elizabeth, Henry the Seventh, and Earl Chatham had very nearly pure Roman Noses. It was said of Lord Chatham that whenever he met a bishop he made so low a bow that

the point of his Nose appeared from between his knees. Our Roman-Nosed Queen Elizabeth, in spite of her faults, won the enthusiastic loyalty of her subjects; and posterity continues to recognize her as a fitting sovereign to have occupied the throne during one of the most glorious epochs of our history. In her, the patriotism, chivalry, and independence of Englishmen found a real representative. Nevertheless she had no real affection for anyone but herself. The energy, and determination of her character, combined with its coarseness, correspond accurately to the indications of her Nose. The late Lord Derby, whose impetuosity led to his being styled "The Rupert of Debate," had a noble Roman Nose. He often endangered his party by not knowing when to speak, and when to remain silent. So Prince Rupert (1619-1682) was always charging at the wrong time, doing something very brave, but wanting in generalship.

Here is the description which an old classical writer has given of an audacious countenance: "*Audacis Viri Figura: os exsertum; vultus horridus; aspera frons; supercilia arcuata et oblonga; dentes longi; Nasus longior; breve collum; brachia longiora, quæ genua attingant; pectus latum; humeri elevati; oculi cæsii, rubri, salientes; torvus aspectus.*"

The Greek Nose is perfectly straight. It indicates refinement of character, love for the fine arts, but also astuteness, craft, and a preference for indirect rather than straightforward action. Its owner is

not without some energy in pursuit of that which is agreeable to his tastes, but, unlike a possessor of the Roman Nose, he cannot exert himself in opposition to his likings. The Roman Nose is held to be "aristocratic,"—the badge rather of the high and mighty peer, with a warlike turn of mind; a strong man in action. The Grecian Nose indicates more delicacy, with less demonstration of feeling. It is fascinating, cold, and sometimes almost heartless, being passive rather than active in its affections; very charming and elegant, but sometimes with very indifferent ideas as to the moral law. "*Græcia mendax*," and "*Danaûm insidiæ*," were epithets as true, and as commonly applied in the time of Augustus as they are at the present hour in Athens by modern travellers. "*Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes*," exclaimed the cautious priest of Troy, referring to the well-known character of the treacherous enemy. The same suspicious proverb was made use of in our modern times after a homely fashion by Dr. Samuel Johnson, who knew he was disliked by Mrs. Boswell. On one occasion she sent him as a conciliatory offering a jar of her marmalade. "Tell Mrs. Boswell," he wrote to her husband, "I shall taste her marmalade cautiously at first; '*timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes*.' " And what a contrast to anything recorded in Roman warfare does the Trojan war itself exhibit! The Romans would have battered down the walls with their furious engines; but the wily Greeks invented a stratagem by which the enemy pulled down their own walls. Though always

engaged in wars, the Greeks were not very courageous. "They often cried before a battle; and ran away as soon as it began."

The following persons will on examination of their portraits—if faithful—be seen to have possessed Greek Noses: Petrarch, Spenser, Raphael, Voltaire, Rubens, Titian, Addison, Byron, Shelley, and Tennyson.

Respecting Raphael, when at Siena, making cartoons for the pictures of the Library, he was tempted suddenly to visit Florence, owing to the fame of Michael Angelo, and Leonardo da Vinci. Inspired by their works and by the ancient statues, he formed a style of his own, and became one of the greatest painters the world has ever known.

The Nose of Voltaire was remarkable for its Cogitative breadth of nostril, which is always an essential feature towards indicating a capacity for the deep, close, and serious thought requisite to constitute a truly great and philosophic mind. Having a brilliant wit, and "the pen of a ready writer," he rapidly evolved some fanciful theory, or started some fallacious argument from such unauthenticated data as he happened to lay his hands upon. All this was indicated by his sharp Greek Nose; it was acuteness, not depth; readiness, not thought; careless, unprincipled wit, not study; an attractive style, not sound matter, which earned his short-lived fame. It has been truly and wittily said of him that he "half knew everything, 'from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth

out of the wall : ' and wrote of them all ; also laughed at them all."

Leonardo da Vinci—as one of the numerous instances where men of genius show that they instinctively feel and act upon many canons and principles of art without consciously recognizing them as an absolute form of law—in his celebrated picture of "The Last Supper," has drawn the gentle refined St. John with a Greek Nose, and the fiery energetic St. Peter with a coarse Roman Nose.

Taken generally, how beautiful are the Noses on the Egyptian sculptures ! You may spend hours in studying them as represented on covers of porphyry sarcophagi. But if you would have all the majesty of a Nose look at the Greek Jupiter ; or, if all its masculine beauty, study the Apollo. The bust of Homer may be of doubtful authenticity as a portrait, but what a Nose ! You ask perhaps what the bust signifies if it is not a portrait ? It shows us what the observation of the Greek sculptors had taught them to consider a suitable Nose for a Homer ; and this is no slight consideration ! Look again at the busts of Pythagoras, and Plato. What majesty ! what wisdom ! and what Noses ! One Nose there was in ancient Greece which, it must be confessed, is a hard one to explain, and interpret,—the conspicuous pug of Socrates ! About this inconsistent Nose we comment elsewhere. Anyhow, despite its plebeian ignoble character, it betokened considerable personal energy.

"The Epics of Nasology are from the pens of

Rabelais, and of Sterne:—‘ On the third day, at the flies uprising, Pantagruel got sight of a triangular island, very much like Sicily for its form and situation. It was called the Isle of Alliances. The people there are much like your carrot-pated Poitevins, save only that all of them, men, women, and children, have their Noses shaped like an ace of clubs. For that reason the ancient name of the country was Ennasin. What were the characteristics of this race with “their acc-of-clubs snouts” ? Exactly what we should expect ; but those anxious for details must turn to the ninth chapter of the fourth book of Rabelais.’ “ Now, my great-grandfather’s Nose,” says Tristram Shandy, “ was for all the world like unto the Noses of all the men, women, and children whom Pantagruel found dwelling upon the island of Ennasin. ’Twas shaped, sir, like an acc of clubs.”’ The misfortune that this betokened is known to all familiar with Sterne’s hero.”

Though partaking considerably of the Roman type, Lord Tennyson’s Nose was combined with some of the Greek characteristics, being therefore Romano-Greek. He had a magnificent face, and a grand dome of intellect. It was at once massive, and clear, full of thought, emotion, and sentiment. The hair was dark, silky, and fine of texture, a little inclined to curl ; the skin clear and white ; the eyes dark and full ; the forehead high, and broad ; the Nose prominent ; the lips long and full ; the chin somewhat projecting ; the cheeks well



rounded; the expression that of a scholar, and a gentleman. He belonged to one of the best orders of modern civilization. We venture to claim the privilege of reproducing a trustworthy and highly interesting memorial notice of the great Poet which appeared in one of our leading journals at the time of his death. It retains special value as having been written by "one who knew him."

"His retired life, his proud shyness, the repugnance he always felt to publicity, kept him out of the way, even of his own countrymen; so that in England itself, and amid his own haunts, it was rare to catch sight of the stately figure of Wordsworth's successor. On the morrow of his death, however, one almost envies those for whom he was thus merely an ideal personage, embodied by imagination out of his books, with the help, of course, of all-revealing photography. Those who did, indeed, know him individually—who have come within range, and reach of his grand and noble nature—cannot but experience to-day a keener sorrow than all the others. There are some great men whom it is not well to be acquainted with intimately; they are better seen in print, or painting than in the flesh. But Tennyson did not for a moment belie his verse, or disillusionize any observant votary. He was 'poet' pure and simple, poet by birth and training, by habit and manner,—the kind of man to see and talk with, whom you would hope, and expect, and desire to see, and talk with after reading melodious page upon page of the *In Memoriam*, the *Idylls*, or the *Lotus Eaters*. He was one of the finest

and handsomest of the sons of Adam to gaze upon, first of all,—and that, too, as much in old age as in early and middle life. Tall and upright, with body and limbs well-moulded, and a manly, fearless gait, his broad shoulders bore a head of the beauty of which everybody may partly judge by the pictures of him. Yet the pictures cannot give the gentle glow of his large brown eyes, nor the play of his eloquent mouth, nor the pleasant virile music of his voice, which could be alternately soft as a girl's and sonorous as a field captain's. They cannot give the quick intelligence of his glance, nor the swift evidence of the lightsome side of his character, when, at some forthcoming joke of his own, or some merry turn in the general conversation, the wrinkles of profound thought upon his countenance seemed to be all changed into dimples. His hands, and the play of them attracted the attention of any stranger. They were distinctly beautiful hands,—hands that you could fancy a Muse glad to guide, hands to tremble over the pathos of a lovely newly-growing lyric, and yet afterwards to leave the palm of a friend tingling with their strong pressure. Except for that somewhat demonstratively long hair, flowing back from the lofty forehead,—hair which to his dying day scarcely became more than slightly grizzled,—and the invariable soft slouch hat, and big cloak, Tennyson had no marked personal peculiarities. He was a constant smoker, preferring pipes to cigars; and he sometimes made experiments in other sedatives besides tobacco; but his favourite solace was a short

pipe of briarwood, or well-seasoned clay ; and many a time did he burn therefrom fragrant incense to Apollo while composing some of his finest, and most delicate verses.

“ Shy of strangers, and disliking beyond endurance the noise and flurry of the great outside world, there was nothing whatever visible of any personal diffidence, or self-distrust in our lost Laureate. On the contrary, his habitual manner had a royal assurance about it ; an established and self-reliant air, as of one certain of himself, of his place in art and literature, and also of the respect due to his record in the Victorian volume of our history. He could be brusque, close up to the line of ferocity, if he were bothered ; but his angriest mood was soon rounded off with gentle courtesy. Still, Tennyson was a man to ‘ stand no nonsense ’ in an argument with friends on the themes which interested him. There was plenty of pugnacity mingling with his grace and gentleness,—as ‘ musty, crusty Christopher,’ and others inside and outside the ranks of literature had, time and again, cause to know. He loved solitude for the reason that he was such excellent company to himself.

“ It must be mournful, though, past all words, for those who lived there with him—his devoted son Hallam, and the others—to gaze in the coming days at the portraits of him by Watts and others on his home walls, and the countless traces of his tastes and ways upon its tables and cabinets. When I last saw him there, not very long ago, he was wonderfully

strong for his great age, alert, quick and vivid in speech, having apparently quite conquered the influenza, and rheumatism which had made him an invalid for eight months. True, he had tied even then, and indoors, a white silk scarf round his neck, (on which showed a small black mole),—and wore, though it was warm weather, a light overcoat upon his dressing-wrapper. But he was full of playful fancy, and intellectual joy; and talked travel-talk, and book-talk, and, above all, folk-lore, like a doughty knight of letters holding the lists against all comers. He was always very strong upon dialects, and local *patois*; and knew especially the rural speech of his native Lincolnshire as if it had been a classic. But the best was to sit, and have him read or recite one of his own lyrics. Apart from the delight of hearing the rich instrument itself perform its proper music,—Beethoven's own piano, as it were, playing the 'Adelaida,'—he really gave the beautiful or noble lines with rare effect, the deep sympathetic voice rising and falling in a grand monotony of scale like the waves of the wind.

“To say that the renowned poet had no foibles, no natural human weaknesses, would be not friendliness, but flattery. He had vanity, a noble vanity, a proud pleasure in the very notoriety which brought strangers peeping, and stealing about his gates to get a sight of him. Albeit you saw 'Private Road' painted on the first rod of his domain, and 'Private Grounds' inscribed upon the first boundary of his fence, he did not like country people to pass him on the road

without recognizing him, and, now and then, when a visitor from afar came with genuine adoration, he could, and would be immensely gracious, and generous to such. He hated pain and disease; and in his early and middle life experienced really little of it, so that he got to speak querulously—sometimes almost savagely—of the bronchitis, and rheumatism which plagued his later days.

“He did not write so much at Aldworth as at Faringford, which latter place saw the birth of *Maud*, of the *Idylls of the King*, and other memorable works. But at Aldworth he composed those tender and noble verses to which his dignified and peaceful death has given such fresh pathos:—

“ ‘Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,

‘But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound, and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

‘Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark!

‘For tho’ from out the bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have cross’d the bar.’

“To hear him read these lines,—now so solemn a recollection, was to know how deep in his great, and

faithful, and melodious heart lay that trust which he has taught us all to feel in

“ ‘Some divine far-off event  
Towards which the whole Creation moves.’ ”

As a Sub-Class of Nose, the Romano-Greek will be found to comprise a very large number of distinguished individuals. It indicates a more energetic and less refined character than the Græco-Roman. A noticeable predominance of one of the combined forms tells at once to which particular Sub-Class any Nose belongs ; and the character will be found to be affected accordingly.

It was thought that Mrs. Norton, the noted authoress, had a particularly handsome Nose. Janet Duff Gordon, now Mrs. Ross, writes enthusiastically (1912) of Mrs. Norton, for whom she had a girl's devotion. One day she went when quite young to buy plaster casts from which to draw ; and the man produced a beautifully-shaped Nose. “ There, ma'am, I recommend that. It's the Honourable Mrs. Norton's Nose ; hartists do buy a lot of them.”

“ 'Tis very odd that poets should suppose  
There is no poetry about a Nose ;  
When plain as is the Nose upon your face  
A Noseless phiz would lack poetie grace !  
Noses have sympathy—a lover knows,  
Noses are always cool when lips are kissing,  
And who would care to kiss if Nose were missing ?  
Why, what would be the fragranee of a Nose ?  
And where would be our mortal means of telling  
Whether a vile or wholesome odour flows  
Around us, if we owed no means of smelling ?  
I know a Nose, no other person knows ;  
'Neath starry eyes, o'er ruby lips it grows,  
Beauty is in its form, and music in its blows.”



As Catullus wrote ecstatically to his friend Fabullus :

“ Nam unguentum dabo quod meæ puellæ  
Donarunt Veneres, Cupidinesque ;  
Quod tu quum olfacies deo rogabis  
Totum ut te faciat, Fabulle, Nasum.”

“ I will give you a perfume my damsels gave me—  
Sly daughters of Venus, and hoydens are ye !  
Which the instant you smell will incline you to pray,  
My Fabullus, to live as ‘ all Nose ’ from to-day.”

The Cogitative Nose—as it is called—is in shape wide-nostrilled, becoming gradually broader from below the bridge. It indicates a Cogitative mind, with considerable powers of thought, the owner being given to close, and serious meditation. This form of Nose never occurs pure. It is usually associated with the Roman, or the Grecian Nose. An absence of such nasal breadth of nostrils produces the “ sharp ” Nose, and indicates a want of Cogitative power. The authentic portraits of Queen Elizabeth show that she had a sharp-peaked Nose ; but in her case the nostrils were fairly broad,—a redeeming feature. The open nostril means ardour, and some sensuality. The Cogitative Nose is to be looked for in full face ; other Noses are seen in profile. As possessors of the Cogitative Nose we may instance Luther, Bunyan, Wesley (typically Roman), Bacon, Newton, Shakespeare, Hogarth, Samuel Johnson, Washington, Darwin (particularly), Huxley, and Carlyle. To entitle a Nose to rank among the Cogitatives it should be above the medium, between the very full broad and the very sharp thin Nose. This observation is to be confined to the parts below

the bridge. As a general rule the farther a Nose recedes from sharpness the better.

The very remarkable Nose of Alighieri Dante (1265-1321) was profoundly Cogitative ; its type being Romano-Greek, depending downwards at its base. His countenance was so strongly marked with the lines of intense, thought and deep reflection, as almost to assume the semblance of haggard old age ; and the cold lustre of his sunken eyes shows that the sight was turned inwards upon the conceptions of his own soul rather than upon the objects which passed before him. Every feature in the face of this sublime Italian poet combines to form a Physiognomy which is forcible yet far from pleasing, and interesting though devoid of beauty.

As in the Nose of Dante, its perpendicular length from the root above downwards shows a development of "Apprehension," which implies not only quick observation, but is connected with a keen insight into character ; also, in a measure, with a forecast which anticipates the future with regard to the intentions of men, and the turn which events will most probably take. When in excess it betokens suspicion, and distrust. An undue extension of such a Nose downwards, as caused by apprehension in excess, forms what has been called the "Melancholy" Nose ; marking a tendency to despondency, and gloom. This was certainly the case with Dante. The angle formed by the basal line of Dante's Nose with his upper lip was an acute one, indicating a melancholy disposition. Indeed, more than this,

it was very acute, telling of despondency and a tendency to harbour gloomy thoughts. Born to the same manner (of Nose) were Fox, the martyrologist ; John Knox ; Calvin ; George Herbert ; and Edmund Spenser. This particular angle between the Nose and the upper lip affects intensity, and also temperament. If it is obtuse, then the Nose becomes by so much shorter, the temperament being cheerful and lively.

As a modern illustrious possessor of the Cogitative Nose may be instanced George F. Watts, R.A., respecting whom it was announced : "The art of the world is in mourning to-day ; for, one of the greatest figures in our country has gone to his rest—a man great as a painter, greater as a sculptor, a true patriot and philanthropist, noble in his nature, munificent in his generosity, as simple in his modesty, as venerable in his dignity. Without any apparent effort, without elbowing his way, he found himself raised year by year on the merit of his achievements and nothing else, to the moral leadership of British art, the friend of princes and of the great ones of the earth, revered in every company, and beloved by the people, to whom, by his art, he had brought consolation, and delight."

"Mr. Watts was eighty-six years old, but although so advanced in years he carried himself erect, we are told, and his eyesight was undimmed. 'He used no glasses, walked without a stick, and until the last three or four years he was known as one of the best riders in Surrey.' As Mr. Watts rose

with the sun he went to bed with it—‘at least in summer time, when he was often up and at work with his pictures or his statues as early as half-past three o’clock in the morning.’

“When asked what was the secret of his extraordinary longevity, or unabated vitality, Mr. Watts made the paradoxical reply, ‘I have always been very sickly.’

“‘From my earliest years,’ he went on to say, ‘I have never been robust; and indeed for this reason I was compelled to refrain from most of the violent exercises of youth. I neither drank, nor smoked, nor did anything, in fact. I am a very negative sort of person. I have just lived—with the exception, of course, of my work. But although I have been successful, far beyond anything I ever hoped when I began life, I cannot say that the joy of life has ever been mine. I enjoy my work; I am intensely interested in it, and am continually endeavouring to improve; for,’ said Mr. Watts with a delightful smile, ‘if I don’t improve now, when shall I ever have a chance of doing so?’”

“‘Art for art,’ insisted Watts, ‘is a false cry. I have always felt that the art of England is not worthy of her literature; for while our artists have been busying themselves with acquiring the command of their language; and in many cases, too, only with the juggling of words, they have not aimed at cultivating great ideas, and intellectual qualities which alone can make art truly great.’ Not that Watts claimed these qualities for his own work; ‘I only

seek to point the direction,' he said, 'so that a vein of practical and intellectual suggestion may be struck which may be worked with more effect by those who will come after.'

"With this elevated view he pushed his ideas home. In his pictures, 'The Messenger of Death,' 'Death Crowning Innocence,' 'Time, Death, and Judgment,' he aimed at substituting for 'the horrible skull-and-cross-bones medieval idea of death,' as he called it,—an angel, a messenger, irresistible but not unkind; and so, he said, if he could but allay the terror of death which racks the minds of most with premonitory anguish, he would have done a service well worthy of the dignity of art."

His biographer (Mrs. R. Barrington), writing about an interview with him whilst still a young man, tells thus: "I sat very happily watching his (Rossetti's) brush, and listening to his vibrating deep voice, when the door opened, and a party of visitors came in. The one figure absorbed all my attention. Habited in a long sealskin coat, this figure was small, but in no wise insignificant—on the contrary it was distinguished in appearance. The face was handsome, with a serious countenance suggesting a latent weariness, and melancholy hidden under a crust of reserve."

"The first duty of the religious man, Mr. Watts held to be 'to live a healthy life, to have the body in which your soul lives in good working order. How many generations have lived, and died in the belief that piety consists in the maceration of the body;

and in spending many hours upon their knees crying to God to do this, that, and the other for them ! Instead, how much better it would have been if they had looked after their own health, and looked after their neighbours' ! In the long run the body avenges itself upon the soul which neglects, or abuses its habitation. Being naturally sickly, I had orders to take care of my body. I have never smoked. Greater things were done in the world, immeasurably greater, before tobacco was discovered than have ever been done since. The cigarette is the handmaid of idleness.' "

" Tobacco wick, tobacco wick !  
When you're well 'twill make you sick ;  
Tobacco wick, tobacco wick !  
'Twill make you well when you are sick."

Tobacco was formerly held in great esteem as a medicine. It is a remarkable fact that Shakespeare (whose general knowledge was so widespread) does not mention tobacco, even indirectly, in any of his writings.

It is not surprising to learn that tobacco-smoke is inimical to the activity of micro-organisms, since it contains, amongst many other things, pyridin, which has been shown to be a powerful germicide. Definite experiments have recently been made, says the *Lancet*, which show that tobacco-smoke rapidly destroys, in particular, the comma bacillus of cholera.

It is interesting to note that pyridin is official in the French Pharmacopœia ; and in France it has been employed in the form of inhalation in asthma,



emphysema, and angina pectoris, also, when mixed with peppermint, in diphtheria. Excessive tobacco-smoking may, of course, give rise to constitutional effects which diminish the resisting power of the body to disease ; in which case it is probable the habit would not only afford no protection, but would create an opening for invasion.

“Watts was a Celt, his genius was Celtic, his instinctive, unconscious genius ; but with his conscious brain and eye he worshipped Phidias.”

The Jewish, or Hawk, Nose is very convex, and maintains its convexity like a bow throughout the whole length, from between the eyes to its tip. Being somewhat thin, and rather sharp, it indicates considerable shrewdness in worldly matters ; and an insight into character, with a facility for turning that insight to profitable account. It is a good, useful, practical Nose, a good money-getting Nose, essentially a good commercial Nose—“*Alieni appetens ; sui profusus.*”

It does not always follow that the love and capacity for getting money are accompanied by a sordid disinclination to part with it. Many an instance occurs of a person who will shrewdly bargain for pence, but liberally give away pounds. As the former is said by us to be a Jewish habit, it is but right to add that not a few instances of princely liberality among modern Jews afford lessons worthy of more frequent Christian imitation.

As far back as the time of the Jewish captivity the Jews were marked by this same shaped Nose ;

for it is common to find on the old Egyptian monuments commemorating that event, a few men with similar Noses hard at work making bricks, and building, whilst the task-master (who is represented taking his ease, with a big stick in his hand) has a Nose which corresponds to the Egyptian Nose of to-day. But it is a fallacy to suppose that the peculiar Physiognomy called Jewish is confined to the Jews, or is even exclusively characteristic of them. It is, in fact, a form of profile common to all the inhabitants of Syria. This Nose should therefore more properly be called the Syrian Nose. The Phœnicians were Syrians; and the portraits which we have of these people on the Egyptian sculptures all exhibit this form of Nose. It is something like the Roman; but there is this difference—the Roman is undulating, and rugged, but the Jewish shows a continued curve from the forehead to the tip. “The Nose of the Jew is curved at the tip, so is that of the Raven.” It is notorious that the Jews have great musical talent; also their desire for the possession and display of jewellery is inordinate, in both sexes; this having possibly originated at the time of their release from Egyptian captivity, when naturally they seized as spoil those goods which were of greatest value in smallest compass, with all the advantages of easy convertibility.

“ We see an old man with his hair all grey,  
Bending over his desk through a long bright day :  
The flowers have closed, and the red sun sets,  
But he is awake o’er his column of debts ;

With his brain in a whirl, and his hands never still,  
He toils, and plods, like a horse in a mill;  
And though every penny has grown to a pound,  
Not an inch will he stir from Tom Tidler's ground,  
Where springeth the gold, and silver."

As marked owners of the Jewish Nose we may instance Vespasian, and Correggio, in former times ; likewise Adam Smith, Sir Moses Montefiore, Dr. Adler, Professor Sylvester, Lord Rothschild, and Sir Rufus Isaacs, Attorney-General. No very exalted intellectuality is to be looked for from this form of Nose. Its sphere of action is widely different from that of mental exertion as due to the mere pleasure derivable therefrom. The convexity of the Jewish Nose commences at the eyes ; but that of the Roman Nose is confined to its centre of outline, making it Aquiline. We read in Leviticus xxi. 18 that he who had such a blemish as "a flat Nose" should not be allowed to "approach to offer the bread of his God."

Sir Moses Montefiore lived to a great age (101 years). He became a second Providence to hundreds of thousands of his fellow-creatures, and co-religionists. His charity drew no distinction between creeds. In his ninety-first year (1875) he made his seventh, and final journey to the East.

The late Sir George Lewis, senior member of the well-known firm of Lewis & Lewis, solicitors, had a remarkably handsome Jewish Nose. He was one of the most notable men of his time, and could keep a secret as well as, or better than, any solicitor of his day. It was cheerfully remarked of him that he

could, if he chose, hang one-half of London. He was the receptacle of such confidences as were granted to no other man in England; and as a solicitor in delicate affairs he easily took place before any other in Europe. He was a kind man, charitable, and good. He was short and dapper in person, with close-cropped white whiskers and a white moustache. Wearing an eye-glass permanently fixed, he possessed sharp pleasant eyes, had a bland, very courteous manner towards everyone, but a will of iron. For his clients he was a splendid fighter, never giving in. He made no notes of his most important cases, and kept no diary. The secrets which he held locked up in his capacious brain would have amazed the world. But he is at rest, with his large loyal soul. None the less, as the Latin Grammar puts it, the maxim certainly obtains: "*Conscientia procuratoris solidis sex, denariis octo, venalis est*"—a lawyer's conscience is to be sold for six and eightpence.

When a Nose—Roman or Jewish—droops at its lower end (the other features being good), this is significant of a melancholy disposition, apt to look despondingly on the things of daily life.

#### THE DIFFERENCE.

"When woman's heart o'erflows with grief,  
The streams of sadness quickly rise,  
And instantly she finds relief  
Through shedding crystals from her eyes.

"But man has not a woman's grace  
When overcome by sorrow's throes:  
He simply covers up his face,  
And blows in trumpet tones his Nose."

“Recently a musical writer described ‘Oh, Dry those Tears’ as the only song worth remembering. Now, even that must be given up. Dr. Lindenthal, of Copenhagen, has discovered that tears act as a powerful antiseptic, and are destructive of the most dangerous bacilli.”

As regards the Snub Nose, and the Turn-up (*poetiér* Celestial) Nose, the form of the first of these is sufficiently indicated by its name; the latter is distinguished by its presenting a continuous concavity from the eyes to the tip. It is inverse in shape to the Jewish Nose (even when this has a slight distention of the tip). Both these Noses betoken some littleness of disposition, a tendency to petty insolence, with a considerable poverty of distinctive character. The Celestial is decidedly preferable to the Snub, having the unfortunate propensities in a less degree, whilst possessing some share of small shrewdness, and fox-like common sense. On these properties it is apt to presume, being therefore a more impudent Nose than the Snub, whilst having a greater length of form. If a trifle be added to the Snub, with a turn upwards in addition, then we have the Celestial Nose. But the Snub has made its mark in history as well as the Roman, and the Greek. The nose of Socrates was a confirmed Snub (with a little of the Celestial combined). “*Tanto deformissimus, quanto sapientissimus philosophorum.*” Rabelais likewise possessed this form of Nose.

From a *Player's Note Book: The Diaries of*

*Wm. Charles Macready*, by W. Toynbee (1912), we learn that his much-despised Nose exercised its recognized, base, significance on this famous tragedian's character and conduct. A perusal of these *Diaries* shows that Macready was a man of much narrowness of character, whilst constitutionally incapable of any large generosity, and beset by a thousand despicable weaknesses. He never praised a fellow-actor, or indeed anybody else. He was jealous of Kean to a degree, and took pains to depreciate his performances. "Kean's death," writes Toynbee, "scarcely awoke a passing thought in him." "When reading the newspapers," says Macready, "I suffer myself to descend to feelings of impatience, and annoyance at the lavish and indiscriminate panegyrics heaped on the memory of Kean." "Let me speak what good I can of him; and be silent where I cannot praise." An able critic, in reviewing these *Diaries*, says, "As books of reference they may have considerable value, while their general interest will doubtless attract a wide circle of readers; but they will leave most persons with a feeling of thankfulness that they themselves were never brought into personal contact with one as little in his nature as he was great in his art."

We incontinently associate the personality of Susan Nipper in *Dombey and Son*, by Charles Dickens, with a Nose of the sort now under notice. "'Oh, well. Miss Floy! And won't your Pa be angry neither,'" cried a quick voice at the door, proceeding from a short brown womanly girl, with a little snub Nose, and



black eyes like jet beads, 'when it was 'tickerly given out that you wasn't to go and worrit the wet nurse.' 'Well, it don't matter,' said Polly. 'Oh, thank 'ee, Mrs. Richards, don't it!' returned the black-eyed girl, who was so desperately sharp, and biting that she seemed to make one's eyes water, 'I may be very fond of pennywinkles, but it don't follow I'm to have 'em for tea.'"

Of Toots likewise, in the same story, the eldest of Dr. Blimber's pupils at Brighton—"a wealthy young gentleman about whom people did suppose that the said Doctor had rather overdone it; and that when Toots began to have whiskers he left off having brains")—Dickens speaks as having "a swollen Nose and an excessively large head." He occupied his time chiefly in writing long letters to himself from persons of distinction, addressed, "P. Toots, Esq., Brighton, Sussex," which he preserved in his desk with great care. Phiz has depicted both these characters as possessing the Snub, or Celestial, Nose; thus giving a signal proof of his accumulated Physiognomical powers of observation.

Owners of these Noses have an impulsive changeable mind, an inclination to show petty impudence, together with an obstinacy, and a power of sulk which would do credit to a donkey. Boys with Snub Noses are generally mischievous, insomuch that Puck—the arch-representative of mischief—is always depicted as having a small pug Nose. Baptista della Porta has said: "A Snub Nose indicates manners like a monkey; and a small Nose a man of change-

able habits." It would almost seem certain that there never was a great spirit breathing through a Snub Nose.

It has been shrewdly said that a Snub-Nosed man must succumb, body and soul, to a Roman-Nosed wife; she will assume the masterdom; she will wear the breeches, whilst he will be unable to emancipate himself. "Take warning, therefore, ye Snub Noses; and, if ye will be masters at home, marry your likes. Aspire not to a 'domiduca' with feminine beauty of features; she is not for such as you. Marry Snubs, and beget Snubs; until the race is extinct!" But it is a modifying fact that the Noses of children are generally Snub, or Celestial, to start with. This arises from their minds being as yet unformed, and their characters undeveloped. During life nothing changes with a growing youngster more than the Nose. As the baby progresses into a child, the length of the Nose increases faster than the breadth; so the Snub-Nosed infant grows into a more or less long-Nosed, and, it may be, hook-Nosed, adult.

"As foolish as monkeys till twenty and more,  
As bold as a lion till forty-and-four;  
As cunning as foxes till three-score-and-ten,  
We then become asses, and are no more men."

Attention may be directed to another feature pointing out the same lesson of alteration as time goes on. Below the Nose runs a furrow parting the upper lip. In the faces of babes, and young children this furrow is very noticeable. It tends to

become obsolete in old age. In the Marsupialia, and Rodentia the upper lip is practically in two pieces; and each piece is capable of being moved separately. The method of its use may be well noticed in a hare or a rabbit, when eating. The furrow, therefore, in a child's lip points to this fact: that our ancestors possessed not a single upper lip, as we do now, but two upper lips, one underneath each nostril, and both capable of independent movement. In course of time these two upper lips have grown together to form the single lip we now possess; but the line of junction is not perfect, and so the furrow persists. Sometimes, indeed, there is a distinct scar down the middle of the furrow.

"The Snub Nose remains a marked feature for a longer, or shorter period of life—this being a matter of sex, parentage, or race; but the change is gradual, and imperceptible, generally more expeditious in the male than in the female, correlated with various other characteristics, such as intellectual attainments, or weak constitution, and producing somewhat different results. The change, however, in the shape of the Nose is one that continues throughout life. During maturity, and senescence the bridge of the Nose tends, as it did during childhood, to become more and more prominent: often it will become increasingly convex, so that extreme old age may frequently develop an aquiline Nose, even in some cases to produce the nut-cracker type of Nose-meeting-chin so noticeable in old people."

"To show that they are pleased, human beings

frequently draw up, and wrinkle the Nose, the while they elevate the upper lip so as to expose the teeth. This same action may be noticed in terriers to express pleasure, and it is called 'grinning': in children it is a remarkably common feature, but it is not general among adults. When it becomes a regular habit in any individual, it leads to the formation of obliquely transverse furrows on each side of the Nose, and so gives to the face a definite and somewhat amiable expression, which may however degenerate into an unfortunate peculiarity."

"So fat and ignorant we find 'his Grace,'  
His very Nose seems buried in his face;  
So much so that at length the story goes  
The man sees nothing, and he has no *Nose*."

As children grow up, their characters assume individuality, their minds gradually expand; and coincident therewith, their Noses acquire the formation expressive of their mental and physical tendencies. In adults the Snub Nose is not elegant, and is rather coarse. There is such a feature as the Semi-Snub, somewhat larger than the true Snub, being thick, and rather turned up at its end; in fact there being a lump at the end. This type of Nose, if not very refined, is characteristic of the rather poetic literary person who is an imaginative writer, with a keen sense of humour. The tip upwards at the end gives this appreciation of humour; the bump at the end is poetic. The Celestial turn-up Nose, particularly when pointed, indicates an inquisitive person who is at the same time lively, amusing, and clever. This

*retroussé* Nose is often an attribute of very charming women, and men too, who delight to have their own way, but not in an obstinate bearish manner. Ladies of such playful disposition *will* do as they please, in a fascinating coquettish fashion. Argument is abandoned; they are merrily petulant, but not one inch will they budge; and they will calmly carry out their purpose, despite all interference; it is impossible to be angry with them long. Pepys declared himself in love with "la belle Stewart's dear little Nose;" but he never thought that his remark would be published.

Mark Lemon, when glancing at a young lady who had a Nose "tiptilted like the petal of a flower," remarked to a friend: "When they were looking about for a Nose for her, they chose the first one that turned up."

Max O'Rell (*Rambles in Womanland*, 1903) says: "Ancient Greece would not have looked at a turned-up Nose; but such a Nose denotes gaiety, wit, and spirit of repartee; we men like it. I hope I shall not offend that most talented of French actresses, Madame Rejane, or her admirers, by saying that Athens would have refused to look at her; but the Parisians, the descendants, and successors of the Attic Greeks, love her, with her big mouth, square when it laughs, and her turned-up Nose. To them she is the embodiment of liveliness, wit, and gaiety."

Murat—ignobly illustrious—has furnished another instance of the Snub Nose, accompanied by traits of personal character, conduct, and disposition which

closely corresponded therewith. He was never anything but a tool in the hands of Napoleon, being quite incompetent to stand alone. Murat rejoiced in a most egregious Snub, and certainly exhibited no mental qualifications to belie its significance. In this instance Napoleon must have designedly chosen as his puppet a man with servile features. Otherwise he displayed a will quite the reverse. "Give me," said he, "a man with a good allowance of Nose. Strange as it may appear, when I want any good head work done, I choose a man—provided his education has been suitable—with a long Nose." Napoleon's own Nose was partly Greek, and partly Roman;—even so was his character. His Greek nature was manifest in his treacherous wily plots, and dexterous tactics, which his Roman nature enabled him to carry out with boldness, and energy. Napoleon was a Roman on the battlefield, but elsewhere an intellectual demon. Of course the French people think differently; but one thing is clear: when the Roman-Greek Nose of Napoleon met, for the first time, at Waterloo, the pure strong Roman Nose of Wellington, then the Roman-Greek Nose was smashed for ever. A study of Napoleon's portraits emphasizes the fact of the great physical transformation brought about by the success which attended his manœuvres throughout his military career for so long a time. The thin, pale, intellectual countenance of twenty-six changed to the puffy-faced, and pompous individual of his later life.

Again, James Boswell has afforded a striking



corroboration of all the characteristics attributed to the Snubbo-Celestial Nose. What a contrast is seen between his short *retroussé* nasal organ, and the profoundly Cogitative, and well-developed one of the literary giant on whose broad shoulders he contrived to elevate himself, like a monkey on the head of an elephant. Every page in Boswell's biography of Johnson shows the meanness of his disposition, and the smallness of his mind, redeemed only by a certain petty shrewdness, a crafty common sense, which served most usefully to draw out the sage aphorisms of his patron. If he had not attached himself to so great a man—though gifted with an ability for patient labour as a tolerable scribe—he would never have become known to posterity.

Perhaps the most distinguished turn-up (Celestial) Nose of which there is a pictorial record, is that of Kosciusko, the Polish patriot, who was vain, conceited, and signally wanting in decision of character. He allowed himself to be flattered into inaction, and to be handled as a mere tool. Yet, otherwise, his head shows some power of thought.

The curious Nose of George Augustus Sala (1828–1895) exhibited a combination of the Cogitative with the Snub; whilst it had been made coarse, clumsy, and Bardolph-like by repeated freaks of what must be regretfully styled “alcoholic dementia.” This unfortunate failing was most fully condoned by his literary prowess, his brilliancy as a journalist, and his untiring skilful workmanship with the pen.

“Qui plenos haurit cyathos, madidusque quiescit,  
Ille bonam degit vitam, moriturque facetus.”

With the owner of such a toper's Nose the quaint old catch still finds favour :—

“ He that drinks strong beer,  
And goes to bed mellow,  
Lives as he ought to live,  
Lives as he ought to live,  
Lives as he ought to live,  
And dies a jolly fellow !

“ He that drinks small beer,  
And goes to bed sober,  
Falls as the leaves fall,  
Falls as the leaves fall,  
Falls as the leaves fall,  
And dies in October ! ”

Similarly, Hood tells of “ The Irish Schoolmaster ”—

“ This Nose, it is a coral to the view,  
Well nourished with Pierian potheen ;  
For much he loves his native mountain dew ;  
To paint the dye thereof would lack, I ween,  
A bottle-red in terms, as well as bottle-green.”

To what is vulgarly known as a Bottle-Nose—when an overgrowth of its cellular structures through chronic enlargement of the veins has supervened—doctors give the learned name “ lipoma.” It is usually the result of free alcoholic indulgences. This thickened, swollen condition of the toper's Nose at its end is invariably accompanied by a rubicund colour of the part. Says Falstaff to Bardolph (*Henry IV, Part I, Act 3, Sc. 3*) : “ If thou wert any way given to virtue I would swear by thy face ; my oath should be ‘ By this fire,’ but thou art altogether given over ; and wert indeed but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gadshill in the night to catch

my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links, and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time these two and thirty years. Heaven reward me for it!"

"Nose! Nose! Nose! Nose!

And who gave thee that jolly red Nose?

Sinament, Ginger, Nutmegs, and Cloves,

'Tis that gave me my jolly red Nose."

*Ravenscroft's Deuteromela*, 1609.

The Emperor Trajan ridiculed a very long-Nosed courtier by telling him to turn himself into a sundial; as follows:—

"Go! and some summer's day, expose  
Before the sun your monstrous Nose;  
And stretch your giant mouth to cause  
Its shade to fall upon your jaws;  
With Nose so long, and mouth so wide,  
And those twelve grinders side by side,  
You, with a very little trial,  
Would make an excellent sun-dial."

"And when thyself with shining foot shall pass  
Among the guests star-scattered on the grass,  
And in thy joyous errand reach the spot  
Where I made one—turn down an empty glass."

"There is yet another," says *Notes on Noses*, "which is not included in the foregoing classification, being sufficiently infrequent not to demand a separate

detailed notice,—namely, the Parabolic Nose. It would be a good Nose if going on as it began ; but, taking from some cause an inward turn too soon, its good qualities become nearly nullified. It presents a continued parabolic curve, where it ought to extend into an angular tip. This sudden abbreviation weakens its character ; but as it leaves the excellent qualities of its upper part still prominent, the said character retains good points. Being nevertheless disabled from reasoning justly, it acquires obstinacy, prompting action from pig-headedness instead of from rational forethought.” George the Third presents a well-known example of this Nose.

Long Noses, if with wide nostrils, show superior smelling abilities. “ Vitality, virility, energy, or whatever you like to call that nervous power which animates men, is indicated by the Nostrils.

“ If the openings are wide, the man is generally full of life and force ; if they are narrow, he is likely to be of the anæmic, tired type, and his mental powers are likely to be wasted because he has not the energy to put them to use.

“ These are simple facts which are known to most doctors, yet few among the public seem to discern them. The average man who thinks he can read character from faces would never dream of glancing at the Nostrils of those he meets.

“ He imagines that because a man has what is called ‘ a good head,’ he also has the vital force that will make him use his advantages. Nothing could be a greater fallacy. What is the good of a

thousand-horse-power steam engine if the steam-pipe that feeds it is too small to set the pistons in motion ? The nostrils are the steam-pipes that feed the human engine, and if they are wide you can be quite sure that they will help the machinery to exert its full strength."

" Dick cannot wipe his nostrils when he pleases,  
His Nose so long is, and his arm so short ;  
And never cries, ' God bless me,' when he sneezes ;  
He cannot hear so distant a report."

" Ricardus nescit madidas emungere nares,  
Tam longus est Nasus, tam brevis a cubito ;  
Nec, si sternutat ' fausto sit omine ' clamat,  
Tam longe aures non capit aure sonos."

The custom of saying " God bless you " to any person when sneezing, originated, according to Strada, among the ancients, who, through holding an opinion of the danger attending this spasmodic bodily effort, straightway after sneezing ejaculated a short prayer to the gods ; such as " Jupiter, help me ! " Polydore Vergil says the custom took its rise at the time of a Plague (558), when the persons seized therewith fell down dead sneezing, though seemingly in good health.

#### A SNEEZING SONG.

*Sneeze loudly.*—SPOKEN—There it is again ! I knew it was coming.

" Oh ! I really have a fearful cold, a fearful cold have I,  
Right in my nasal organ, and also in my eye ;  
You'll excuse my country manners !—but sneeze I really  
must,  
For if I tried to keep it in, I'm sure that I should bust.  
For if I tried to keep it in, I'm sure that I should (*sneeze  
loudly*) bust ! "

"To sneeze on Monday, hastens anger;  
 To sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger;  
 To sneeze on Wednesday, get a letter;  
 To sneeze on Thursday, something better;  
 To sneeze on Friday, sneeze for sorrow;  
 To sneeze on Saturday, see your sweetheart to-morrow."

In Devon there is added :—

"Sneeze on Sunday morning fasting,  
 You'll enjoy your own true love to everlasting."

Sir Conan Doyle relates that during the reign of George the Third, at a sparring meeting of the fancy where Boy Jim and the pugilist Berks fought four rounds, to the signal discomfiture of the latter (as related by us elsewhere), his hero, Rodney Stone, takes notice that: "There's Lord Petersham, the man with the beaky Nose. He always rises at six in the evening, and he has laid down the finest cellar of Snuff in Europe. It was he who ordered his valet to put half a dozen of sherry by his bed, and call him the day after to-morrow. He's talking to Lord Panmure, who can take his six bottles of claret, and argue with a bishop after it. The lean man with the weak knees is General Scott, who lives upon toast and water and has won £200,000 at whist. He is talking to young Lord Blandford, who gave £1800 for a Boccaccio the other day."

#### TO MY NOSE.

"Knows he who never took a pinch,  
 Nosey! the pleasure thence which flows?  
 Knows he the titillary joy  
 Which my Nose knows?

"O, Nose, I am as fond of thee  
 As any mountain with its snows!  
 I gaze on thee, and feel the pride  
 A Roman knows."



During the last half of the nineteenth century what was known as "Grimstone's Eye Snuff" was held to marvellously improve defective vision; also to afford instantaneous relief from some forms of headache. It was believed to be a mixture of powdered aniseed and the best Scotch Snuff. Its wonder-working properties were sworn-to before the Lord Mayor of London.

Queen Charlotte, though only seventeen when she married, was a confirmed Snuff-taker. Her Majesty was remarkable for a fine arm, and a delicate, elegantly formed hand; which personal graces were brought into observation by their frequent approaches to her face. Whilst still a child, at a ball given by Her Majesty to the juvenile nobility, her Royal Highness, being advised to call a dance, bade the musicians play—

"What a beau my granny was!  
What a beau was she!  
She took Snuff, and that's enough.  
And that's enough for me."

There is considerable value in the following advice given by one who knew what he was talking about. "If you find a bottle of Snuff in an old bureau, or cupboard, and suspect it has been deposited there by your grandfather, don't throw it away, just because on opening it you find it dull, and flavourless; it is almost sure to be so. Hang it in a window, where the sun may enliven it for a summer with invigorating beams, and you will be astonished at its mellow and grateful richness in the nostril."

“ I’ve ta’en it five and forty years ;  
At fifty still I’m tough ;  
And if my seventies it cheers,  
I’ll still be up to Snuff.”

London contains more than a thousand dealers in the various forms of tobacco, and Snuff. Formerly the chosen insignia of such depots was the modelled figure of a Black Boy, generally with grotesque thick lips, a flat nose, and exaggerated ugly bare feet, as supposed to faithfully represent a native of the coast of Guinea. This was followed by the carved figure of a Highlander, varying in size from life to that of a doll. Scottish warriors of this sort were usually clad *en militaire*, some of them being decorated with the cross of St. Andrew ; their scarlet and gold uniform, the kilt, or philibeg, was much more pleasing to the eye than the previous naked properties of the nigger. Alas ! these fantastic devices of our fanciful forefathers are nowadays almost extinct.

The story goes that on the death of Mr. Bacon, a publican who kept a noted posting-house at Brownhill, near Dumfries, his effects were sold. Among the lots was the Snuffbox of the departed landlord, when a shilling was bid for it. The persons present declared it was not worth twopence ; and the lot was about to be knocked down accordingly, when the auctioneer, glancing at an inscription on the lid, read aloud, “ Robert Burns, Officer of the Excise.” An instant brisk competition arose as to who should acquire this relic of the famous bard : and it was finally disposed of for five pounds. It

was made of the tip of a horn, having a curled point, the lid being mounted in silver. Mr. Bacon had been the intimate associate, and boon-companion of Burns; they had many a time and oft snuffed from this mull; and in some toddy-steeped moment, when "Rob luvit him like ony brither," Bacon had been presented with the poet's pocket companion, as a token to keep alive the memory that "they had been fou for weeks together."

An oval Snuffbox of finely marked Egyptian agate; taken from the earth just after the battle of the Pyramids, was presented by Murat to Napoleon on the day when the former married Caroline, the youngest sister of the First Consul. Quite recently, again, a Snuffbox was actually sold in London for no less a sum than four thousand six hundred pounds sterling. Its size, (taking length, breadth, and depth), was only fourteen and a half cubic inches in all; quite within the compass of a waistcoat pocket.

Numerous Snuffboxes were made from the wood of the tree planted by Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon; so many of which, said to be genuine, were in use soon after Garrick's jubilee, that if they had been collected they would have formed a pile almost as high as a pyramid. Shakespeare's famous mulberry tree, planted in 1609, was of the black species. As we have already stated in *Herbal Simples* (1897), it was recklessly cut down at New Place, Stratford, in 1759. Ten years afterwards, when the freedom of the city was presented to Garrick, the document which conferred the same

was enclosed in a casket made from the wood of this tree. Likewise a cup was fashioned therefrom ; and at the Shakespeare jubilee, Garrick, holding the cup aloft, recited the following lines composed by himself for the occasion :—

“ Behold this fair goblet ! ’twas carved from the tree  
Which, oh, my sweet Shakespeare, was planted by thee !  
As a relic I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine ;  
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.  
All shall yield to the mulberry-tree,  
Bend to the blessed mulberry ;  
Matchless was he who planted thee,  
And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.”

A slip of this very tree was grown by Garrick in his garden at Hampton Court.

Garrick’s epitaph to the memory of James Quin, at Bath, is a fine piece of composition, and well worth repeating here :—

“ That tongue which set the table in a roar,  
And charm’d the public ear is heard no more ;  
Closed are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,  
Which spoke, before the tongue, what Shakespeare writ ;  
Cold are those hands which, living, were stretched forth  
At friendship’s call to succour modest worth.  
Here is James Quin ! Deign, reader, to be taught,  
Whate’er thy strength of body, force of thought,  
In Nature’s happiest mould however cast,  
To this complexion thou must come at last !”

Some Noses look made for Snuff ; some, utterly unworthy of it. The best are the Grecian, and the Roman, with dilating nostrils : it must be quite a pleasure to a pinch of Rappee, if conscious of going up them. By Roman, we mean a classic Nose ; many aquiline Noses are anything but handsome. Some have bridges too low, which defect gives them

the look of birds' beaks, and lends a silly air to the whole countenance; others have drooping, compressed, fat ends, which are unchristian, and apt to enforce a contribution of Snuff over the upper lip. After the Roman, the next in favour is the Saxon, projecting, yet straight, found frequently in the faces of the eloquent. These organs should be of moderate size; they are unpatrician if very short, and snikey if long. They become Snuff buxomly; but Pug Noses must puzzle the fragrant mixture accustomed as it is to the noble arch of a Roman baccy-duct, the right line of the Grecian nose, or the unbending angle of Saxony. The pinch, having to ascend an inward-curving, irregular passage, must lose its spirit, though the way be brief, and must fall into the throat. Crooked, sharp, and flat Noses have the same inconvenient effect; but a turn-up Nose always looks as if it thought itself above its business.

Some Noses, when blowing themselves after Snuff-taking, send forth a trumpet-like announcement of the act, which is ostentatious. Others do the same in a protracted, snivelling style. But the person who is naturally and habitually graceful, will assert his elegance even while blowing his Nose. Had it not been for Snuff, coloured pocket-handkerchiefs might never have become general. Oh, the red and yellow cottons, sold at country fairs, some showing "the world upside down," others illustrating old ballads, with their verses printed below the groups of figures, as, for instance, "The Children in the Wood," or "Chevy Chase." In silk, too, what gay and gorgeous

designs, what countless colours ! With grave, solemn persons, black and white squares were much in favour, since they liked not to draw from a sable pocket a bandanna of livelier hues ; but old-fashioned unromantic souls still clung to the chocolate, and blue,—both diamond-spotted.

We read in *Dombey and Son*, chapter xxiv., that Sir Barnet Skettles expressed his personal consequence chiefly through an antique gold Snuffbox, and “a ponderous silk pocket-handkerchief, which he had an imposing manner of drawing out of his pocket like a banner, and using with both hands at once.”

In a recent large edition of the *Pickwick Papers* (two octavo volumes by C. van Noorden) we are told in the Introduction how the whole state of things socially, and with respect to the circumstances and surroundings of daily life, particularly in London, have changed since the time (May the thirteenth, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven) when “Mr. Samuel Pickwick burst, like another sun from his slumbers.” Amongst other such remarkable changes “the moral pocket-handkerchiefs.” blending select tales with woodcuts, “them as hangs up in the linendrapers’ shops, with beggars’ petitions, and all that ’ere upon ’em,” seem to have entirely disappeared. “I have been searching,” says Mr. van Noorden, “for such a handkerchief for the last ten years. In every little village or town which I have visited I have carried on my quest ; in all kinds of drapers’ and village Whiteleys’ shops. I have advertised in drapers’ journals, with no result. What has



become of them all ? Shall I find one just after this book has gone to press ? These things turn up as a rule just too late."

Moral pocket-handkerchiefs are spoken of also in *Bleak House*, when Mrs. Jellyby was interested in supplying those articles to "the natives of Booriboola-Gah, on the left bank of the Niger." They reappear in *Nicholas Nickleby*, when Master Billing rubbed his face very hard with the "Beggar's Petition on printed calico." This said "Beggar's Petition" is that choice piece of poetry commencing—

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door."

Subsequently, in April, 1910, in an article in the *Evening News*, it was told by Mr. Van Noorden, "The moral pocket-handkerchief has been discovered at last. The specimen which has now come into my possession after all these years of research is devoted to the praise of female industry in the direction of needlework. It is in excellent condition, and doubtless owes its preservation to the fact that it has been framed in a picture, and not put to the use for which it was originally manufactured. Beneath a line writ large appears the sentence: 'Female Industry in the use of the Needle.' The printed woodcut exhibits two industrious young females outside their cottage door, virtuously employed in needlecraft, whilst supervised by the lady of the manor accompanied by her little daughter; or, it may be the wife of the vicar, if we take into consideration the church spire in the background. The

date of this handkerchief can be determined by the costume, which is that of 1845-9. The clue is given by the mantle which the lady of the manor, or vicarage, is wearing. The whole 'Morality' is enclosed in a border of nondescript ornament." This model of old-time methods of inculcating precepts, and virtues, came into Mr. Van Noorden's possession from Mrs. Head, the well-known collector of samplers and needlework pictures. She told him that it was the only example which she had at any time met with in the course of her long researches. It was picked up at a queer little curio shop (now closed) in Hammersmith.

With reference to the power of smell thought to be possessed by animals to a marvellous degree, facts seem to prove that those persons are wrong who attribute this faculty to a supposed special sense of smell. It must rather depend on a particular gift of judging space and distance ; which faculty is very active in certain animals, while others are almost destitute of it. One dog, having scarcely gone downstairs, loses the door of its dwelling, while another finds its usual place of abode, and its master, at an enormous distance away. Besides, dogs do not always return by the nearest route, but sometimes make extraordinary turnings. And certainly the sense of smell does not lead pigeons home, which may be transported a distance of twenty leagues whilst confined in a sack and thus prevented from seeing the country. It is equally impossible to maintain that the said faculty is an attribute of the eyes,

because there is no proportion between its energy, and that of vision. Hence it must be assigned to some particular internal organization ; in fact, almost to a sixth sense. "It is true," says Spurzheim, "the conception of space cannot be attributed to the five external senses, but space certainly exists in the external world ; whilst all conceptions of external objects are the result of internal faculties which are adapted by creation to the external world." It is clear then that the organ of smell does not produce the surprising talent possessed by different animals of finding their dwellings. Its sphere of activity rather consists in perceiving the odoriferous particles (even when infinitesimally subtle) of external bodies ; it indicates to animals the proximity of friends and enemies, also assisting them in knowing about suitable aliments, for satisfying hunger.

For weeks before his death Hood knew that his end was near, and wrote several beautiful letters to friends ; but in none of them were his unconquerable optimism and resignation so exquisitely expressed as in the stanzas he composed when on his death-bed, of which the two following may be quoted :—

"Farewell, Life ! My senses swim,  
And the world is growing dim ;  
Thronging shadows cloud the light,  
Like the advent of the night,—  
Colder, colder, colder still  
Upward steals a vapour chill—  
Strong the earthy odour grows—  
I smell the Mould above the Rose !

“ Welcome, Life ! the spirit strives !  
Strength returns, and hope revives ;  
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn  
Fly like shadows at the morn,—  
O’er the earth there comes a bloom—  
Sunny light for sullen gloom,  
Warm perfume for vapour cold—  
I smell the Rose above the Mould ! ”

“ Is it not surprising that, whereas every wild animal, without any instruction or previous knowledge, at all times discovers what food is suited to it, there should be, in the so-called era of exact research, such confusion of opinions as to what Man may eat and drink ? A confusion which becomes greater in proportion as chemists heap analysis upon analysis, and physiologists institute experiment upon experiment.

“ This anomaly sufficiently indicates whither we must turn for enlightenment on the subject ; we must endeavour to learn from the animals, which live wholly free from artificial influences, and which are guided solely by their instinct, how and by what means they discover with comparative certainty the food that is suitable to them. The answer is simple : the animal seeks its food with its Nose. By help of its sense of smell it discovers its food, even when the latter was previously quite unknown to it ; and by the same sense it usually recognizes the converse of such food—namely, whatever is injurious to itself. The question whether Man can make the same use of his sense of smell is one that may be solved without any course of learned study ; a few experiments, which each reader can at once institute, will suffice.

“ Everyone knows that certain foods agree with him ;

and everyone is acquainted with certain venomous plants, or other poisons. If such objects be tested by the sense of smell, the odours of the wholesome foods (with the reservation mentioned in the next paragraph) will be found to be for the most part agreeable; while the poisonous, and unwholesome foods are usually malodorous. For instance, all eatable fruits, such as pears, apples, strawberries, raspberries, oranges, etc., are distinctly fragrant; while poisonous berries, however inviting their appearance, such as deadly nightshade, the herb Paris, etc., generally smell offensively.

“To a hungry man the smell of suitable food is attractive and agreeable. On the other hand, the same food will smell disagreeably to the same person when once he has assuaged his appetite with it; the windows are thrown open after a meal to get rid of the disagreeable ‘smell of dinner’; and in a condition of satiety it would be injurious to continue eating.

“A sick person may be injured by taking food which agreed with him perfectly when he was healthy, and of which the smell is now, in his sick condition, repellent to him. To this may be added the fact that, while offensive odour usually indicates the object being unfit for enjoyment, or is generally prejudicial to health, fragrance, on the other hand, does not of itself prove an object to be eatable; for instance, most flowers are fragrant, but we do not think of eating them. If a thing may be eaten, it must, in addition to its fragrance, awaken a feeling of appetite, or desire to eat it; this familiar sensation

is accompanied by increased flow of saliva ('the mouth watering'), and by involuntary movements of the organs of the mouth, especially of the tongue.

"We see from these facts that Man, however circumstanced, has in his sense of smell a means of recognizing whether a food will agree with him; and this not only qualitatively but also quantitatively; the sense of smell suffices of itself to indicate to him when he should leave off eating, namely, so soon as the odour of the food ceases to be agreeable to him."

"Inclined as we are—and it could not well be otherwise—to judge all things by our standard, we allow animals our own means of perception, and do not dream that they might easily possess others of which it is impossible for us to have an exact idea, because there is nothing like them in ourselves. Are we quite certain that they are not equipped, in varying degrees, with sensations as foreign to ourselves as the sensation of colours would be if we were blind? Has matter no secrets left for us? Are we so very sure that it is revealed only by light, sound, taste, smell, and touch? Physics and chemistry, young though they be, already declare to us that the unknown darkness contains an enormous harvest in comparison wherewith our scientific crop is the merest penury. A new sense would open to our search a world which our present limited physical structure no doubt hinders us from exploring.

"When Spallanzani, after blinding some bats, released them in a room converted into a maze by means of cords stretched in every direction, and of



heaped-up brambles, how were those animals able to find their way about, to fly quickly, to move hither and thither, from end to end of the room, without hitting the interposed obstacles? What sense analogous to any of ours guided them?

“Let us then change our path, and admit that the animal may have other means of information than our own. Our senses do not represent the sum total of the methods whereby the animal enters into touch with that which is not itself; there are others not capable of comparison, even at a distance, with those which we ourselves possess. Insects, there is no denying, possess the sense of smell, often very highly developed. The so-called burying-beetles hasten from every side to the spot where lies a little corpse of which the ground is to be purged. Guided by scent, these grave-diggers hurry towards the dead mole.

“But, while the presence of the olfactory sense in the insect is indisputable, we still ask ourselves where it is seated. Many declare that the seat is in the antennæ. Let us admit this, although it is difficult to understand how a rod consisting of horny segments, jointed end to end, can fulfil the office of a nostril which is so very differently constructed. The organization of each apparatus having naught in common with the other, can the impressions received by both be of the same nature? When tools are dissimilar, do their functions remain alike?

“And yet after being more fully trained even throughout a few generations, the human sense of smell is capable of great acuteness. It is said that when the

Spaniards first went to India the natives could smell gunpowder at a distance—like crows in a field—and that they thus knew if there were any who carried pistols in their neighbourhood ; also it is related that at the ‘solemn’ assizes (so called from the sad event) once held at Oxford, the judges Bell and Barham, together with the high sheriff, were killed by the stench of the prisoners. There was a monk at Prague who could tell as accurately as the best-Nosed dog, to whom anything belonged which was given to him, or who had handled it : and this he did entirely by smell. Moreover, in the same way he could distinguish the virtuous person from the vicious, the upright man from the reprobate. Once more, we learn that the guides who accompany travellers on the road from Smyrna to Babylon discover with certainty in the midst of the desert, where there are no signs, and even at midnight, at what distance they are from Babylon—by only smelling in the sand ; though they may perhaps derive some of this knowledge from the odours of plants, and roots which are interspersed among the sand.”

“Noses play an important part in the everyday life of man ; and it is well, therefore, that they have at last found their apostle. Dr. Jäger, a Professor of Stuttgart, has, after most patient experiments with his own Nose, proved it to be the seat of his soul. It is, he thinks, the projecting finger on the dial-face that registers the motion of the great machinery of the human heart, and records thereon by its silent vibrations and pulsations all the various workings of the

intellect. Simply with the Nose on his face the learned Professor is enabled, eyes shut, and ears stopped, to discriminate the character of any stranger he may meet, or even that he has passed in the street. He can, likewise, by merely putting his Nose through a chink, tell what the people on the other side of the wall are doing ; and, more than this, what they have just been doing ; can assure himself whether they are married or unmarried, and whether they are happy or the reverse. Proceeding upon the knowledge thus acquired by repeatedly successful diagnosis, the Professor argued, in a lecture which he lately delivered on this fascinating subject, that if different scents expressed different traits of character, each trait could separately be affected by a particular scent ; and his experiments proved him here as right as before. For not only can Dr. Jäger smell, for instance, bad temper, or a tendency to procrastination, in any individual, but by emitting the counteracting antidote odour, he can smooth the frown into a smile, and electrify the sluggard into despatch.

“ And if Dr. Jäger is right, a great future lies before the Nose. Lest it should be thought we exaggerate the importance of Dr. Jäger’s discoveries, we give the learned Professor’s own words. ‘Puzzled as to the meaning of the word soul,’ said he, ‘I set myself to inquire, and my researches have assured me that the seat of the immortal part of man is in his Nose. All affections of the mind are relative to the nasal sensations. I have discovered this by observing the habits of animals in the menagerie ; and, finding how

exquisite was their sense of smell, I conceived my great idea, and experiment has proved me right. So perfect can the perceptions by the Nose become, that even the mental conditions of those around me I can discern by smelling them; and, more than this, I can, by going into a room, tell at once by sniffing whether those who were last in it were sad, or mirthful. Aroma is, in fact, the essence of the soul; and every flavour emitted by the body represents a corresponding emotion of the spirit. Happiness finds expression in a mirthful perfume, sorrow in a doleful one. Does not a hungry man on smelling a joint of meat at once rejoice? I myself have been so overcome by the scent of a favourite fruit that, under an uncontrollable impulse, I have fallen upon it, and devoured the whole plateful!—so powerful is the sense of smell.’ ”

“Ascending higher in the animal scale, and coming to the dog with reference to the same olfactory sense, we find this animal capable of extracting a separate, and distinguishable smell from everything. As Grant Allen says of his faithful Grip, ‘He not only smells smells, but he remembers smells, he thinks smells, and he even dreams smells, as you may see by his sniffing and growling in his sleep.’ ”

The cat is undoubtedly keen of scent, for sailors will tell you that three days ahead of sighting land a cat will become restless, and unsettled. Cats are also very keen of hearing.

Lavater, Pastor of St. Peter’s Church at Zurich, held the opinion that the human body in its sound state diffuses a subtle characteristic smell corres-

ponding to the individual temperament, the personal characteristics, and the mental condition present at the time. It cannot be doubted that animals are endowed with a sense peculiar to themselves of detecting these bodily emanations. Somewhat pertinently to this topic a humorous sentence appears in the *Comic Latin Grammar*: “Quod olfactu foetum est, idem est esu turpe”—“That which is foul to be smelled is also nasty to be eaten—except venison, onions, and cheese.”

From the Noses, or snouts, of animals endowed with known characteristics may be inferred the possession of corresponding characteristics by persons having a similarity of Nose. Thus, the length of a face directly forwards, in profile, to the point of the Nose, (or beak, as in the crow) shows a disposition to being suspicious without sufficient reason or cause. Again, the fox exemplifies this; whilst the stolid, placid, blunt-Nosed ox, and the short-faced owl, are instances of an opposite disposition. Thus, too, a long thin Nose, as in the greyhound, betokens great instincts for active locomotion, and quick change of place. The sloth is an instance to the contrary; its movements are only over a few feet of distance daily.

The Nose which is well prominent from the face, and with a rather upturned point, betokens a lofty disposition, with elevated thoughts. Persons thus benosed love to ascend high places, and resemble certain animals in their contrast, just as the red deer, with its long pointed Nose, differs in its habits

of frequenting high mountains from the short-Nosed, round-profiled rabbit, which burrows in the ground, and lives generally in low places.

Full eyes and a rather long Nose tell of constant watchfulness; much as in the case of the proverbial weasel, a vigilant little creature which is seldom or never caught napping.

If at the base of a Nose, underneath, between the nostrils, the septum, or dividing fleshy structure, is long, then an unusual amount of suggestive fertility of mind is indicated. Such a feature as this was to be observed in the remarkable Nose of the famous Lord Brougham (1778-1868): a compound of Roman, Greek, Cogitative, and Celestial, with the addition of a button at the end. "Sure such another Nose never was seen." It was a regular Proteus; when caught in one shape it instantly became of another. "It could never be found twice of the same form. Verily my Lord Brougham, and my Lord Brougham's Nose, have not their likeness in heaven or earth; and the button at the end is the cause of it all."

Mr. Kerr has told in a biographical notice: "I frequently saw the famous old Lord Brougham, who bore no trace then of his 'flashes of oratory,' of his 'thunder and lightning speeches,' but was the most disagreeable, selfish, cantankerous, violent old man who ever lived. He used to swear, by the hour together, at his sister-in-law, Mrs. William Brougham, who lived with him and bore his ill-treatment with consummate patience. He would curse her in the most horrible language before all her guests, and this



not for anything she had done, but merely to vent his spite and ill-humour. Though a proper carriage was always provided for him, he would insist upon driving about Cannes daily in the most disreputable old fly he could procure, with the hope that people would say he was neglected by his family. Yet he preferred the William Broughams to his other relations; and entirely concealing that he had other brothers, procured the reversion of his title to his youngest brother, William, much to the annoyance of the Queen when she found it out. Lord Brougham was repulsive in appearance, and excessively dirty in his habits. He had always been so." Mr. Kerr remembered seeing him at the Beefsteak Club, when the Prince Regent was President, and there was the utmost licence of manners. One day when he came in, the Prince Regent roared out, "How dare you come in here, Brougham, with those dirty hands?"—and he insisted on the waiters bringing soap and water and having his hands washed before all the company. "In early life, if anything aggravated him at dinner, he would throw his napkin in the face of his guests; and he did things quite as insulting, to the close of his life at Cannes."

Men with very pointed Noses are generally impatient, and disputative. "*Nasus in extremitate acutus mendacii est notus, litis et iracundiæ signum.*"

Regarding the Romans (who were our forefathers in a large measure), at first they lived in what may be called the Stomach Age, which rose to its summit in the days of the Gracchi, of Tiberius, Caius Crassus,

Caligula, Claudius, Nero, Vitellus, Severus, and his cruel son Caracalla; the days of banqueting halls, and gourmandizing. Later on, when in her physical glory of gladiators, and the arena, Rome lived in the Muscular Age. Man has subsequently reached a Brain Age, with printing-presses, railways, telegraphs, telephones, photography, etc., etc.; together with extended and advanced education, the sentient and mental acquirements becoming predominant over the animal passions. We may reasonably hope, and expect that this, the next and purer Age, is already dawning as a Spiritual one. Mr. Pater, in his wonderful study of "La Gioconda," by Leonardo da Vinci, writes thus: "Here is the head upon which all the ends of the world are come; and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh; the deposit, little by little, cell by cell, of strange thoughts, fantastic reveries, and exquisite emotions."

Nevertheless the grandmother of to-day has plaintively to croon with regard to her female family the regretful ditty:—

"Another new gown, as I declare!

How many more is it going to be?

And your forehead all hid in a cloud of hair—

'Tis nothing but folly, that I can see!

The maidens of nowadays make too free;

To right and to left is the money flung;

We used to dress as became our degree—

But things have altered since I was young.

"Stuff, in my time, was made to wear;

Gowns we had never but two or three;

Did we fancy them spoilt, if they chanced to tear?

And shrink from a patch, or a darn? Not we!

For pleasure, a gossiping dish of tea,  
Or a mushroom hunt, while the dew yet hung,  
And no need, next day, for the doctor's fee—  
But things have altered since I was young.

“The yellow gig, and a drive to the fair;  
A keepsake bought in a booth on the lea,  
A sixpence, perhaps, to break, and share—  
That's how your grandfather courted me.  
Did your grandmother blush, do you think—not she:  
When he found her, the churn and the pails among?  
Or your grandfather like her the less? Not he!  
But things have altered since I was young.”

As to the female Nose; whatever may be the cause, it is almost indisputable that women's characters are generally (or at all events have been hitherto) less developed than those of men. And this fact accurately accords with the usual development of their Noses. The Roman Nose in a woman mars beauty, imparting a hardness and a masculine energy to the face, which are unpleasing. The most beautiful form of a Nose in woman is the Greek. It is essentially feminine. A striking example of this happy fact was afforded by Adelaide Procter (1825–1864), the gifted authoress of *Legends and Lyrics*. “It is like telling one's beads, or reading a prayer-book, to turn over her pages, so beautiful, so pure, and unselfish the spirit of faith, hope, and charity which pervades them.”

The Cogitative Nose does not appear as frequently among women as among men. Women rather feel than think. Their perceptions are instinctive, intuitive; men's are cogitative. The perception of a woman is as quick as lightning. By a glance she will draw a just conclusion. Ask her how she formed

it, and she cannot answer the question. While she trusts her instinct she is scarcely ever deceived, but she is generally lost when she begins to reason.

What we have said about the Snub Nose, and the Celestial Nose, in men, requires to be considerably modified with respect to women. A Snub, or Celestial Nose in a woman is frequently an index of wit. The impudence, too, which is utterly unendurable in a man's "Celestial," is in a woman rather piquant and fascinating.

"There's Nellie, I know you would scorn her,  
She is such a prude, and her Nose is so curled;  
But if ever you flirt with Nell in a corner,  
You will find her the best little girl in the world."

Horace might have thought of this Nellie, or just such a captivating damsel, when he wrote:—

"Hunc ego me  
Non magis esse velim, quam Naso vivere pravo,  
Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroque capillo."

"With such a Nose to live I would not care,  
Though joined with jet black eyes, and raven hair."

One facial feature which has come to characterize the English of both sexes during the past century, is the greater length of Nose, accompanied by more straightness. The best Nose for a woman is the Nose which doesn't lead us to notice it at all.

"A woman with a rather large Nose will probably have a strong will; but whether a very strong will is a thing to be admired in a woman, that is a woman who is to be regarded as a possible wife, is a moot point. We are inclined to think that men admire

women with delicate Noses, because their instinct tells them that such women will not object to saying 'and obey' in the Marriage Service. Yes, instinct is often right. The sign of that feminine quality which is called 'motherliness' is a rather full face. A thin-faced woman may be a devoted wife, but the motherly instinct is not likely to be so strong in her. Very tall women are generally placid, and good natured: very short ones are more often than not inclined to be 'fussy.'

"And what does a woman's Chin tell about her character? Well, there is an old saying that a pointed chin indicates a desire to love, while a dimpled one is the outward sign of the desire to be loved. Perhaps this is true. A very square chin in the case of either sex generally shows that the owner will not be very greatly influenced by love at all. We mean, if love and ambition pulled in opposite directions, the square-chinned person would probably yield to ambition. The great lover, the lover who lives for love, and only love, is the one with the tapering chin."

Where the Nose persists in remaining an ignoble "Snub," or has suffered fracture from a blow, so as to remain similarly disfigured, art can interpose, and succeed in restoring the proper symmetry of this important feature. Melted paraffin (at 110° F.) is skilfully injected beneath the skin of the Nose, below the point where the bridge ought to be: firm pressure being kept meanwhile all round the Nose. The melted paraffin begins to set in less than a minute.

whilst the Nose is being moulded by the operator into a good shape, this moulding being continued until the paraffin has become absolutely hard, and unimpressionable. Ultimately the solid paraffin becomes structurally "encapsuled,"—being finally replaced very slowly by firm fibrous natural tissue. Although a pure Greek profile cannot be promised by the adoption of this process, yet the objectionable Nose can be made straight enough to be unnoticeable. Mr. Stephen Paget, F.R.C.S., Surgeon to the West London Hospital, has been notably successful in carrying out this admirable process. He delivered a lecture not long ago to the post-graduate students, on "The Use of Paraffin for Sunken Noses," illustrating the same with some two dozen photographs (taken both before and after the operation) of patients thus made fit for a contented place among their fellows.

Whilst dwelling on this subject, the literary mind can scarcely help reverting to the case (regrettably) in point of the famous writer, William Makepeace Thackeray, who, when at Charterhouse School (1822 to 1828), was so severely injured by a school-fellow, afterwards a close friend throughout life (G. S. Venables), as to remain permanently disfigured. If only the paraffin injection could have been carried out in this illustrious instance, what a happy metamorphosis on an otherwise grand massive handsome face would have been effected! Thackeray had a splendid figure, six feet and three inches in stature. His brain is said to have weighed fifty-eight and a



half ounces. He was born in Calcutta, and on coming to England (1817) as a young child was placed under the care of his aunt, Mrs. Ritchie, who was alarmed on discovering that the child could wear his uncle's hat. However, a shrewd physician reassured her by pronouncing that this large head had a good deal in it. During his voyage to England the lad Thackeray was taken by a black servant, when touching at St. Helena, to have a look at Napoleon, who was then at Bowood, said to be "eating three sheep a day, and all the little children he could catch."

"Fielding's *Amelia*," said Dr. Johnson, "was the most pleasing heroine of all his romances; but that vile broken Nose—never cured—ruined the sale of perhaps the only book of which, being printed off betimes one morning, a new edition was called for before night."

Tycho Brahe, the Danish astronomer, having had his Nose cut off in a duel, adopted a golden one, which he fastened to his face by means of cement; and he was familiarly called "The Golden Nose." "Nez d'Argent" was the nickname of Jean, or Pierre, Craon, a French savant and ardent reformer, who was hanged at Paris in 1561. He, too, had lost his Nose in an estocade; and a surgeon named Ambroise Paré supplied him with a silver makeshift. "Copper Nose" was Oliver Cromwell, also called "Nose Almighty"; and again, Henry the Eighth was named "Copper-Nosed Harry" because he minted an inferior silver coin in which the copper alloy soon

showed itself on the more prominent parts, especially the Nose.

The proverbial "Nose of Wax" is of course not the same thing as a wax Nose; but the origin of this expression—used to signify a devotee whose limp faith would melt, thaw, and liquefy if put to the ordeal by fire—can be traced to a story in the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius. "The student Telephron, boasting that he was a man of iron nerve and proof against sleep, undertook to watch over a dead body lest it should be mutilated by abominable Harpies. But he was suddenly seized, and overcome, by a profound sleep, during which the sorceress cut off his Nose and ears, instead of those of the corpse; and then with great exactness she fitted on to him wax features in imitation of those which had been removed. When Telephron came to his senses he clapped a hand to his Nose, and lo! it came off; the same thing happened to his ears, the spectators greeting him with loud roars of laughter."

It was Taliacotius, the famous surgeon (1546–1599), who first contrived to substitute an artificial Nose. His statue stood in the Anatomy Theatre at Bononia, representing him holding a Nose in his hand. He actually set up an establishment for "the manufacture of Noses." Over its door was fastened a large golden snout, not unlike that which is placed over the great gates at Brasenose College, in Oxford. This brassen Nose, by the way, has only a punning connection with a Nose, it being really a corrupt rendering of "brassenhuis"—a brasserie. or brew-house.

Again, another method has been devised (this time by the clever mechanist, and not by the scientific surgeon) whereby "an ill-shaped Nose may be diverted to symmetry, or perfect beauty." This is "The Nose Machine," as invented, and made by Alexander Ross, M.A., LL.D., of High Holborn, London: "a successful contrivance which by moderate and judicious pressure directs the soft cartilage whereof the Nose consists, so that a perfect shape is gradually obtained. It is required to be worn for an hour daily throughout seven, fourteen, or twenty-one days, being suited to the youngest as well as the oldest person; and it never fails in producing good results. The price is ten shillings and sixpence, sent free for post office order or stamps." Indeed, it is merely a matter of degree; for in a child ten years of age almost full effect is obtained by the machine in four or five days; likewise in a person of twenty years, in eight or ten days; while in an individual of forty a full effect would be produced in about three weeks; and with persons more advanced in years, the Nose will become altered in shape by pressure varying in time with their years. "The principal thing in this contrivance must be to adjust the pressure in such a way as to give compression in certain parts, but in those parts only. For instance, if the Nose be thin at the point, and large at the base, the pressure must not be at the tip, but at the base of the Nose. The difficulty has been in so contriving an instrument of this kind that it might be set to any gauge, and

kept at that until the object for which it will have been used is obtained."

"There is nothing new under the sun"; and a Nose machine was successfully used as far back as the time of Cyrus, the Persian king.

A very clever drawing by du Maurier in *Punch* some while ago depicted the meeting in a London park between a small lad from the nursery and an elderly aristocratic lady, fashionably attired, whilst eminently conspicuous for her large prominent Roman Nose. She is seen stooping forward to shake hands with the delightfully bright little fellow of some eight, or ten years, who is being led by his neatly dressed nurse for a walk, likewise in the park. Says Miss Fitzogre (the lady in point), "Well, good-bye, Percival; and be a good boy." To which Percival (a very good boy, who has just been specially warned not to make personal remarks about people in their presence) replies, "Good-bye! I'll not tell nurse what I think of your Nose till you're gone."

George the Fourth, a refined gentleman as to his manners, formed serious dislikes to some who were otherwise near and dear to him, through such simple causes as their ill-shaped Noses, and disgusting habits therewith. The practice of sniffing, pulling, rubbing, and picking the Nose seems to have originated from the monkey tribe, and is a sure indication of continued bad breeding.

In the Apocryphal book, *The Wisedome of Iesus. the Sonne of Sirach*—called *Ecclesiasticus*, it is said: "The heart of man changeth his countenance,

whether it be in good, or evil ; and a merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance." Again, " A cheerful countenance is a token of a good heart ; for it is an hard thing to know the secrets of the thought." " A man may be known by his looke, and one that hath understanding may be perceived by the marking of his countenance, when thou meetest him."

Sir Walter Scott was a man full of the milk of human kindness. Everybody loved him. Before he had been five minutes in a room the little dumb pets of the family had found out his kindness for them, and for their fellow-creatures. " Give me an honest Laughter," Scott would say ; and he himself laughed heartily. " He'll stand, and crack, and laugh wi' me just like an auld wife," said the keeper of the ruins of Melrose Abbey to Washington Irving, " and to think that of a man who has such an awful knowledge of history ! "

Sydney Smith, again, was much given to Laughing, and was a singular illustration of the power of cheerfulness. He was always ready to look on the bright side of things. His good spirits, thanks to his natural vivacity and constitutional stamina, never forsook him. In his old age, when borne down by illness, and disease, he wrote to a friend : " I have gout, asthma, and seven other maladies, but am otherwise very well." In one of the last letters written to Lady Carlisle, he said, " If you should hear of sixteen or eighteen pounds of flesh wanting an owner, they belong to me. I look as if a curate had been taken out of me."

With schoolboys the right sort of Laughter (and on the "right" side of the mouth, too!) is most frequent about the time of the holidays. What says the good old *Dulce Domum* anthem?

"Ridet annus, prata rident;  
Nosque rideamus!"

"The year laughs; the meadows laugh; let us likewise laugh!"

Carlyle, in his wisdom, has said: "How much lies in Laughter—the cipher-key wherewith we decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter as of ice; the fewest are able to laugh what may be called laughing, but only sniff, and titter, and sniggle from the throat outwards, or at least produce some whiffy, husky cachinnation as if they were laughing through wool." Very different is the happy man told of by Shakespeare: "From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he is all mirth; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks." "Of all the sounds which proceed from the human mouth, by far the funniest," says the *Comic English Grammar*, "are, Ha! ha! ha!—Ho! ho! ho!—He! he! he!" Laughter, easy, copious, and frank, tells of a good soul devoid of vanity. It is the most characteristic expression of the pleasure of ridicule. In laughing, the eyes become brilliant because the secretion of tears is more abundant, it being literally true that one laughs until he cries. Children and women laugh more



than men. When in perfect health we laugh at a trifle ; but when the body is sick, or when out of humour as to temper, nothing will stimulate Laughter. Certain great men laugh readily, and noisily ; but, in truth, Laughter corresponds more closely to the moral disposition, and to the state of health than to the degree of intelligence. It is told that Charles the First, with his tapering face, and his melancholy mouth, never laughed after he became king. "A coarse, loud Laughter," says Lavater, "betrays brutality of character." Laughter turns up the corners of the mouth mirthfully. Cervantes, Rabelais, Voltaire, and Sterne were endowed with a special development of facial Laughter. Gravity, on the contrary, draws the corners of the mouth slightly downwards, thus giving length to the face. Persons who laugh moderately are prudent, astute, and highly intelligent ; whereas they who laugh easily, and in loud bursts, are naturally foolish, silly, and indiscreet. Ecclesiasticus has proclaimed : "*Fatuus in risu exaltat vocem suam ; sapiens autem vix tacite ridebit.*" Again, in Ecclesiastes it is written : "As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the Laughter of the fool" : literally, "As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so '*risus abundat in ore stultorum.*' "

On the other hand, there is such a thing as nursing morose discontent until the feeling becomes a morbid chronic ailment ; the jaundiced-minded person sees everything about him yellow ; things are all awry, and the whole world is out of joint. The little girl

in *Punch* who found her doll stuffed with bran, and wanted to "go into a nunnery," has her counterpart in real life. There are dissatisfied persons who may be said to "enjoy bad health;" they regard it as a sort of special property. They will speak of "*my* backache," or "*my* headache," and so forth, until in time it becomes their most cherished possession. Perhaps, however, it is the source to them of much coveted sympathy, without which they might find themselves of comparatively little importance in the world. The truth is, we can choose to look at the bright side of things, or at the dark. We can be wrong-headed, and wrong-hearted, or the reverse, just as we ourselves determine. None the less it must be sadly admitted that there are pitiable cases beyond the reach of the moralist. Most of us know the story of the miserable-looking dyspeptic who called upon a famous physician, and laid his melancholy case before him. "Oh," said the doctor, "you only want a good hearty laugh; go and see Grimaldi." "Alas," replied the miserable patient, "I *am* Grimaldi." Yet, as said Thales the philosopher, "even those to whom nothing else is left may possess hope," which has been happily styled "the poor man's bread." Hope is the moral engine that moves the world, and keeps it sustained in action.

Those persons in whom the digestive faculties are specially developed have full cheeks, a double chin, one or more wrinkles running round the neck, sleepy eyes, generally a pug nose, a disposition to become fat, a good-natured social indolence, and

a capital appetite for eating, and drinking. "The truth is," says the *Comic Latin Grammar*, "people are tired of crying nowadays, and find it much more agreeable to laugh. A turn-up nose is now a more interesting subject than a turn-down collar. The flowing hair of our young men is in general quite unaccompanied by a corresponding quality of face. The schoolmaster is abroad indeed, but he is walking arm-in-arm with the Merry Andrew."

"All parts of the human face," says Dr. Holmes, "doubtless have their fixed relations to each other, and to the character of the person to whom the face belongs. But there is one feature, and especially one part of that feature, which more than any other sign reveals the nature of the individual. This feature is the Mouth; and the part thereof particularly referred to is its corners." Someone has well said that "our other features are made for us; but we make our own Mouths." We do most certainly make them, and when made they are sure to tell tales about us, no matter how closely we keep them shut.

"There's an inexpensive recipe for curing sundry ills,  
Such as gout and indigestion, bilious fever and the chills,  
Which the family physician  
Would ascribe to malnutrition,  
And attack with drugs, and physie, and with medicated pills.  
You'd be astonished, really, at the benefit it yields,—  
Simply mix a little merriment and laughter with your meals.

"It doesn't matter greatly what you drink, or what you eat—  
You can feed on roasted chicken, or the toughest cuts of meat.  
If you don't believe it, try it,  
Mingle laughter with your diet,  
And your gastronomic functions would digest a rubber sheet :  
For the pancreatic organs do their work with double zest  
If you intersperse the menu with a jolly little jest."

Harper.

Lavater, the most distinguished of all Physiognomists, has said of the human Mouth: "The Mouth is the interpreter, and organ of the mind and of the heart. In repose, as well as in the infinite variety of its movements, it unites a world of characters. It is eloquent even in its silence. This part of our body is so sacred to me that I scarcely dare to speak of it! What a subject for admiration!" "Humanity, how art thou degraded! What will be my ecstasy in the eternal life when my eyes shall behold in the face of Jesus Christ the Mouth of divinity; when I shall utter the cry of joy, 'I too have received a Mouth like that which I adore'; and I dare to pronounce the name of Him who has given it to me. Life eternal! to think of thee is already happiness! I conjure our painters, and every artist whose mission it is to represent man, I conjure them with all my might to study the most precious of our organs in all its varieties, in all its proportions, and in all its harmonies!"

Large Mouths indicate more character than small ones. But here quality as well as size must be taken into account. Coarse, irregularly formed Lips show strength, and power, but combined with rudeness and lack of refinement; while fine, delicately shaped Lips signify a corresponding delicacy of mind, and susceptibility of disposition. Mouths slightly open, like the Mouth of the late Queen Victoria (God keep her memory green!), indicate a frank, outspoken, communicative nature. A facile capacity for spoken language is manifested by flexible, and protruding

Lips (not coarsely projecting), with a large Mouth, and well-developed jaws. Horatio, Viscount Nelson (1758–1805), having a fine oval face, with a courageous nose, and tender blue eyes, possessed splendid “Approbateness” (he went into action at Trafalgar in all the glory of full uniform, and his many decorations). He was further endowed with prominent, ripe, lascivious Lips. Their significance was verified in his ardent passion for Emma, Lady Hamilton. None the less he won for himself immortal fame as the greatest of all among England’s noted naval commanders. His blind eye, which purposely failed to see a pusillanimous signal, gained us the Battle of Copenhagen. But his grand defiance of danger cost him his life at Trafalgar. Most suitably appropriate to his memory are the lines quoted from Virgil (*Æneid* i, 607–9) in the *Dictionary of National Biography* :—

“In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbræ  
Lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet,  
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.”

The sense of touch is represented in the human face chiefly by the Lips. Their primary function is to touch the morsel of food before it reaches the teeth, and is tasted by the tongue. In this respect the French are remarkable, having particularly fine sensitive Lips. Kissing therewith is the natural language of the affections, and especially of love. Tennyson makes the lover say in *Locksley Hall* :—

“Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately  
ships,  
And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the  
Lips.”

There is physically more sensation in the Lips than in any other part of the body, except the finger-tips. Orators and actors do well to shave, because in the lines of the Mouth, and the play of the Lips, lies expression pre-eminently. This can be quickly caught as the actor plays his part ; and by the shape of the Mouth, and the chin, can be read the character, and attitude intended to be assumed ; hence it is that so much importance is attached to the "make-up" of the stage. Thus the merry Clown paints a wide laughing Mouth ; and the Pantaloon, a melancholy face, with lines to draw the Mouth down, in appearance.

A wide Mouth in a narrow face signifies that the individual possesses considerable powers of mimetic imitation. Among animals, the chimpanzee is a striking example of this fact. Also a large Mouth, with full flexible Lips, capacious jaws, and well-developed throat, indicates a faculty for spoken language which is not possessed by a person formed with an opposite set of linguistic features. The voluble Irishwoman, and the parrot, remarkably illustrate this peculiarity. Demosthenes of old, and John B. Gough, the modern temperance orator, are instances of the same facial development.

To have a Mouth naturally held more or less open betokens a certain amount of imbecility, or at all events but a small share of thoughtful sagacity. When George the Third was at Cheltenham he asked his equerry, whilst walking in the principal street. why it was that flies kept getting into his throat.



“Well,” said the equerry, “may it please Your Majesty, you should keep your Mouth shut.” A full-lipped heavy Mouth, though not altogether desirable, is decidedly preferable to a tightly closed, thin-lipped feature, especially if this is combined with a square lower jaw. Thick Lips give us the man of ardent senses; thin Lips betoken coldness, and cruelty. If the brows and eyes bespeak intelligence, then Lips slightly parted denote the orator, or at any rate the fluent speaker.

Red-Lipped, thin-skinned persons are always sensitive to the opinion of others about them. The head is turned a little on one side, the voice is low and insinuating, the manners are courteous, and obliging—these being signs of a strong love of approbation.

The under Lip shows passion,—including both desire and aversion. It is turned out in the former case; it is turned inwards, or tightened, or straightened into a line, in the latter. The former is exemplified in pleasurable gratification; the latter in anger. Gently closed Lips proclaim a sense of reserve; and, if the head is thrown lightly back, of dignity. The firm Mouth, and the determined closure of the Lips, tell us that the individual can exercise self-control, and will not be carried away by his passions, or tastes. The best type of Mouth is that which is of medium size, and of which the Lips are lightly, and not too firmly closed.

There is a whole language in the Mouth’s silent expression. It will tell of pleasure, or pain, of

contentment, or disappointment, of shame, or sorrow, without the sound of a word. No lines of English poetry—seek them where one may—express more tenderly, and lovingly affection for this facial feature, fondly remembered, of a beloved one no longer in this life. They are the sweetly familiar verses, speaking straightway to the heart, by Cowper (1731-1800), "On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture, out of Norfolk."

"Oh, that those Lips had language! Life has passed  
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.  
'Those Lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,  
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;  
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes  
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,  
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim  
To quench it)! here shines on me still the same,  
And I can view this mimic show of thee.  
'Time has but half succeeded in his theft—  
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left."

"I sometimes think that never blows so red  
The rose as where some buried Cæsar bled,  
'That every hyacinth the garden wears  
Dropt in its lap from some once lovely Head.

"And this delightful herb whose tender green  
Fledges the river's lip on which we lean—  
Ah! lean upon it lightly, for, who knows  
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen."

"I am by theory obdurate," writes Elia, "to the seductiveness of what is called a fine set of Teeth. Every pair of rosy lips (the ladies must pardon me) is a casket presumably holding choice jewels; but methinks they should take leave to 'air' them as frugally as possible. The fine lady, or fine gentleman,

who shows me their Teeth shows me bones. Yet must I confess that from the mouth of a true chimney-sweep a display—even to ostentation—of those white and shining ossifications strikes me as an agreeable anomaly in manners and an allowable piece of foppery. It is like some remnant of gentry not quite extinct—a badge of better days; a hint of nobility.”

Uneven Teeth tell of an uneven temper most generally; whilst protruding Teeth are seldom, if ever, found on a really liberal-minded person. He, or she, will not be generous, but of a grasping disposition; projecting Teeth denote a love of possession. On the Teeth the health largely depends, and on the health the temper; therefore attention to the Teeth—especially those of children—is very important. To children, however, the dentist is a horror whom they learn to dread, be he ever so kind. “The animal man can hide defective Teeth by wearing a thick moustache; but women have no such veil for the mouth, wherefore Teeth which are uneven or discoloured cannot be so easily concealed by them.”

A certain female, whom we will call “Scylla”—a fanciful name—had been all her life a terrible scold. It was aptly said of her:—

“Scylla was toothless; yet when she was young  
She had both Teeth enough, and too much tongue;  
What shall we then of toothless Scylla say,  
But that her tongue has worn her Teeth away?”

In the popular magazine, *London Society* (April,

1886), appeared a clever parody on the well-known, tenderly pathetic poem, "The Old Armchair," by Eliza Cook (1837). Full of filial affection is this poem, and now so seldom seen in print, that we venture to give it here verbatim before reciting the parody presently under notice, namely, "The Dentist's Chair."

#### THE OLD ARMCHAIR.

"I love it, I love it; and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving that old armchair?  
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,  
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs;  
It is bound by a thousand ties to my heart;  
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.  
Would ye learn the spell? A mother sat there;  
And a sacred thing is that old armchair.

"In childhood's hour I lingered near  
The hallowed seat, with listening ear;  
And gentle words that mother would give,  
To fit me to die, and teach me to live;  
She told me shame would never betide  
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide;  
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,  
As I knelt beside that old armchair.

"I sat, and watched her many a day,  
When her eyes grew dim, and her locks were grey,  
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,  
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.  
Years rolled on; but the last one sped—  
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled;  
I learnt how much the heart can bear,  
When I saw her die in that old armchair!

"'Tis past, 'tis past; but I gaze on it now  
With quivering breath, and throbbing brow;  
'Twas there she nursed me; there she died;  
And memory flows with lava tide.  
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,  
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;  
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear  
My soul from a mother's old armchair."

" Illam amo, quantum amo ! invidus taceat,  
Si mihi vetus hæc cathedra placeat.  
Illam præ mercibus condidi Tyriis,  
Lacrymis sparsi, fudi suspiriis ;  
Illa adamantino stringitur cordi  
Nexu, et vinculo—scilicet audi ;  
Sedet in illa ; heu ! mater tenerrima ;  
Et vetus hæc cathedra est rerum sacerrima."

" Abiit, abiit ! sed reminiscimur,  
Tremuli, mœsti ; en sedes ipsissima ;  
Illa me fovit, et occidit illa ;  
Redeunt animo tristia mille.  
Sinam stultitiæ meæ moneri,  
Ignea gutta non vult cohiberi.  
Illam amo, quantum amo ! rideant cæteri ;  
Matris ego immorer cathedræ veteri ! "

## THE DENTIST'S CHAIR.

" I hate it, I hate it, and who shall dare  
To chide me for hating that dentist's chair ?  
I hated it first in my early youth  
When I groaned in its depths with an aching Tooth.

" And many and keen are the pangs through my soul,  
And the terror I feel is beyond control ;  
I could gnash my Teeth in my wild despair,  
As I gaze on that terrible, terrible chair.

" It has held me many and many a day,  
When I fain would have been in the fields at play ;  
And I hated the dentist when first I sat  
In the chair, and he said, ' Take off your hat.'

" Years roll on, and are quickly fled,  
And my Teeth are shattered within my head ;  
But I know how much the heart can bear  
When I sit in that horrible, horrible chair.

" Will it ever be thus ? I gaze on it now  
With affright in my soul, and care on my brow ;  
'Twas there they were stopped ; 'twas there they were scaled,  
'Twas there with the forceps my mouth was assailed.

" Say it is folly, and call me weak,  
While the raging nerves puff out my cheek ;  
But I hate it to-day in my toothless despair ;  
And I'll hate it for ever—that vile armchair ! "

A Spanish proverb teaches that "Good almonds often fall at the feet of those who have no Teeth to crack them."

"The Teeth that glitter as we gaze,  
Like gleams of incandescent light,  
May sadden us in after days,  
When Chloe takes them out at night.

"And even if she boasts the set  
That Nature planted in her head,  
Their shape and tint can spell regret,  
And make it foolishness to wed.

"The wily minx with Teeth like chalk  
Conceals a heart as hard as stone,  
However sweetly she may talk,  
She loves us for our cash alone.

"But girls whose Teeth are tinged with rose,  
No matter if they've swivel-eyes  
And own a gargoyle of a nose—  
Are loving, healthy, good, and wise."

The ancients held their Teeth almost in veneration as the vital principle of their being. They therefore carefully buried them when fallen out through time or accident; and this respect was paid not by the vulgar only, but by the legislators themselves, as appears by the twelve tables of their laws. Therein it seems to have been enacted that though it was forbidden to burn gold with a dead body, yet that such as had their Teeth fastened with gold might be buried, or burnt, together with the same. The Roman, Curius Dentatus, was so named from having been born with Teeth in his mouth. Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, had no separate Teeth in his upper jaw, but one entire bone throughout the gum, this being marked at its top only with certain notches which



showed where the Teeth ought to have been divided. It was reported of Louis XIII, King of France, that he had a double row of Teeth in one of his jaws, which were a hindrance to him in the delivery of his speech. Halliwell Phillips tells us, in his notes about nursery rhymes, that the trade of selling, as charms, Teeth which have left the month, is far from being obsolete to-day in remote rural districts. Within the last few years the following copy of a charm was used by a native of Craven: "As Saint Petter sat at the geats of Jerusalem our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ passed by and sead, 'What aileth thee?' Hee sead, 'Lord; my Teeth eaketh.' Hee sead, 'Arise and follow mee, and thy Teeth shall never eake eney moor. Fiat! fiat! fiat!'" It is told of Saint Jerome that he filed away his Teeth to the very gums so that he might pronounce Hebrew with greater facility. We read that the Maldinese, being desirous to have their Teeth red, are to this end continually chewing of betel. But among the Japanese many are industrious to have their Teeth black, and they purposely make them so, because the Teeth of dogs—which animals they hate to imitate—are white.

That the art of Dentistry in England is not of very recent date is proved by the fact that Sir John Blagrave, in Queen Elizabeth's time, had all his Teeth (most of which were defective) drawn, and afterwards had a set of ivory Teeth put into his mouth. Again, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman* it is said she had all her Teeth made in the Black Friars.

In some districts it is firmly believed that if a child cuts its first Tooth in the upper jaw, this is ominous of his dying in infancy. We read in the *Evangelical Magazine*, of a gentleman (save the mark!) who had a front Tooth drawn, so that he might spit with greater effect, like a coachman.

With respect to the Teeth, when white, even, and entire, they certainly confer an endowment of beauty. This is supposing there be not too great a display of the upper gums when a smile parts the lips. In *Dombey and Son*, Mr. Carker (the villain of the story) is described as "a gentleman thirty-eight or forty years old, of a florid complexion, and with two unbroken rows of glistening Teeth, whose regularity and whiteness were quite distressing! He bore so wide a smile upon his countenance (a smile, however, very rarely indeed extending beyond his mouth), that there was something in it like the snarl of a cat. He affected a stiff white cravat, after the example of his principal (Mr. Dombey), and was always closely buttoned up, and tightly dressed." There is something repellent in the yellow uneven discoloured rows of "fangs" which one occasionally sees displayed. As a rule, long strong Teeth mean long life, whilst short Teeth, prematurely lost, often foretell a short life from poor health. The underhung jaw, and forward Teeth, are generally associated with a bad-tempered sort of person; whilst Teeth which bend inwards instead of being straight in the gums are found to show a certain shyness, and modesty in the individual.

As to the Jaws, in flesh-eating animals, they are large and strong. Greedy persons possess the same animal characteristic. The appearance of the Jaws and Chin may be considered together. Chins are straight, pointed, square, long, or short. A double Chin carries its own signification in itself, being always associated with a pleasure-loving mouth, and with fingers thick at their bases.

“There’s a double chuck at a double Chin,  
And, of course, there’s a double pleasure therein,  
If the parties were brought to telling;  
And however our pedants may take offence,  
A double meaning shows double sense;  
And, if proverbs tell true,  
A double tooth  
Is Wisdom’s adopted dwelling.”

A rounded protruding Chin (as in a pugilist) tells of force, sometimes of brutality. Such a Chin as this is always depicted as belonging to the dastard ruffian, Bill Sykes, who murdered his poor faithful Nancy with cruel savage ferocity, in *Oliver Twist*. The larger the Jaws, the stronger are the animal instincts. A small Chin announces a timid feeble nature, especially if at the same time it is retreating. A long square Chin, flat underneath, is quite frequently seen in the faces of solicitors. This Chin is continued long, and is rather massive. If with thin Lips tightly closed (almost to a line), it points to a man with but little pity or compassion, without sentiment in exacting the bond for which he is contending. A square Chin, with a dent underneath, on the line of the bone, betokens decision, indeed obstinacy, together with a warmth of temperament.

“Chins, (which most people regard as the safest guides in character-reading), are often misleading, unless all the other signs are taken into consideration, as well. A strong square Chin is undoubtedly an indication of a firm will; but the owner is just as likely to be a prizefighter as an intellectual leader of men. A man with a square Chin, and ears set far back on the head, has will, and intellect too, and is almost certain to be of a good type. Nevertheless, he may possess these features and yet lack the vitality which will enable him to use his powers to the utmost.”

“There was a young lady whose Chin  
Resembled the point of a pin,  
So she had it made sharp,  
Then she purchased a harp,  
And played clever tunes with her Chin.”  
*Lear's Book of Nonsense.*

It is told that “A small Chin indicates affection; a long and full Chin, coldness; if long and retreating, perspicacity, but lack of firmness; a dimple in the Chin signifies more grace in the body than in the soul.”

The body-length of the lower Jaw, when remarkable, affords evidence of pertinacity, as in the bull-dog; but when short and slight, as in the fox, or the wolf, it betokens the reverse qualities. A Kentucky negro gave a very good definition of this “persistenacity” by his saying it meant to “seize right hold, and nebber let go no more.” The under Jaw and the Chin form the most important instrument of voice.

“Sucking, of course, is the act of childhood;—it is one of the most important incidents connected therewith. The baby sucks to satisfy hunger; and associated with sucking are the feelings of warmth, sleep, and comfort. But hunger means distress; and sucking to satisfy hunger means sucking to alleviate a particular distress; consequently it has developed into sucking to alleviate any distress, or pain, generally. Thus, when an infant is hurt, it turns in its distress to its mother; it desires to suck, and it forgets its trouble in sucking. All these associations are potent in later life. It may be observed in many children long after they have given up sucking; when they are cross, or when they are teased, or angry, and vexed, they suck their thumbs. Many children in the same way cannot go to sleep without sucking something—their thumbs generally being ready implements for the purpose;—so persistent is the association of sucking with sleep. In later life, children suck the ends of their pens, or pencils when in doubt and perplexity over their lessons, from the association of sucking with distress, or anxiety; and in still later life, the masher, and the young man whose ideas do not flow very readily, suck the ends of their walking-sticks when they are in doubt or anxiety, in conversational, or amatorial matters—such act of sucking being a relic of the baby-habit acquired by the infant from the association of sucking with alleviation of distress, or worry, no matter in what way it was caused. Further, the number of men who suck the ends of

their moustaches, and of women who suck the ends of their crochet- or knitting-needles, or anything else, whenever they have the least feeling of doubt, annoyance, anxiety, distress, discomfort, or the like. points to the persistence of a youthful habit long after all reason for it has ceased; and forms an instructive lesson in the development of the methods used to express emotions."

About our Ears: their differences of shape and apparent structure are manifest even to the most casual observer. These differences speak plainly enough about the personal characteristics of their owners. Large Ears, with thick heavy lobes, point to a somewhat coarse and material nature. Small Ears, on the contrary, are thought to tell of refinement and good breeding. The Ears of some persons stand out prominently from the head, whilst with others they lie close against it. These latter show sentimentality, and shyness.

Ears which are flat around their circumference of lobe betoken a gouty tendency, this being also indicated by the colour, thickness, or knottiness of the rim. When the Ears are seen standing out conspicuously from the side of the head their owner is generally found to be of a strumous constitution. The Ears, when indicating a sound body and good health, should be rather large, as well as symmetrically formed.

In man, a large Ear goes with large features, large hands, large feet, and a large heart. It may be said to correspond to the democratic element of character.



Similarly, a small Ear corresponds to small hands and feet, being in keeping with the aristocratic element. Ears which lie close to the head are more comely and higher in their indications than those which project, as in quadrupeds. It has become a sort of maxim with believers in astrological influences that the small shell-like Ear is consecrated to Venus, and controls the affections. Similarly, Mars has to do with upright well-developed Ears, which are associated with personal energy, force, and power. Ears long and pale denote the artistic temperament. A good space between the Ear and the eye, measured horizontally, shows talent, and capacity, though these endowments may be misdirected.

The Ear should not fall below the level of eye ; if it is observed to do so, a revengeful criminal temper is proclaimed. Some phrenologists declare that even a murderous tendency is thus betrayed. A susceptibility to the impression made by sound, whether heard acutely, or the reverse, depends much on the general thinness of the external Ear. Thus it is found that animals of very acute hearing powers have the organ not only large but very thin, as in the cat, hare, rat, mouse, bat, etc. An Ear presenting numerous elevations, and depressions, is always more delicate for conveying sounds. So, an Ear which, on the contrary, presents one general concavity rather than several well-defined elevations, and depressions, is rarely possessed of delicate hearing faculties. The musical Ear should be round of contour, standing well forward ; whereas the unmusical

Ear is angular, or pointed in its shape, whilst lying flat on the side of the head. The sound of music is essentially round, and rolling; whereas other kinds of noises are square, angular, rough, and uneven, or of no describable form. As a matter of fact it is found that the size, shape, and position of the Ear have but little to do with the musical abilities of its owner. These are really exhibited, as far as outward bodily development serves to show, by a lateral prominence of the outer sides of the forehead, a locality to which phrenologists have assigned the supposed organs of "Time and Tune."

Dr. Spurzheim, in his *Physiognomical System* (1815), says: "It is quite a common opinion that music, and the faculty of speaking, are the result of the sense of hearing. But neither the one nor the other faculty is produced by this sense. Mere hearing in general cannot produce music, because there is no proportion between hearing and the faculty of music, either in animals, or in man. Many animals hear very acutely, yet they are insensible to music." The crying of dogs at the sound of a hunter's horn, and the stamping, and neighing of horses at the blast of a trumpet, have been confounded with the sentiment of music. If this were the case, we must allow that fishes, reptiles, even spiders, which are all allured by sound, are sensible to music. "It is with the organ of tune, in respect to the Ears, as with the organ of colour in respect to the eyes. The Ear hears sounds, and is affected by them,

agreeably, or disagreeably ; but the Ear has no recollection of tones, nor does it judge of their relations. Indeed, there exists a direct proof that an internal organ is necessary towards manifestations of such a faculty. Any particular development of this organ shown externally enlarges the lateral parts of the forehead. Its form varies according to the direction, and size of the brain convolutions beneath. In Glück, Haydn, and others, the organ had a pyramidal form ; in Mozart, and musicians similarly endowed, the external corners of the forehead were enlarged, and rounded. The heads, and skulls of birds which sing, and of those which do not sing, present a great difference at the place where this organ is situated."

" There's music in the sighing of a reed ;  
There's music in the gushing of a rill ;  
There's music in all things if men had ears ;  
Since earth is but an echo of the spheres."

*Byron.*

That the musical faculty is innate cannot be disputed. It has not to do with the sense of hearing as a whole, but with one peculiar property of that sense, namely, the property of appreciating the pitch of a sound (which we know to depend upon the number of vibrations per second, of the sounding body). A person may have a good Ear for every other peculiarity of sound, and a good perception of time in music, and yet fail in the discrimination of pitch, thus lacking the first essential of musical talent, and execution. Musicians are

found to agree in showing an enlargement of the lateral parts of the forehead. Of course the auxiliary faculty of "time" must likewise be possessed. But the Ear for "articulate" melody, and emphasis, as gratified by a fine elocution, is quite different from a musical Ear, and is equally a gift of natural endowment. The Ear of "versification" is an offshoot of this. "The commencement of a poet's career," says the *Comic English Grammar*, "is usually the writing of 'nonsense verses.' We recommend the young poet to try and make his nonsense as perfect as possible. Perhaps for the present he will put up with our own bright examples."

"Conclusive tenderness; fraternal grog;  
Tidy conjunction; adamantine bog;  
Impetuous, arrant toadstool; thundering quince;  
Repentant dog-star; inessential prince;  
Expound, pre-Adamite, eventful gun,  
Crush retribution, currant jelly, pun,  
Oh! eligible darkness, fender, sting,  
Heav'n-born insanity, courageous thing,  
Intending, bending, scourging, piercing all,  
Death like pomatum, tea, and crabs must fall."

#### THE MUSIC GRINDERS.

"You're sitting on your window-seat  
Beneath a cloudless moon;  
You hear a sound that seems to wear  
The semblance of a tune;  
As if a broken fife should strive  
To drown a cracked bassoon.

"And nearer, nearer still the tide  
Of music seems to come;  
There's something like a human voice,  
And something like a drum;  
You sit in speechless agony  
Until your ears are numb.

“ Poor ‘ Home ! Sweet Home ! ’ should seem to be  
A very dismal place !  
Your ‘ Auld Acquaintance ’ all at once  
Is altered in the face ;  
Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,  
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace !

“ You think they are crusaders sent  
From some infernal clime,  
To pluck the eyes of sentiment,  
And dock the tail of rhyme ;  
To crack the voice of melody,  
And break the legs of time ! ”

O. W. Holmes.

It is remarkable that poets of leading rank, whose sensitive Ears would detect, and resent faulty rhythm, or scansion, have been in famous instances noted for their absolute lack of musical knowledge, even of the most rudimentary kind. We refer elsewhere to Charles Lamb (no mean poet, as well as a brilliant essayist) for an instance in point, by his own frank, and amusing confession. Thomas Hood (the elder), who has contributed largely to the stock of genuine English poetry, had not the slightest faculty of music ; yet his bust shows specially large Ears. What reader of verse, and song does not know the admirable correctness of metre, and rhythm displayed in his “ Song of the Shirt ” ; his exquisitely tender “ Bridge of Sighs ; ” his “ Death Bed,” (“ We Watched her breathing thro’ the Night ”) ; “ I remember, I remember ; ” “ I smell the Rose above the Mould ” ? Again, the good pious poet John Keble, whose *Christian Year* is a masterpiece of sweet exalted religious thought rendered in exquisite verse (immortal for

all time), was signally wanting in any knowledge of music, even as to its most elementary belongings. We ourselves, having lived for some years as his close neighbour, whilst enjoying the inestimable privilege of his friendship, have heard him declare that if the National Anthem was performed within his immediate hearing, he would not recognize its musical measures.

Keble's features when in repose, were plain, and rugged to a degree; but by catching him in his moments of animated inspiration at various times, Richmond has produced a portrait which is both true to nature, and almost celestial of face. Mr. Keble was singularly absent-minded. We have known him hurry surplice-clad through Hursley village when hastily summoned to an infant seized with convulsions; and on reaching the room straightway proceed to baptize the babe (actually already dead) with an abbreviated form of service. Forthwith on entering the cottage door, he uttered the invocation, "Let us pray," without any kind of prelude. Again, we remember being in Church one Sunday afternoon when he heedlessly christened a female infant "John" because shocked in his holy soul at the Peruvian name "Cora" (associated in his mind with the wicked Korah), which the sponsor had tendered. He would walk thoughtlessly into a quickset hedge while intent on a book, among the haymakers in his own little meadow facing the roadway; would dawdle along on horseback far away in thought, with the reins hanging



loose on the steed's neck (fortunately a quiet animal) ; and in many other such eccentric ways would reveal the fact that as to the ordinary common incidents of daily life he was not altogether present at all times in the body.

On one occasion, after a vigil throughout the night in close attendance on Mrs. Keble when suffering from severe asthma, on going down to breakfast we noticed him with the teapot in hand, trotting up and down stairs as if quite at a loss about something. On our venturing to ask what was wrong, he replied, with childish simplicity, and with his customary little gulp, " Why ! I'm looking for the teapot."

Shakespeare declared :—

" The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

#### THE VILLAGE CHOIR.

(Some distance after Tennyson.)

" Half a bar, half a bar,  
Half a bar onward !  
Into an awful ditch,  
Choir and Precentor switch ;  
Into a mess of "pitch,"  
Lead the Old Hundred !

Trebles to right of them,  
Trebles to left of them,  
Basses in front of them,  
Bellowed, and thundered.  
Oh ! that Precentor's look,  
When the sopranos took  
Their own time, and book  
From the Old Hundred !

“ Screeched all the trebles here,  
Boggled the tenors there,  
Raising the parson's hair,  
While his mind wondered ;  
Theirs not to reason why  
This psalm was pitched too high ;  
Theirs but to gasp, and cry  
Out the Old Hundred.

“ Trebles to right of them,  
Trebles to left of them,  
Basses in front of them  
Bellowed and thundered :  
Stormed they with shout and yell ;  
Not wise they sang, nor well,  
Drowning the sexton's bell,  
While the church wondered.

“ Dire the Precentor's glare ;  
Flashed his pitch-fork in air,  
Sounding fresh keys to bear  
On the Old Hundred.  
Swiftly he turned his back,  
Took down his hat from rack,  
Then from the screaming pack  
Himself he sundered.

“ Tenors to right of him,  
Tenors to left of him,  
Discords behind him,  
Bellowed and thundered :  
Oh ! the wild howls they wrought !  
Right to the end they fought,  
Some tune they sang, but not,  
Not the Old Hundred.”

“ The fiddler man was old and grey,  
The fiddler man was thin ;  
And his fiddle it had a gruesome crack  
All up and down its poor old back,  
And it let a discord in.  
But wherever he went, or wherever he came,  
The fiddler's welcome was over the same ;  
And the song that he sang had a cheery sound  
All day as he travelled his weary round :  
' The sun may shine, and the rain may fall,  
But the good God ruleth over all,'  
Sang the fiddler old, and grey.”

With regard to singing in the ears—which doctors call “*tiinnitus aurium*”—an old distich of the *Schola Salenitana* says :—

“*Notus, longa fames, vomitus, percussio, casus,  
Ebrietas, frigus, tinnitum causabit in aure.*”

Much may be concluded as to the disposition and character of the person who comes under scrutiny (whether casual and hasty, or deliberate and close) by taking careful note of the Hair of the head, the Beard, the Moustache, and the Whiskers.

As to scrutinizing the Hair of the head, it must of course be a condition that the hat, or other head-covering has been first removed. Incidentally, something worthy of notice may be said here about the kind of individual which the Hat-wearer is likely to be, as shown by the manner in which the Hat has been put on, and is being worn. Certainly the fashion of donning a Hat affords an insight into the character of its wearer. When leaning to one side it denotes a somewhat rakish individual, a careless, good-natured, free-and-easy person, with a considerable amount of self-confidence. Sporting men frequently adopt this style of wearing their Hats; likewise persons who sympathize with sport. As to the manner of taking off the Hat when bowing to a lady, such a salute, if made gracefully, and to some extent differentially, differs widely from a careless jaunty raising of the Hat by the person who regards himself as really the better being. A Hat placed on the back of the head is vulgar; if pressed down over the brows it

looks hangdog, and shamefaced; unless indicating a deeply thoughtful student who adopts this attitude to shield his eyes. The timid nervous man never knows what to do with his Hat, his hands, or his feet. Sometimes a particularly bashful, or awkward man will deposit his Hat beneath his chair, putting his pocket-handkerchief within it. "The straight-brimmed Hat of the stern business man, the turn-up brim of the merry wag, and the low crown, with a wide brim, of the 'driving gent,' are all characteristic. The glossy Hat of the dandy, the brown-black Hat of the thrifty, or miserly man, the limp brim of the beggar, or of the man out-at-elbows, are unmistakable; whilst the solid, smooth, immaculate Hat of the wealthy man looks as assertive as the important person himself."

It is stated as a fact that Hatters are becoming seriously disquieted in consequence of the gradual diminution in size of Englishmen's heads. At present they can still charge the same price for Hats that they did a dozen years ago. But the inside measurement of Hats is, they say, an argument which does not admit of dispute; and the inside measurements of the Hats they are now making are steadily growing smaller. It is true there is nothing to create a panic as yet, as the decrease is represented by eighths of an inch only; but it is the "principle," of this change which perturbs them; for where are heads going to stop in their shrinking size?

"A paper was recently read before the Bristol Naturalists' Society, entitled 'Evidence as to the

Gradual Diminution of the Dimensions of the Human Head in this Country,' by Mr. F. F. Tuckett. His attention had first been directed to the subject by a remark made to him some time ago by Mr. Castle, hatter, of Bristol, to the effect that during the last twenty-five years, the sizes of Hats, as regards the dimensions of the head, had been gradually diminishing; the difference of the circumferential measurement during that period amounting to as much as half an inch. Other hatters, both in Bristol and in different parts of England, were requested to communicate whatever information they might possess on the subject; and it appeared that their experiences were similar to that of Mr. Castle. Messrs. Lincoln and Bennett, the well-known London hatters, kindly supplied a tabulated form showing the progressive rate of diminution since 1855, from which it appears that the average size of Hats sold by them had fallen from No. 7  $\frac{1}{2}$  in 1855 to 6  $\frac{1}{2}$  in 1880; the average shrinking in size being  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch, or rather more than one size, which is represented by  $\frac{1}{8}$  inch. Another Hat manufacturer wrote: "Fifteen years ago, the usual sizes of Hats in England were from 6  $\frac{3}{4}$  to 7  $\frac{3}{8}$ , and even 7  $\frac{1}{2}$  was not uncommon; but now if a 7  $\frac{3}{8}$  Hat were wanted, we should have to make a block purposely. The diminution in size has been attributed by some to the prevailing fashion of wearing the Hair short; but, as heads certainly average two sizes less than they did; and as the difference between long and short Hair cannot amount to a quarter of an inch in the length as well as

in the width of a head, this explanation is inadmissible."

"A big head is the source of many misfortunes. The Moose, weighed down by his ponderous skull, and its adornments, becomes an easier victim to capture than its light-headed companions of the forest; while the monstrous development of the Toucans leads to nothing but misfortune for those otherwise happy birds. We may, therefore, without loss of dignity, take a lesson from humbler animals, and lay the same to heart. The Hippopotamus finds the size of its face very much to its disadvantage when lifting it above the water, and when explosive shells strike its great empty noddle.

"It is the muscular man who wears good Hats, just as the best bird on the roost wears the gayest feathers. He changes his Hat to suit fashions, and has more than one on hand at a time. The hatter, therefore, looks to him for his profits, and it is the prospective diminution of his head, and no other's, that he now regards with such consternation. To be fair all round, he would like us all to become Dr. Johnson; for the great lexicographer had a head that no one in his senses would have rashly contracted to keep warm; while his total surface was so considerable as to make the clothing of him a venturesome speculation for a tradesman of small capital. If we could all live up to this type, then both hatters, and tailors would be content."

Who of us all does not know Tenniel's inimitable drawing of the Mad Hatter in *Alice's Adventures*



in *Wonderland*, by Lewis Carroll? “‘Your Hair wants cutting,’ said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity. ‘You should learn not to make personal remarks,’ Alice said, with some severity; ‘it’s very rude.’ The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this, but all he said was, ‘Why is a raven like a writing-desk?’ ‘I believe I can guess that,’ said Alice aloud. ‘Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?’ said the March Hare. ‘Exactly so,’ said Alice. ‘Then you should say what you mean,’ the March Hare went on. ‘I do,’ Alice hastily replied; ‘at least I mean what I say, that’s the same thing.’ ‘Not the same thing a bit,’ said the Hatter, ‘why, you might just as well say that “I see what I eat” is the same thing as “I eat what I see.”’ ‘You might just as well say,’ added the March Hare, ‘that, “I like what I get” is the same thing as “I get what I like.”’ ‘You might just as well say,’ added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, ‘that “I breathe when I sleep” is the same thing as “I sleep when I breathe.”’ ‘It is the same thing with you,’ said the Hatter; and here the conversation dropped.”

The Hat of Sir Walter Scott was the smallest in the hatter’s stock; yet his head as to its height from the ear to the crown was the highest ever seen by Combe, the phrenologist.

Varieties in colour are possessed by the human Hair, from the most intense black to the lightest flaxen; they include all the shades of brown, auburn,

red, golden, and yellow, according to the personal temperament. The ancient Jews esteemed black Hair as the most beautiful ; but the Greeks, and the Romans greatly admired yellow, or golden, Hair, both on men, and on women. Coarseness, or fineness, of the Hair indicates corresponding physical qualities all round, as well as in the mental endowments. The hog, the dog, and the ox have coarse Hair, and a thick skin ; whilst both of these structures are fine in the beaver, the fox, the seal, and several other highly sagacious animals. But climate, and situation tend to influence such matters. The darker the Hair the more robust the body, as a general rule. The dark-Haired races are physically the strongest, but less gifted intellectually than the fair-Haired. The dark races are the workers ; the light-Haired comprise poets, thinkers, and artists. Auburn Hair is common among the Germans, the Danes, and the Anglo-Saxons. Dark-brown Hair combines the strength of the black with the fine susceptibilities of the light Hair, and is perhaps, all things being considered, the most desirable. The yellow complexion of a melancholy Saturnine person is seen associated with lank black Hair, the skin being muddy, though soft.

Hair which has a natural tendency to curl denotes an affectionate, and lively disposition, and an ardent temperament, more or less decided according to the colour. There is plenty of energy in the dark-Haired person, particularly if the nose is arched, and strong. The reverse of this—the fair-Haired individual—is

apt to be listless, and imaginative ; though, indeed, a popular phrase puts it “ Black for beauty ; Ginger for pluck.” The fair-Haired blonde is fond of amusement, and apt to be “ moony ; ” inclined to be religious also ; but changeable in his, or her, nature. Brown Hair, if allied to chestnut, shows the romantic, and sentimental temperament, liberal-minded, and fond of travel. If the Hair is of a darker brown, and soft in texture, sympathy is shown in men ; and in women a love of the society of others ; also with a desire to please. With such persons the heart remains young ; they are fond of children ; kind and courteous in manner ; sometimes quick-tempered, and very sensitive to criticism. The stiffer browns are more independent, and less sensitive. It is certain that harsh- and wiry-Haired persons are stronger, more self-reliant, and more self-contained than those who have soft Hair. All the older authors attributed soft fine Hair to the sensitive man.

“ *Moribus ingenuis, præclaraque indole credas  
Quem flavescenti videris esse comæ.* ”

Red Hair tells of bodily energy, and sometimes of brute force. Judas Iscariot is reputed to have been a red-Haired man. But there are varieties of red Hair, from the stigmatized “ carrots ” to the much-admired “ sweet auburn.” Red Hair is significant, under other favourable conditions, of intelligence, quick perception, and vivacity. An astrologer would tell us that red Hair is votive to Mercury,—the Mercurial temperament being proverbially pleasant ; its bright eyes, fine, not coarse, red Hair denoting

affectionate warmth of heart, also warmth of temper. It is restless, poetical, and loving. The wavy, or curly Hair of this hue is the best ; such a quality of Hair as is given to the statue of Apollo.

“Red Hair is fast disappearing, and there are comparatively few persons to-day who possess it. With its rarity the prejudice against it has died out ; and those of us who know its beauties experience a thrill of delight when we see a woman, or even a man, who possesses Hair of the real red tint.

“Red-Haired persons need never feel any misgivings. On the contrary, they ought to be proud when they remember that Scylla, Cato, Columbus, Sir Philip Sidney, Bayard, Wolfe, Oliver Cromwell, and Ben Jonson all possessed red Hair, while even Shakespeare inclined that way. Swinburne was very proud of his red Hair.

“Again, it is fairly well agreed among those who have studied the question, that red-Haired persons are energetic and more fearless than others. A fact not sufficiently noted about the present scarcity of red-Haired people is that we as Anglo-Saxons ought not to be dark-Haired. We ought to possess, if not bright-red Hair, at any rate very fair Hair.

“According to a census made some time ago by Mr. John Gray, a member of the Anthropological Institute, Dorsetshire contains more red-Haired persons than any other county. But even in Dorsetshire the number of men and women with red Hair is decreasing.

“These observations receive confirmatory testimony in Lady Dorothy Nevill’s last book. Lady Dorothy points out in her reminiscences that when she was a girl it was considered a great misfortune for any lady of position to have red Hair. Indeed, red Hair appears to have been regarded very much like a hare-lip or a squint. Lady Dorothy mentions that red Hair was in those days considered the peculiar attribute of servant girls, and people of the lower class. She is surprised to remark its popularity with the present generation. The change in public sentiment towards red Hair is to be traced likewise in our art and literature. The first red-Haired heroine who graces the pages of English romance is Thackeray’s Becky Sharp. Now, if a red-Haired woman walks down Bond Street, people remark, ‘How beautiful!’”

It is a circumstance worthy of attentive remark that persons who possess red Hair of any conspicuous shade, particularly women, and children, affect some article of dress in proximity to the face or head, of a colour strikingly sky-blue. It may be the neckerchief, or the trimmings of the hat. This would seem to be a long-standing traditional practice which still finds general favour.

St. Paul denounced the wearing of long Hair by men—“Doth not even nature itself,” he says, “teach you that if a man have long Hair it is a shame unto him?” But long Hair was worn at a later day, even by the priests. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, pronounced a sentence of excommunication against

all male members of the Church who wore long Hair. And Serlo, a Norman Bishop, preached before Henry the First, in 1104, a sermon against long Hair, by which the King and his courtiers were so deeply affected that they consented to resign their flowing ringlets, of which they had hitherto been most proud. It is added that the worthy prelate did not give them time to change their minds ; but, producing a pair of shears from his sleeve, he proceeded himself to perform the office of a barber.

Among the Jews of Old Testament times—as we read in 2 Sam. xiv.—about Absalom, the favourite, but rebellious, son of King David, “ in all Israel there was none so much to be praised as Absalom for his beauty ; from the sole of his foot even to the crown of his head there was no blemish in him. And when he polled his head (for it was at every year’s end that he polled it ; because the hair was heavy on him, therefore he polled it), he weighed the hair of his head at two hundred shekels after the king’s weight.” The Jewish shekel represented about half an ounce of our avoirdupois weight ; so that Absalom’s polled hair on each occasion must have weighed one hundred ounces, or over six pounds.

Subsequently we read that Absalom, when fighting against his father, met the servants of David. And Absalom rode upon a mule, and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth ; and the mule that was under him went away. “ And Joab



took three darts in his hand, and thrust them through the heart of Absalom, while he was yet alive in the midst of the oak."

"The scalp, like the rest of the body, cannot be healthy unless it obtains an abundance of fresh air, and sunlight. To prove this, try the effect of an air-and-sun bath once or twice a day. The garden is the place for a woman to obtain this bath. Take out every pin, and loosen all the strands, so that every individual Hair can get its full share of sunlight and fresh air, and you will find after a month of daily—or twice daily—ten-minute 'sun-baths,' that the Hair will assume a splendid gloss, and lustre."

The question may be asked, Why does the Hair become grey with the advance of old age? in reply to which query Professor Metchnikoff, a leading physiologist of to-day, tells us that the phagocytes (as they are called) which abound in healthy blood with wonderful protective powers against injurious microbes, find plenty of nutriment supplied for maintaining themselves, by the bodily secretions, during all the active years of life; but when these secretions begin to diminish because of advancing years, then these phagocytes fall back for their sustenance upon stored-up matters within the body, amongst which the Hair pigment, or colouring matter, forms an important item. And thus it is that the Hair of the head, beard, and moustache, begins to turn grey, and slowly whiten, through starvation.

"I am ashes where once I was fire;  
And the bard in my bosom is dead;  
What I loved I now merely admire;  
And my heart is as grey as my head."

"Professor Metchnikoff's discovery of the glycobacter, or protective microbe taken from the intestinal flora of the dog, which will check the ravages of old age by destroying other (poisonous) bacteria in the human system, has created considerable interest. 'Old age,' says Dr. Metchnikoff, 'is an illness like any other, and is the result of intestinal decomposition.

"'Everyone knows that acids combat decomposition. That is why housewives pour vinegar over meat when they want it to keep. We have to do the same with our digestive tubes. The bowel has to be pickled—that is to say, it has to be rid of the alkaline microbes of decomposition. Therefore we introduce into the system the acid-producing microbe; but this microbe, which lives on sugar, does not find sufficient glucose in the intestines to enable it to carry on the fight against putrefaction, senility, and death. The sugar absorbed by the digestive organs is not enough. For which reason I had to find a microbe capable of itself producing the sugar required for the sustenance of the good microbe. This we have found in the glycobacter, which was discovered in the intestinal flora of the dog.

"'The glycobacter is not always to be found in the dog; otherwise you might ask why the dog does not live longer. It is vigorously combated by the

detestable diet consumed by most members of the canine tribe.' ”

“ These Hairs of age are messengers  
Which bid me fast, repent, and pray ;  
They be of death the harbingers  
That doth prepare, and dress the way ;  
Wherefore I joy that you may see  
Upon my head such Hairs to be.

“ They be the lines that lead the length,  
How far my race was for to run ;  
They say my youth is fled, with strength,  
And how old age is well begun ;  
The which I feel, and you may see  
Such lines upon my head to be.”

“ And now she sees her first grey Hair ! oh, deem it not a crime  
For her to weep when she beholds the first footmark of Time !  
She knows that, one by one, those mute mementos will increase,  
And steal youth, beauty, strength away, till life itself shall  
cease.

“ ’Tis not the tear of vanity for beauty on the wane—  
Yet though the blossom may not sigh to bud, and bloom again,  
It cannot but remember with a feeling of regret,  
The Spring for ever gone,—the Summer sun so nearly set.

“ Ah, Lady ! heed the monitor ! Thy mirror tells the truth ;  
Assume the matron’s folded veil, resign the wreath of youth ;  
Go ! bind it on thy daughter’s brow, in her thou’lt still look  
fair ;

“ Twere well would all learn wisdom who behold the first grey  
Hair ! ”

The Yankees talk of “ Balsitude.” “ Trouble has done it ; trouble has brought these grey Hairs, and this premature ‘ Balsitude ’ ” (*Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*).

Baldness by no means depends always on the advance of years. It is thought by some to indicate

power, and activity of mind. But far more probably baldness comes with men from the wearing of our modern stiff hats (more or less air-tight) which keep the head hot and ill-ventilated. In corroboration of this view it may be observed that the Hair is generally thick and strong below the point covered by the hat ; also that women, who use no such air-tight covering for the head, are seldom bald.

Of all the civic honours which were conferred upon Cæsar, none was accepted by him so gratefully as the right to wear a laurel wreath on his head, which coronet, he was delighted to think, would effectually hide his baldness. Among the Romans, individuals who were bald, and would not wear false Hair, caused an imitation of Hair to be painted on their bare skulls by means of perfumes, and essences composed expressly for the purpose. Martial alludes to this practice in an Epigram to Phœbus.

“Men are more frequently bald than women for three reasons. First of all, they wear hard, heavy hats ; secondly, they cut their Hair too short, both in summer and winter ; and in the third place, men usually are greater eaters than women. It will readily be seen that a heavy, and hard hat is bound to exert a deleterious pressure. Clipping the Hair, or wearing it very short, leaves the Hair at the mercy of atmospheric conditions, of cold, heat, and dust. The sebum (or scalp-sweat), like all oily substances, tends to coagulate when the temperature is low ; and while the long Hair of women affords a protection that is ample against this condition, the

short Hair of men positively invites destruction of the Hair roots."

About grey Hair, an anecdote is told of Douglas Jerrold. When asked by a lady lamenting this personal defect, what he thought could be turning her Hair so prematurely grey, whether it might not be the essence of rosemary with which her maid was in the habit of brushing her Hair, the witty dramatist said, "I should rather be afraid, Madam, that it is the essence of Time."

With a view to simulate the mature wisdom, and gravity of advanced years it is the custom of judges, barristers, and other members of the legal profession, when practising in court, to wear white horse-hair wigs of various orthodox cut and shape. "But," says the *Comic English Grammar* (1848), "if the wig, and robes of a Judge were meant to excite the respect of the community in general, and the fear of its criminal section, we cannot but think that the design has been unsuccessful. Thus, a magistrate, to go no further, is universally known by the jocose appellation of a 'beak.'" Much to their credit, doctors have modestly resisted this specious habit of assumed wisdom, and experience, beyond their real length of years. Judge Hawkins ("the hanging judge") once related within our friendly hearing, an amusing incident which befell him when proceeding to open the autumn assizes at Worcester. He was in the habit when going on circuit of taking with him a favourite little dog. which occupied during the business of the court a chair in the judge's room

behind the bench. On this particular occasion, when the usual stately procession of the sheriff's ornate carriage, with its richly caparisoned horses, surrounded by the javelin men, and the customary escort of police constables, and with a fanfare of trumpets, reached the gates of the Guildhall, the judge stepped solemnly forth from the carriage, but preceded by his pet dog, on a lead. Amongst the crowd assembled on either side to see the show were two rough colliers looking on with considerable astonishment, one of whom was overheard by the stern judge (secretly amused) to say, "Why, Bill! the beggar's blind!"

"The poet is associated in the minds of most people with unconventionality in dress, and romantic personal appearance. 'There goes a poet,' is the comment of the street when a man passes wearing a soft hat, a wide-flowing tie, and, especially, has his Hair long. The guess (says a writer in *Temple Bar*) is usually correct. At any rate, the minor bard strives to climb Parnassus not so much by 'dint o' Greek'—which Burns ridicules—as by a mop of Hair. The portraits of our poets in the National Portrait Gallery make clear how well-grounded is this popular association of poetry with a profusion of locks. Indeed, they prove conclusively that a thick head of Hair is the one and only outward, and visible sign of the lips having been touched by the Muse, with her celestial fire. But our poets, in the main, are a clean-shaven assembly. If they have plenty of Hair on their heads they have little on their faces.



The enchanting Rosalind in *As you like It*, who had a weakness for kissing men with beards that pleased her, would have found occasion to distribute but few of her favours in this crowd of poets. Yet in its way it is curious that, with the exception of Arnold, the poets of our own time painted by Watts have beards. Sir Henry Taylor has a glorious beard, the beard of a Viking. Rossetti has a trimmed beard of chestnut-brown; and Tennyson a straggling beard of dusky hue. Here, again, is Edward Robert, first Earl of Lytton, by Watts, another bearded poet, possessing, too, a great brush of black Hair. The white waving beard of William Morris—as well as his shock of grey Hair—is also conspicuous in the portrait by Watts.

“But if the National Portrait Gallery establishes the fact that the poet is usually spare in person, and rich in ringlets, it affords no evidence, the writer declares, that there is a unique typical poetic face. Every face in this collection of portraits of poets is distinct from all the other faces by some individuality of shape, or feature, or expression, which is exclusively its own. Here are to be seen all shapes, and forms of face. Ugly features, handsome features, features monotonously commonplace; refined, and delicately carved faces; faces rude, and roughly hewn; oval-faced poets; round-faced poets; long-faced poets; hatchet-faced poets. Poets too with the faces of heroes, and sages, sceptred kings, and laurelled conquerors. Poets with the faces of blameless rate-payers, and respectable citizens. William Hazlitt

painted Wordsworth, and Coleridge when they were close companions in their early manhood; and it is said that Coleridge looked like a horse-stealer, and Wordsworth like the horse he had stolen.

"It is just such a collection of divers faces as may be seen in any mixed body of men of various classes and occupations of the present day. In the House of Commons, for instance, will be found types of faces matching the types of faces in this assembly of poets. But there is this remarkable difference between our poets and legislators, that the former are almost universally thick of Hair, while among the latter, the thin-Haired, and the bald are in an overwhelming majority. Baldness is a sign of energy and determination, and is typical of success in business, and the practical affairs of life. By their flowing locks the poets show their craving after the ideal.

"The most poetic-looking of the poets in the National Portrait Gallery is Dante Gabriel Rossetti, shown in his portrait as a young man painted by himself. Why is it that such an impression is conveyed? Surely it is because of Rossetti's abundance of tumbling ringlets. For, when all is said, and done, ringlets remain the only outward, and visible sign of the poet; and till the end of time one of the first things that will be done by a youth who finds, or assumes, that there is a gleam of poetry in him, is to wear his Hair long."

"That's the sort of Hair-pin I am!" is (or was) a popular piece of slang in the streets of New York.

“Much has been ordained relative to the treatment of the Hair; and oils, balms, pomatuns, creams, and greases without number have been recommended for its nourishment. Cleanliness, however, and friction, are its best stimulants, and improvers. We do not advocate the use of sharp-pointed scratching combs, neither do we approve of those very hard brushes with which some persons delight to torture themselves; but a moderately stiff brush, with bristles from about three-quarters of an inch in length, will cleanse the Hair well, and also produce a warm glow on the skin; and this should be well used morning and evening every day, the Hair being afterwards polished with a softer brush. Cold water is the best wash for the Hair; soaps, generally speaking, contain too much alkali, and pungent matter to act beneficially on the skin of the head; but boiling water poured on bran, left to stand until cool, and then well strained off, washes long Hair very nicely. If the Hair has a tendency to fall off, the skin of the head may be brushed with a small hardish brush dipped in honey-water, or rosemary-water, or distilled vinegar, morning and night for a few days, and then brushed with the Hair-brush until it glows.”

Thick-set persons with short necks sometimes become troubled with a brawny enlarged roughness of the nape, with resultant headaches by reason of non-circulation; which condition will yield under the practised hands of a skilful masseur—one who has a reputation as an animal magnetizer. Such methods

of treatment are much in vogue in Germany, and are very successfully practised there. But it is made an essential condition that there must be a sympathetic union—a magnetic *rapport*—between the magnetizer and the patient. If in any doubt about the matter, the magnetizer has only to stand behind the patient and smell his, or her Hair. If the Hair smells disagreeably to him, his magnetism will be of no avail, there not being an affinity between the mind-matter of the healer and the one to be healed.

The Beard indicates the masculine element, or the virile forces of our nature. Men in whom it is sparse, or deficient, are more or less feminine in their characteristics. The ample Beard is believed to be in some way conducive to the health of its owner. Among the Eastern nations the Beard always has been, and still is, held in the greatest respect. Moses commanded the children of Israel (Leviticus xix. 27), "Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy Beard."

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth the Beard was worn chiefly by those of the higher ranks, and was trimmed in a style more or less distinctive of each class. The bishop had his Beard cut in a particular way, the square form of which is still shown in the imitative lawn "bands" worn by the modern cleric. The soldier, and the judge too, had each his special fashion of wearing the Beard. We are taught but little as to the advantages or uses of the Beard. In certain employments, as those of

the machinist, or of the stone-cutter, where an irritating dust, or small particles of hard materials are likely to become inhaled into the lungs, the wearing of the ample Beard is found to be an important safeguard.

“There was an old man with a Beard,  
Who said, ‘This is just what I feared;  
Two owls and a hen, two larks and a wren,  
Have all built their nests in my Beard.’”

*Book of Nonsense.*

About the Beard, tells Beatrice in *Much Ado about Nothing*: “He that hath a Beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no Beard is less than a man.” “I myself,” says Southey, “if I wore a Beard should cherish it as the Cid Campeador did, for my pleasure. I should regale it on a summer’s day with rose-water; and, without making it an idol, I should sometimes offer incense to it, with a pastille, or with lavender, and sugar. My children, when they were young enough for such blandishments, would have delighted to stroke, and comb, and curl it; and my grandchildren in their turn would have succeeded to the same course of mutual endearment.”

Equally serviceable towards the same protective end is a thick Moustache, answering the purpose also as a natural respirator, more efficient than the cunning hand of man can fabricate. Man fashions his respirator of wire curiously wrought; Nature makes hers of Hair placed where it belongs, and not requiring to be put on like a muzzle.

Wearing of the Moustache by the military was first advocated in 1853; and the earliest to wear it



were the Hussars and the Household troops. Previously it had been thought that the Moustache was not British, and that Englishmen were better looking fellows without it. Prince Albert was one of the first non-combative wearers of this personal appendage. But for several years it was supposed that if a business man went into his counting-house thus ornamented as to his upper lip, he was either a distinguished foreigner, or a member of the swell mob or of some other disreputable class equally to be doubted. The Moustache is now almost generally adopted, being declared highly useful on the score of health.

About the Moustache the following lines have been observingly epitomized :—

“ Black, it bespeaks a manly boldness ;  
Brown, hot head and good temper ;  
Red, wiliness ; blonde, a noble soul ;  
White, a want of vital heat ;  
Bristly, fury ; thick, rusticity ;  
Coarse, audacity ; seanty, languor.”

Concerning Whiskers, a facetious writer in the *Quarterly Review* has pertinently and humorously said : “ A mutton chop seems to have suggested the prevailing form of a substantial British Whisker. Out of this simple design countless varieties of shape have arisen. Let us take the half-dozen men passing by the window as we write. The first has his Whiskers tucked into the corners of his mouth, as if he were holding them up with his teeth. The second Whisker which we descry has wandered into the middle of the cheek, and there stopped, as if it



did not know where to go ; like a youth who has ventured out into the middle of a ball-room with all eyes on him. Number three, is a bunch of bristles, twisted the contrary way under the owner's ears,—he could not for the life of him tell why it has retrograded thus. The fourth citizen, with a vast Pacific of a face, has but little Whiskers, which seem to have stopped short after two inches of voyage, as though aghast at the prospect of having to double such a Cape Horn of a chin. Lastly, we perceive coming along a tremendous pair of these hirsute adornments, running over the shirt collar in luxurious profusion. Yet we see when the owner, a colonel, or a general, takes off his hat to a lady, that he is quite bald ! These Whiskers are in fact nothing but a tremendous landslip from the veteran's head."

According to the Darwinists, our earliest ancestors possessed hairy bodies ; moreover, these bodies were tenanted by colonies of parasites. The primitive hairy bodies were the homes of the common flea (*Pulex irritans*) and many another *Pulex*. Owing to their thick natural covering of hair thus infested, our tormented progenitors were unable to reach the source of trouble effectively with their hands ; and, like horses or donkeys, could only alleviate the irritation by rolling (a habit which still prevails among our children of the present day). Scratching the head, as a nervous habit, is supposed to bear a similar reference. It tells of nervous worry caused originally through actual irritation of the skin of the head by parasites, and transmitted to the brain ;

the same effect as now produced among close students, being a familiar expression of doubt and perplexity.

#### DARWINISM IN THE KITCHEN DEVELOPED.

While takin' off my bonnet,  
 One afternoon at three,  
 A hinseck jumped upon it  
 As proved to be a flea ;  
 Then I takes it to the grate,  
 Atween the bars to stick it,  
 But I hadn't long to wait  
 Ere it swelled into a cricket.

Says I, " Surc-ly my senses  
 Is getting in a fog ! "  
 So to drown it I commences,  
 When it altered to a frog.  
 Here my flesh began to creep—  
 I felt a little funky,  
 For the frog he takes a leap  
 Which changed him to a monkey.

Then I opens wide my eyes,  
 His features for to scan,  
 And observed with some surprise  
 That the monkey was a man !  
 But he vanished from my sight,  
 And I sunk upon the floor,  
 Just as missus, with a candle,  
 Come inside the kitching door.

Beginning to abuse me,  
 She says, " Sarah, you've been drinkin' ,"  
 I says, " No, m', you'll excuse me,  
 I've merely been a-thinkin' .  
 But as sure as I'm a cinder,  
 That party what you see  
 A-gettin' out of winder,  
 Has developed from a flee ! "

Regarding the hairy coats of animals—a rabbit, for instance—it may be noticed that the hair is

always directed from front to back; a character acquired by the fact of motion through air in a given direction, which has imparted a definite lie to the hair. It is remarkable that in the case of man, and certain monkeys, the hair on the forearm grows in just the contrary direction (namely, towards the elbow) to that which obtains with regard to the hair on the other parts of the body, the flow of rain, according to Darwin, having originally determined the direction of the body's hair, so that the rain might fall off downwards in every direction. With respect to our forearms, the habit of clasping the hands over the head during rain has caused the rain to flow from the hands backwards to the elbows, giving the hair on this part of the limb a direction in accordance therewith.

If the opportunity is afforded (when tacitly speculating as to the character, disposition, and probable social status of an unknown person casually met), of hearing this person speak, whether colloquially or in public, some elucidating facts may be confidently learnt by the capable observer. Not that idle eavesdropping, or mere impertinent curiosity should be practised with this view. Of course the Voice cannot be strictly considered as an "Outside" attribute; but none the less may it be legitimately noticed by us here as a reliable indication of character. The unstudied intonations of the Voice go far to reveal the true feelings, and passions of the speaker. Show us a person of either sex who does not modulate

the tones of the Voice when speaking, and we shall feel assured that this person does not regulate the passions, or the temper.

Every person expresses something of the individual character in his, or her talk. The vocal intonations of a cultivated person differ considerably from those of a rough untutored clown. A passionate man, with a heavy base to his brain, will have a harsh, and probably a gruff, Voice. A weakly effeminate man will betray his lack of vigour, and energy, by speaking mainly with high vocal notes, corresponding to the degree of executiveness which he possesses. Furthermore, the same Voice will be modified by the subject on which it is exercised. We remember that when Jenny Lind (1821-1882) sang the little love song, "Comin' thro' the Rye," she gave expression to the social feelings in a Voice which was lively, rattling, and joyous, making her auditors laugh, and participate in her merry mood. But when she was intent upon a sacred theme, and sang "I Know that my Redeemer Liveth," there were then a grandeur, and a solemnity in her tones which seemed unconsciously to lift her vast audience to their feet, and to hold them spellbound by the magic of her Voice. Who that heard her thus interpret the soul-inspiring majestic theme can forget the enthralling occasion? "The devout clergyman, when he appeals to the Throne of Grace, utters his moral and religious invocations with a Voice which is mellow, sweet, and subdued. If he be a true Christian there will be a gentleness and a charm in his Voice which will

win all hearts to the truth, except indeed those who have ears to hear but they hear not, and eyes but see not, nor a mind to understand." But said Bishop Wilson, "Temper is nine-tenths of Christianity." With respect to this really pious attribute the devout poet Southey prayed:—

"And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,  
Some harshness show,  
All vain asperities I day by day  
Would wear away,  
Till the smooth temper of my age should be,  
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree."

The term Phrenology is derived from two Greek words—"phreen" and "logos"—signifying a descriptive "science of the mind." In America, to "bumpologize" is a common expression meaning "to read the bumps," or raised regions in the conformation of the skull. Thus in *The Clockmaker*, by Sam Slick, occurs the passage, "T'other hand of his goes to the head 'bumpologizing': and I whispers—'wit, paintin', language, fancy, order.'"

By reason of the alleged fact that Gall, the founder of Phrenology as a science, located the organ of speech in the eyes, as to their size and development, (since which time Professor Ferrier, by his experiments,—performed chiefly upon monkeys,—has shown beyond doubt that the speech-centre occupies a position at the base of the brain, altogether independently of the eyes), Phrenology became for a while totally discredited by scientists. But a more recent investigation of the subject has

shown that Gall was quite cognizant of what Ferrier claimed as a new discovery. If later anatomists, and physiologists had condescended to open Gall's large work on the Brain, they would have found that he actually located the speech-centre at the base of the brain, in the third frontal convolution. "Why," asks Dr. B. Hollander, in his *Mental Functions of the Brain* (1901), "would they never look into Gall's great work, but content themselves with merely regarding the cheap busts, and pamphlets of some itinerant Phrenologist?" With more wisdom, and knowledge, Sir James Crichton-Browne is reported to have said at the Bradford Meeting of the British Association: "Ferrier locates the 'memory for words' in the very part indicated by the Phrenologists as the 'organ of language.'"

The real truth seems to be that the experiments which have been made upon the living brain of animals by means of electricity, (and on which Professor Ferrier chiefly relied for his refutation of the phrenological teachings) are not of a nature to reveal anything concerning the "mental" functions of the brain. The manner in which such experiments were conducted rendered success in this direction almost impossible. A monkey, dog, cat, or other dumb animal was by the application of chloroform reduced to a state of apparent insensibility, and thereby rendered incapable of manifesting any kind of emotion. After a part of the skull had been cut away, electricity was applied to a definite region of the brain thus laid bare, and then a particular limb,



or a group of muscles was seen to contract, or move. Again, a certain other part of the brain was mechanically irritated, and other muscles were seen to contract; these phenomena being of a purely physical character, without a single vestige of thought, or feeling being revealed—just as would happen in a mere puppet, where you “pull the string, and the figure moves.” So the speech-centre was certainly not discovered by any such incapable methods of the experimental laboratory. Simple centres of motor-action only will not explain mental working,—why, for instance, one man is more ambitious, or more proud and selfish, or more sympathetic, than another; or again, why some men place their happiness in the possession of riches, and others in a more elevated philosophy which is content with moderate means. “Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me,” was the judicious prayer of Solomon, the wisest man who has ever lived (Proverbs xxx. 8).

Testimony is now forthcoming as to the recognized position which Phrenology holds on grounds which have successfully withstood the opposition of anatomists and physiologists, who disbelieved that it had received sound scientific investigation at the hands of Gall and his followers. Sir Samuel Wilks, a former President of the Royal College of Physicians, has said: “It is certainly remarkable that Gall was right in placing the seat of language as connected with the anterior lobe of the brain. One can only account for the ignorance of the medical profession

as to his well-established doctrines by their antipathy towards the phrenological school, which prevented any of its literature entering the portals of our College libraries." The real fact is that Gall published at Paris (1809) a learned work, *Anatomie et Physiologie du Système Nerveux en général ; et du Cerveau en particulier*, four volumes in folio, and an atlas of one hundred plates. "Nevertheless," writes Dr. Hollander (1901), "no subject has ever been so thoroughly misrepresented, even by learned men of acknowledged authority ; and this notwithstanding the fact that there is not one man of scientific repute who has written anything which would indicate that he has examined this, the chief work of Gall."

"Ideas," says Paulsen, Professor of Philosophy at Berlin University, "do not exist in the brain-substance. One might just as well say they are in the stomach, or in the moon, for the matter of that."

It is far from improbable that the large eyes of the ox—a dumb animal—signify a brain faculty closely allied to speech,—that of reasoning thought, which man converts into words.

"Everyone is familiar with the pony or donkey of the circus that can count, or at least is able to give that impression to the audience. In recent years, too, on the Music-hall stage we have seen dogs, parrots, and geese that have shown themselves apparently capable of the simplest arithmetic. Most of this is performed by means of signals the trainer makes, which are understood by the animals.

The gesture of a hand, the tone of voice, the stamping of the foot, and various other signals will enable a horse or other animal to pick out the number wanted, or to stop counting at a given number, the counting being done by taps of the hoof.

“But there are untrained animals that can count, and not only up to the ordinary six or twenty numbers which about limit their abilities in shows. Rather they can count to thirty or a hundred.

“In some of the mines of Hainault horses are used for hauling loads of ore over a little roadway, and back by another route, as the tunnels are narrow. Thirty such trips constitute a day's work for the horse; and, without a word from the drivers, declares a writer in the *Chicago Examiner*, these horses will start for the great incline that leads to their stable at the end of the thirtieth trip. In fact, many of the drivers do not keep account of the trips at all, knowing the horses will do so; and when, at the end of the thirtieth trip, the horses wheel suddenly, and make for the outlet, these drivers have to jump, and hold them long enough to loosen the catches that hold the tugs to the little cars.

“But even this is beaten by oxen. ‘The stupid ox’ has become a well-known phrase the world over; and yet, according to Montaigne, the oxen employed in the royal gardens of Susa for turning the wheels to which water-pails were attached, absolutely refused to do more than one hundred rounds, as that was their day's work. This work consisted of making the oxen travel in a circle, to keep the water-drawing

wheel in motion. Without fail, on the one hundredth trip around the circle the oxen would stop. Nor could they be urged to make another round."

Before passing on from this interesting, and instructive phrenological topic, we will instance two or three very remarkable men who were gifted with special faculties of eloquent speech, which most powerfully swayed the minds of their privileged hearers.

William Pitt, the first Earl of Chatham (1708-1778) "was born an orator, and from nature possessed every outward requisite to bespeak respect, and even awe. A manly figure, with the eagle eye of the famous Condé, fixed your attention and almost commanded reverence the moment he appeared; and the keen lightning of his eye spoke the high respect of his soul, before his lips had pronounced a syllable. There was a kind of fascination in his look when he eyed one askance. The fluent Murray has faltered, and even Fox shrank back appalled from an adversary 'fraught with fire unquenchable,' if I may borrow the expression of our great Milton.

"Even his personal appearance was on the heroic scale: the head was small, and the countenance thin; the nose was aquiline, and long; the eye 'that of a hawk.' All the descriptions record the wonderful power of that eye, in language which would be treated as extravagant were it not that its effect is vouched-for by so many competent witnesses. A Catholic lawyer who had seen Pitt, thus describes

him by an oft-cited passage: 'In his look and gesture grace and dignity were combined, but dignity presided; the "terrors of his beak, the lightning of his eye" were insufferable. His Voice was both full, and clear; his lowest whisper was distinctly heard; his middle notes were sweet, rich, and beautifully varied; when he elevated his Voice to its highest pitch the House was completely filled with the volume of the sound. The effect was awful, except when he wished to cheer, and animate; he then had the spirit-stirring notes which were perfectly irresistible. He frequently rose on a sudden from a very low to a very high key, but it seemed to be without effort. His diction was remarkably simple, but words were never chosen with more care. The terrible was his peculiar power. Then the whole House sank before him;—still, he was dignified; and wonderful as was his eloquence, it was attended with this most important effect, that it impressed every hearer with a conviction that there was something in him even finer than his words; that the man was infinitely greater than the orator.' "

Respecting Lord Derby (1799–1869),—noble and Roman-nosed,—in his *New Timon* the first Lord Lytton wrote the memorable lines:—

"The brilliant Chief, irregularly great,  
Frank, haughty, rash, the Rupert of debate;  
Nor gout nor toil his freshness can destroy,  
And Time still leaves all Eton in the boy.  
First in the class and keenest in the ring,  
He saps like Gladstone, and he fights like Spring.

E'en at the feast his pluck pervades the board,  
And dauntless game-cocks symbolize their lord.  
Yet who can listen without grateful smile  
To the pure Saxon of that silver style ?  
In the clear thought a heart as clear is seen,  
Prompt to the rash, revolting from the mean."

Similarly, with respect to the famous John Bright (1811-1889), of Rochdale, whose portrait by Oules, R.A., is deservedly hung among those of England's greatest worthies in our National Portrait Gallery :—" Who will ever forget the passage which, as a writer says, is by common consent the loftiest, and the most thrilling effort of eloquence of which the whole oratory of the English tongue can boast. Mr. Bright was speaking on the eve of the battle of the Alma. 'I do not suppose,' he said, 'that your troops are to be beaten in actual conflict with the foe, or that they will be driven into the sea ; but I am certain that there are many homes in England in which there now exists a fond hope that the distant one may return,—many such homes may be rendered desolate when the next mail shall arrive. The angel of death is abroad in the land. You may almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one, as when the firstborn were slain of old, to sprinkle blood upon the lintel, and the sideposts of our doors that he may spare, and pass on ; but he takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and lowly. And it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal.'

"Those were the days when he stood alone,



almost literally alone. Manchester rejected him, and no one would choose him; till after the war Birmingham honoured itself by a choice that was constant thenceforward to the end. With what majesty his figure rises in the memory as I recall the nights when in the presence of vast multitudes that packed our hall in Birmingham he stood once more alone, yet with all our affection and sympathy clustered round him,—the master spirit of us all! God gives to some the mastery of colour, and of line, and now and again the genius comes who has the gift of song, so that those who listen are subdued and purified. But there, in that great building which reproduced some of the excellence of Greek sculpture, and was, from the first, associated with the loftiest music, one felt that there is no beauty like that of noble manhood, no power to thrill and to inspire like that of human speech. For, there was something in his soul that found entrance with his words into the souls of his hearers. The simple plainness of his opening sentences encouraged even the humblest minds to follow his. From thought to thought he led them on, with felicitous flashes of description, and sturdy strokes of reasoning, provoking the attention even of the unwilling; and, when in the climaxes of his argument he flooded his utterance with the nameless quality that gives us confidence to say, ‘Here speaks the very soul of the man,’ I have noted, and confess that I have shared in, the irresistible emotion with which the minds of the listeners leapt onward.”

“It is told how he delighted and excelled in manly exercises, and in fishing with the fly; how he courted the fresh breezes of the moorland, as well as studied the best literature of the language. Thus he was fed with noble thoughts, and grew up into a noble manhood, arriving at maturity in that epoch-marking year ‘’32,’ the name of which was so often on his lips during the later years of his life. It was in that strenuous age of almost tumultuous effort that the future orator began to try his powers.”

In a speech at Cambridge, Professor Howard Marsh told a story of a lodger who many years ago lived on the ground floor in Half Moon Street, Piccadilly. He gave notice to leave because, he complained, there was a lunatic on the floor above him who walked about all night talking to himself, and never went to bed until three in the morning. The “lunatic” was John Bright preparing one of his great speeches!

Socrates divined the quality of a man’s mind, or soul, by the tone of his Voice, and all students remember his expression, “Speak that I may see you.” Dr. Durant explains character by Voice, and tells us these facts: “We perceive in a stutterer one that is easily enraged, and as easily pacified. vain, officious, inconstant, and ordinarily quick. A person whose utterance is thick and coarse, is malicious, cunning, and disdainful.

“There was an old man of Caleutta,  
Who had an unfortunate stutter;  
‘I should like,’ he once said,  
‘Some b-b-b-b-bread,  
And some b-b-b-b-b-b-butter.’”

## THE RED FISHERMAN.

"There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,  
As he stalked away with his iron box.

Oho! Oho!

The cock doth crow;

It is time for the Fisher to rise, and go.

Fair luck to the Abbot, fair luck to the shrine!

He hath gnawed in twain my choicest line;

Let him swim to the North, let him swim to the South,

The Abbot will carry my hook in his mouth.

"The Abbot had preached for many years

With as clear articulation

As ever was heard in the House of Peers

Against Emancipation;

His words had made battalions quake,

Had roused the zeal of martyrs,

Had kept the Court an hour awake,

And the King himself three-quarters;

But ever from that hour, 'tis said,

He stammered, and he stuttered,

As if an axe went through his head

With every word he uttered.

He stuttered o'er blessing, he stuttered o'er ban,

He stuttered drunk, or dry;

And none but he and the Fisherman

Could tell the reason why!"

*W. Mackworth Praed (1830).*

"A coarse Voice indicates a rough physique, a great talker, quick tempered, though conspicuously discreet.

"A piercing, fine, or weak Voice is indicative of timidity, cunning, and generally of quick wit.

"An attractive, and clear Voice expresses a man who is prudent, sincere, and ingenuous, but proud, and incredulous; whereas, a firm Voice, without harshness, denotes a person who is robust, intelligent, circumspect, and benevolent.

"A man possessing a trembling, and hesitating Voice is timid, weak, and vain, and sometimes jealous.

"A Voice combining great sound, and firmness indicates a man who is strong, audacious, rash, obstinate, and self-important.

"A sharp, and rude Voice in singing as well as in conversation, denotes a coarse mind, inferior judgment, and strong appetites.

"A hoarse Voice, seemingly the effect of a cold, signifies a person more simple than wise, credulous, and untruthful, vain, and inconstant.

"A full, and sweet Voice denotes a man who is peaceful, inclined to timidity, discreet, and self-willed.

"A Voice at first grave, and then sharp, and piercing, denotes the quick temper of an impetuous, arrogant, and impudent man.

"A soft, sweet Voice, is found in a person of a peaceable, and suitable character."

Again, Elia (Charles Lamb), in *My First Play*, tells of F. as "the most gentlemanly of oilmen; grandiloquent, yet courteous; his delivery of the commonest matters of fact was Ciceronian!"

But as to mere loquacity of empty talk, Shakespeare has reminded us that this is incompatible with wisdom. Thus, "Full casks are ever found to give, if any, still but little, sound."

In striking contrast to the famous literary orators whom we have just particularized was Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774), writer of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, undoubtedly the best-loved novel in the English language. The man Goldsmith was in every respect exactly the opposite to Goldsmith the writer. Someone, who knew him well, affirmed that he was never

other than a child in the simplicity of his character. His conversation was silly; whilst his writing was unique in its power of winning the affections of his readers. Garrick got credit for having produced a brilliant impromptu epitaph over him, which formed a complete biography of Goldsmith in two lines; a couplet which continues to be associated with the poet's name whenever it is brought forward in any general company to-day. The said mock epitaph runs thus:

“Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,  
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll.”

Some fifty years ago at a certain small fish-shop behind Drury Lane Theatre was what was announced as “The Whistling Oyster,” which attracted the notice of many inquisitive customers, including ourselves. We were fortunate enough to hear the so-called musical performance. It really was the noise made by the bivalve sucking in air from time to time through the narrow slit between its partly opened shells. Lately, some quidnuncs have started the supposition that an oyster can feel, and therefore suffers more or less when it is opened with the customary knife. The truth is that oysters possess a mouth, but no head, or sentient nervous system. To Dr. Wiley, of New York, is due this novel theory. “It is a good thing,” says he, “that oysters are not noisy; for, if the oyster could yell, or jump, the dining-rooms then would reverberate with tragedy.” A French saying runs with respect to a blockhead: “Il raisonne comme une huître”—“He has no more

sense than an oyster." A noted Italian Physiognomist has put it thus: "As to all living beings, we may say that the expressions of emotions increase in variety, and intensity as the animal rises in the creative scale, and becomes more sociable. Even the oyster itself has an expression of pain when we sprinkle it with lemon juice; but from this mollusc to Niobe, or the Laocoon, there is a long intervening space." "Heliogabalus, spiritu contento, viginti quatuor ostrearum demersit in alvum; quod Dandoni etiam longe antecellit."—"Heliogabalus, at one gulp swallowed two dozen oysters; which beats even Dando out and out."

Phrenologists tell us (and adduce sound scientific arguments in apparent proof of their teaching) that in the human Head there are three classes of qualities, these being manifested by external indications. They are the Intellectual; the Material; and the Sentimental. The first are in front and above; such as Perception, Veneration, Hope, and Wonder: qualities which combine to make up the sentiment of Religion. Firmness, Conscientiousness, and Idealism determine the shape of the back Head. Behind, and lower down, Amativeness, Love of offspring, and Combaticiveness (possessed likewise by animals) may be definitely traced. Destructiveness is betokened more at the hinder sides of the Head, above the ears. In the Heads of criminals there is observable as to their shape, a reversion to the carnivorous type, with a remarkable breadth across the temples.



together with a flattening of this region. At the same time the forehead is receding. Furthermore, the occipital lobes at the back of the Head are deficient, the criminal, as to his propensities, being rarely domestic, or affectionate.

Gall localized the disposition towards killing by comparing the skulls of carnivorous animals with herbivorous; and those of murderers with average human beings. In the former class there was invariably a fullness over the external opening of the ear. Gall set himself a code of measurements, and conclusions, by which he accurately, and positively determined his pronouncements.

“What were they? you ask; you shall presently see:  
The scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;  
Oh! no;—for such properties wondrous had they,  
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh,  
Together with articles, small and immense,  
From mountains and planets to atoms of sense;  
Naught was there so bulky but there it could lay,  
And naught so ethereal but there it would stay;  
And naught so reluctant but in it must go:  
All which some examples more clearly will show.

“The first thing he tried was the head of Voltaire,  
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there;  
As a weight he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,  
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief:  
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,  
As to bound like a ball on the roof of his cell.

“Next time he put in Alexander the Great,  
With a garment that Doreas had made, for a weight;  
And though clad in armour from sandals to crown,  
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

“A long row of almshouses, amply endow'd  
By a well-esteem'd Pharisee busy, and proud,  
Now loaded one scale, while the other was prest  
By those mites the poor widow dropt into the chest;  
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,  
And down, down the farthing's worth came with a bounce.

“ By further experiment (no matter how)  
He found that ten coaches weighed less than one plough ;  
A sword and gilt trappings rose up in the scale,  
Though balanced by only a tenpenny nail ;  
A lord, and a lady went up at full sail,  
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale ;  
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,  
Ten counsellors’ wigs full of powder, and curl,  
All heap’d in one balance, and swinging from thence,  
Weigh’d less than some atoms of candour, and sense ;  
A first-water diamond with brilliants begirt,  
Than one good potato just washed from the dirt ;  
Yet not mountains of silver, and gold would suffice  
One pearl to outweigh—’twas ‘ the pearl of great price.’

“ At last the whole world was bowl’d in at the gate,  
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight ;  
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff,  
That it made a vast rent, and escaped at the roof ;  
While the scale with the soul in’t so mightily fell,  
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.”

On the question, What is a brutal Head ? Dr. Maudsley, late Professor of Medical Jurisprudence at University College, London, replies : “ The bad features of a badly-formed Head would include a narrowness, and lowness of the forehead, a flatness of the upper part of the Head, a bulging of its sides towards the base, with a great development of the lower, and hinder part. Together with these grievous characteristics might be associated a wideness of the bony arch which gives shape to the cheeks, as in the carnivorous animal, together with massive jaws. A man so formed might with some confidence be expected to be given over hopelessly to his brutal instincts.” This being the sad case, a further question—of very serious importance—cannot but suggest itself to the thoughtful mind. Is a man of the above description hopelessly chained down

by the weight of his inheritance ? “ By no means,” is the answer of Dr. Maudsley, “ for there is something else besides inheritance which makes fate ; and that is education. It is a physiological law that the brain throughout infancy, childhood, and youth grows to the circumstances in which it is placed ; and therefore the actual development of a brain may be much influenced by the sort of nutriment supplied to it as long as it grows. It would be rash indeed to venture to limit the effect which a right, reasonable, moral, physical, and intellectual education may have on the worst inheritance. But, given an individual at the meridian of life, with a bad inheritance, and a bad education, the benevolent enthusiast may hope for his reformation, (and—all honour to him—labour for it) ; but the careful observer will be prone to smile at his expectations, and, regarding them as a piece of devout imagination, to compare them with the futile efforts made to wash a blackamoor white.” Men are seduced into vice by their animal propensities, and withheld from it by their moral and reflective faculties. Let the latter then be so strengthened by education as to predominate over the former, and a life of morality, and virtue will be the outcome.”

Gall and Spurzheim have shown how human action depends on the combined operation of several faculties ; how education, and exercise develop them ; how inactivity, and neglected ignorance waste them ; also how the higher faculties adapted to modify the general conduct of the animal, may serve

to overrule the practical influence of all his other propensities. It is only when mania, and insanity interfere with the conservative instincts that absolute fatality, or what is popularly termed irresponsibility, exists. Of course a man can only will with such mechanism as he inherits, unless proper discipline, and education are at hand to regulate, or correct his tendencies from birth.

Men who have been remarkable not for mere cleverness but for great force of character, such as Bonaparte, Franklin, and Burns, had Heads of unusual magnitude. The average weight of the human brain is taken at about three pounds (48 oz.). Dr. Gall has laid it down as a fact that where the brain is so small that the horizontal circumference of the Head does not exceed thirteen, or fourteen inches, idiocy is the invariable condition. Around a full-sized Head, the measurement is equal to twenty-two inches.

A square face, in combination with a bony form of body, shows the requisite physical indications for a good clever mechanic. A pear-shaped face which is very wide in its upper portion, and tapers downwards, always denotes the witty person, provided the health is good, and the manner of life wholesome. Charles Lamb, and Thomas Hood possessed faces of this type; but, sad to say, the health of the latter highly estimable humorist was weakly, and he was afflicted with serious illnesses throughout the whole of his useful life. Again, a full broad forehead, with a pyriform face, shows unmistakable signs

of excellence in written language. John Ruskin, the brilliant author and art critic, possessed these facial characteristics in marked superiority.

Gall found that persons who are fond of being caressed, honoured, and applauded, have the upper posterior, and lateral part of the Head much developed. Certain animals present the same physical characteristic. It is specially noticeable in fondly attached dogs. They look expectantly, and hopefully for reciprocal attachment, into the eyes of their masters. In such animals this portion of the brain region extends sensitively along the spine to its further end, as shown by the delighted wagging of the tail (never to be observed in a cross, or disappointed dog). Our human "tail" (the "os coccygis," as it is anatomically designated) is now only rudimentary, consisting of the five original small vertebral bones at the terminal end of the spine united lengthways into one, and included within the integuments of flesh, and skin. In our Hospital days at St. Thomas's, Mr. South, a noted surgeon on the staff, who always wore a specially long-skirted coat (he being a Quaker) accidentally sat down whilst having a snuffbox of considerable dimensions within a back lower pocket of the said coat. By doing this he fractured his tail bone, and was crippled from easy sitting for many subsequent weeks. Ostensibly, however, as says the *Comic Latin Grammar*, "Non sunt communes caudæ hominibus" — "Tails are not common to men,—except coat-tails, shirt-tails, and pig-tails; to which en-tails may

perhaps be added, though these last are often cut off."

Nearly allied to the faculty of Approbativeness in its cranial development is that of Self-Love, or Self-Esteem, which we have already considered. It is denoted by the upper posterior part of the Head being lofty, and by a corresponding high carriage of the Head when standing, or walking.

"Jonathanus nimium admiratur se."

"Jonathan admires himself exceedingly."

Certain animals are endowed with this quality, as the turkey-cock, the peacock, and the high-bred horse. Gall thought it the same as that which makes certain animals dwell upon mountains, or generally in high regions. Therefore he designated the faculty one of Haughtiness, thereby indicating at once physical, and moral height.

"Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri  
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus."

*Ovid.*

"God has given to Man a face looking upwards;  
And has bidden him gaze at the heavens, whilst lifting his  
countenance aloft to the stars."

Shakespeare, the greatest human exponent of human Nature, makes his Hamlet exclaim: "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form, and moving how express, and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god!"

It has been recognized at Scotland Yard that the position of the ears of habitual criminals is generally



low down on the Head. Those persons who have the centres of their ears in the same straight lines as the corners of their eyes will be found to possess quiet dispositions, and are disinclined to wage war with their neighbours, even though sorely provoked to do so. But the ill-conditioned persons whose ears lie very much below the straight line, are pretty sure to come sooner or later under the notice of the police authorities. This fact certainly tallies with the assertions of the Phrenologists, who connect such a low position of the ears as now described, with a large development of the animal brain, wherein they locate the organs of destructiveness, secretiveness, acquisitiveness, and combativeness. But for being a phrenological criminal there should be a deficiency as regards the redeeming good organs in other parts of the brain. A surgeon to one of His Majesty's prisons says, "I have at times to make a general inspection of the prisoners. It is then I am often impressed by the fact that the attributed organ of 'Self-Esteem' (according to Phrenologists) is present to a larger extent amongst criminals than it would be amongst a number of ordinary individuals." As pointed out by Gall, this "Self-Esteem" is to be noticed as a tilting-up of the hindermost part of the crown, or top of the head. A trustworthy amateur Phrenologist gives the following simply-worded advice to those who may be disposed to test this so-called science of Phrenology for themselves: "Seeing anybody for the first time, I instinctively look at his Head, so as to gain an immediate insight

into his character. Taking the side view, it can be seen whether the fore half (or the intellectual portion) is equal to the back half, which relates more to the physical energy of the man. Next, one notices the shape of the Head at its top, or crown, whether it is raised, as signifying uprightness of character, or depressed, as betokening the reverse. Looking at the front view of the Head, the breadth of the brow has to be appreciated; whether the forehead is high, or low; whether the sides of the Head are flat, or protuberant; learning thus for oneself whether or not the owner of the Head under inspection possesses perceptive faculties; has much or little intellect; whether he is practical or not; or whether he is artistic, musical, poetical; or the reverse." Such observations as these, together with some others of minor import, take less time to make than this paragraph to write, but afford a correct judgment of the mental stature of the person observed.

With the view of trying to verify, or discredit, the doctrines thus promulgated, we recently paid a visit to the famous "Chamber of Horrors," which is included within the well-known "Madame Tussaud's Exhibition of Wax-modelled Celebrities," in London. We had of course to first take it for granted that (at all events throughout the last fifty years) the modelling of Head shapes, and facial characteristics has been accurately, and truthfully rendered; likewise, that the general deportment, and physical aspect of those particular personages which it was our object to study, have been faithfully

reproduced. Our main impression as to the various criminals of particular notoriety was, that they concurred in showing a special formation as to thickness of short neck, big jaws, low foreheads, and a conspicuous breadth of the Head above the ears. The effigy of James Bloomfield Rush, taken at Norwich, from life, who was executed in 1848 for the murders of Mr. Jermy, and his son, at Stanfield Hall, in Norfolk, on November 28th, shows the thick-set figure of a well-to-do yeoman in that county; but with just the cranial, and facial particularities which we have notified. Again, the Mannings who murdered O'Connor (1849) in their own house, and buried his body under the hearthstone, appropriating his securities, show respectively a precisely similar build of face, neck, and low ears. They were convicted through the gold setting of their victim's false teeth being discovered; and were executed at Horsemonger Lane Gaol on October 20th, 1849. Mrs. Manning was hanged in a black satin dress, as we personally witnessed; and for some years after her death, black satin was a tabooed dress-fabric in fashionable circles. In like manner we might instance Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner of Cook, with strychnine, at Stafford, in 1856; who when taken from the dock after his sentence had been pronounced, observed to a bystander, "It's the riding has done it." His waxen presentment shows a remarkably animal, and criminal development, with a forehead narrow, and peaked at its top. Similarly, with the several others upon whom

we need not dwell, a like phrenological conformation indisputably prevails. We will only make any further detailed mention of the last two additions to the "Horrors" of this gloomy, and depressing underground Chamber; the one of whom, standing in a new capacious dock, exhibits differently an oval face, and much less of an animal figure, but with a marked breadth of Head, particularly large, coarse, and projecting above, and behind the ears; yet with a singular forehead sloping sharply at the sides whilst rising high to a positive peak in its central top. We are at a loss to understand such a conformation. It will be remembered that this culprit Seddon did to death his lady lodger with arsenic, after divesting her of much money, and of her available securities. He pleaded in his defence her having drunk water in which some arsenical fly-papers had become accidentally steeped. The second figure we are noticing is that of Hawley Harvey Crippen, Doctor of Medicine, (through an American degree), recently infamous for the crafty, and cruel poisoning of his wife—a music-hall performer—some of whose mutilated remains were discovered beneath the clay floor of his cellar. He fled to America with his type-writing paramour, but was detained through wireless telegraphy on the other side of the Atlantic, and brought back under arrest, for trial, and subsequent execution. The poison he had used was "hyoscyamine,"—a subtle intense alkaloid, rarely prescribed. We dwell at some length on this figure because it represents the owner of what should have proved a strikingly

capable Head, with a large ample frontal development, and a high well-formed forehead; but with a mischievous breadth over the ears, whilst nevertheless the animal propensities behind the head lack prominence.

In the British Museum there is a very fine series of Heads (on busts) which afford striking proofs of the truths conveyed by Physiognomical facts such as we have been endeavouring to elucidate. Looking, for instance, at the Head of Nero we notice the great width of his skull, and how very flat it is above, together with a remarkable fullness in front of the ears;—these several features showing an enormous amount of animal power, with a general depravity of disposition. Contrasting this Head with that of Julius Cæsar we see a marked difference between the two. This latter displays the Nervous Temperament to a special degree. In Cæsar's forehead there is an extraordinary central amplitude, betokening literary ability, with a capital memory; and much physical energy is denoted by the width of Head above the ears. Again, the Head of Alexander indicates a high degree of talent, and ability. And coming down to modern days, we can clearly verify the truths which such accurate Physiognomical science teaches. Thus, in the facial aspect of Michael Angelo we see the fullness of eyebrow which is an endowment of all great artists who have excelled in colour, to wit Titian, Raphael, and other such famous painters. The Head of Hogarth is an interesting study. That master had an immense development of the faculty

of form, as denoted by his great width between the eyes, from one to the other. Only half of the cast of Shakespeare's Head is exhibited. This shows a wonderful combination of the various Temperaments; in confirmation of which the other half of the head was, we may be sure, symmetrical. On another plane, are the casts of faces and Heads of noted murderers, such as those to whom we have already alluded. Palmer's Head, for instance, gives measurements of exceeding breadth, with a particularly large development of the sexual region behind at the base of the skull. So likewise Rush, the Norwich murderer, shows an immense development of the animal brain, together with a greedy love of eating, and drinking. The statement was made at the time of his execution that, immediately before it, he asked for roast sucking-pig and "plenty of plum sauce;" thus showing that a man with his Physiognomical propensities will, even on the brink of the grave, gratify if possible this abnormal craving.

Animals certainly afford similar Physiognomical evidence. If we look at the Head of a lion, or a tiger, we cannot but notice how the marked width of the skull corresponds to their carnivorous disposition. But if viewing the Heads of animals which are of a timid disposition, we find that the skulls of these are narrower, and more shallow; in confirmation of which difference the skulls of a cat, and a rabbit, when placed side by side, show a manifest difference in shape. The Head of the cat is very broad about the ears, whereas that of the



rabbit is narrow in this part of the skull. Even the Heads of birds afford similar proofs of what we are alleging. There is the same breadth of Head in the hawk, eagle, raven, and all birds which prey on others ; whereas in those which are of a mild, and gentle disposition, the Head is more narrow in the region of the animal brain.

“ Back into my chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before :  
‘ Surely,’ said I, ‘ surely that is something at my window lattice ;  
Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore—  
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore.  
      ’Tis the wind, and nothing more.”

“ Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and  
flutter,  
In there stepped a stately Raven, of the saintly days of yore ;  
Not the least obeisance made he, not a minute stopped or  
stayed he,  
But with mien of lord, or lady, perched above my chamber door—  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door—  
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

“ Then this ebon bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
By the grave, and stern decorum of the countenance it wore :  
‘ Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,’ I said, ‘ art sure  
no craven ;  
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly  
shore,  
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night’s Plutonian  
shore ? ’  
      Quoth the Raven, ‘ Nevermore.’ ”

Speaking about Capital Punishment, it may be said incidentally that in 1795 the question was much debated, whether or not death by the Guillotine is instantaneous ; and, in support of the negative side, the case of Charlotte Corday was adduced. She is said to have blushed, as with indignation, when the

executioner, holding up the decapitated head to the public gaze, struck it with his fist. Again, a certain French doctor extorted a promise from a criminal under sentence of death by the Guillotine, that he would, if he could, make a sign of consciousness by winking the instant after complete severance of the Head, which sign he was seen to exhibit accordingly.

Charlotte Corday (though she herself signed her name "Marie") was executed on July 17th, 1793. Doctor Sue, a physician of eminence, and a high authority, at Paris, gave the following account of the tragedy. "After the execution, one of the executioners, holding up the lovely head by its beautiful hair, in a fit of Maratist delirium, slapped the cheeks; which, as is commonly said, showed symptoms of sensibility by blushing. The countenance of Charlotte Corday expressed the most unequivocal signs of indignation."

"Let us look back to the facts. The executioner held the head suspended in one hand; and the face was pale; but it had no sooner received the slap which the sanguinary wretch gave it, than *both cheeks* visibly reddened. Every spectator was struck by the change of colour, and with loud murmurs cried for vengeance on the cowardly, and atrocious barbarity. It cannot be said that the redness was caused by the blows; for we all know that no blows will recall anything like colour to the cheeks of a corpse. Besides, the blow was actually given on one cheek only; and yet the other equally reddened."—  
SUE, *Sur la Supplice de la Guillotine*.

Dr. Sue, in common with some other German physicians, and surgeons after him, held that there does indubitably remain in the brain of a decapitated head some brief degree (*un reste*) of thought, and in the nerves something of sensibility. The case of Mademoiselle de Corday was alleged as proving this doctrine. There is likewise a story, that when the executioners exhibited the *heart* of Sir Everard Digby (executed for taking part in the Gunpowder Plot) to the people, exclaiming, "This is the heart of a traitor," the head articulated, "Thou liest."

Lord Bacon believed that after evisceration (the cruel putting to death by roughly cutting open the belly, and excising the vital entrails therefrom), the tongue could still utter a few words. We may suppose that in a case of decapitation (which differs from evisceration), the sudden rush of air into the head, through the severed neck, might produce that kind of sound which suggested to the Père Duchesne the horrid phrase—"Eternuer dans le sac."—(*Quarterly Review*, 1843, "The Guillotine.")

#### THE EXECUTION.

My Lord Tomnoddy got up one day ;  
     It was half after two,  
     He had nothing to do,  
 So his Lordship rang for his cabriolet.

    Tiger Tim  
     Was clean of limb,  
 His boots were polish'd, his jacket was trim ;  
 With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,  
 And a smart cockade on the top of his hat ;  
 Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,  
 He stood in his stockings just four foot ten ;  
 And he ask'd, as he held the door on the swing,  
 " Pray, did your Lordship please to ring ? "

My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,  
 And thus to Tiger Tim he said,  
 "Tiger Tim, come tell me true,  
 What may a Nobleman find to do?"—

Tim look'd up, and Tim look'd down,  
 He paused, and he put on a thoughtful frown,  
 And he held up his hat, and he peep'd in the crown;  
 He bit his lip, and he scratch'd his head,  
 He let go the handle, and thus he said,  
 As the door, released, behind him bang'd,  
 "An't please you, my Lord, there's a man to be hang'd."

My Lord Tomnoddy jump'd up at the news,  
     "Run to M'Fuze,  
     And Lieutenant Tregooze,  
 And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues.  
     Rope-dancers a score  
     I've seen before—  
     But to see a man swing  
     At the end of a string,  
 With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing!"

My Lord Tomnoddy stept into his cab—  
 Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab;  
     Through street and through square,  
     His high-trotting mare,  
 Like one of Ducrow's, goes pawing the air.  
 Adown Piccadilly, and Waterloo Place  
 Went the high-trotting mare at a very quick pace;  
     She produced some alarm,  
     But did no great harm,  
 Save frightening a nurse with a child on her arm,

    Spattering with clay  
     Two urchins at play,  
 Knocking down—very much to the sweeper's dismay—  
 An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way,  
     And upsetting a stall  
     Near Exeter Hall;  
     But eastward afar,  
     Through Temple Bar,  
 My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car:  
     Never heeding their squalls,  
     Or their calls, or their bawls,  
 And, merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's,

Turns down the Old Bailey,  
 Where in front of the gaol, he  
 Pulls up at the door of the gin-shop, and gaily  
 Cries, "What must I fork out to-night, my trump,  
 For the whole first-floor of the Magpie and Stump?"

\* \* \* \* \*

The clock strikes Twelve—it is dark midnight—  
 Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of light.  
 The parties are met;  
 The tables are set;  
 There is "punch," "cold *without*," "hot *within*," "heavy  
 wet,"  
 Ale-glasses and jugs,  
 And rummers and mugs,  
 And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs,  
 Cold fowl and cigars,  
 Pickled onions in jars,  
 Welsh rabbits and kidneys—rare work for the jaws!—  
 And very large loksters, with very large claws;  
 And there is M'Fuze,  
 And Lieutenant Tregooze,  
 And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues,  
 All come to see a man "die in his shoes!"

The clock strikes One!  
 Supper is done,  
 And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun,  
 Singing "Jolly companions every one!"  
 My Lord Tomnoddy  
 Is drinking gin-toddy,  
 And laughing at ev'ry thing, and ev'ry body.—  
 The clock strikes Two! and the clock strikes Three!  
 —"Who so merry, so merry as we?"  
 Save Captain M'Fuze,  
 Who is taking a snooze,  
 While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,  
 Blacking his nose with a piece of burnt cork.

The clock strikes Four!—  
 Round the debtors' door  
 Are gather'd a couple of thousand, or more;  
 As many await  
 At the press-yard gate,  
 Till slowly its folding doors open, and straight  
 The mob divides, and between their ranks  
 A waggon comes loaded with posts, and with planks.

The clock strikes Five!  
 The Sheriffs arrive,  
 And the crowd is so great that the street seems alive;  
 But Sir Carnaby Jenks  
 Blinks, and winks,  
 A candle burns down in the socket, and stinks;  
 My Lord Tomnoddy  
 Has drunk all his toddy,—  
 And just as the dawn is beginning to peep,  
 The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly, oh! sweetly, the morning breaks,  
 With roseate streaks,  
 Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks;  
 Seem'd as that mild and clear blue sky  
 Smiled upon all things far and nigh,  
 On all—save the wretch condemn'd to die!  
 Alack! that ever so fair a Sun  
 As that which its course has now begun,  
 Should rise on the scene of such misery!—  
 Should gild with rays so light and free  
 That dismal, dark-frowning Gallows-tree!

And hark!—a sound comes, big with fate;  
 The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes—Eight!—  
 List to that low funereal bell  
 It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell!—  
 And see!—from forth that opening door  
 They come—He steps that threshold o'er  
 Who never shall tread upon threshold more!  
 —God! 'tis a fearsome thing to see  
 That pale wan man's mute agony;—

The glare of that wild, despairing eye,  
 Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to the sky,  
 As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear,  
 The path of the spirit's unknown career;  
 Those pinion'd arms, those hands that ne'er  
 Shall be lifted again,—not even in prayer;  
 That heaving chest! Enough—'tis done!  
 The bolt has fallen!—the spirit is gone—  
 For weal, or for woe is known but to One!—  
 —Oh! 'twas a fearsome sight!—Ah me!  
 A deed to *shudder* at,—not to see.



Again that clock! 'tis time, 'tis time!  
The hour is past: with its earliest chime;  
The cord is severed, the lifeless clay  
By "dungeon villains" is borne away,  
Ninc!—'twas the last concluding stroke!  
And then my Lord Tomnoddy awoke!  
And Tregooze, and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,  
And Captain M'Fuze, with the black on his nose;  
And they stared at each other, as much as to say,  
"Hollo! Hollo!"

Here's a rum Go!

Why, Captain!—my Lord!—Here's the devil to pay!  
The fellow's been cut down, and taken away!

What's to be done?

We've miss'd all the fun!—

Why, they'll laugh at and quiz us all over the town,  
We are all of us done so uncommonly brown!"

What *was* to be done?—'twas perfectly plain  
That they could not well hang the man over again.  
What *was* to be done?—The man was dead!  
Nought *could* be done—nought could be said;  
So—my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed!

In the case of reptiles, they all possess flat Heads, and most persons shrink from them almost by instinct. In like manner when seeing men with Heads flat like those of serpents, and snakes, we recoil therefrom because this conformation of Head is found to indicate craftiness, and cruelty. As a rule, the more symmetrical the body the better is the shape of the Head. In all depraved criminals we find an ugly Head, and generally also an ugly body. It is true that occasionally individuals are met-with who, though deformed, possess fine temperaments, being gentle, and affable in their manners; but these are exceptions to the rule. In most cases if we see an ugly Head, we also find an ugly body, and an ugly mind.

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As to what may be called Spiritual Heads,—those of persons impressed by supernatural beliefs, and pretensions—these are found almost invariably as possessed by individuals of highly Nervous Temperament. Ignatius Loyola (1491–1556), founder of the Order of the Jesuits, was deeply impressed by supernatural legends. He possessed a remarkably high coronal region of the Head, with a large brain, and an oval tapering face. *Per contra*, Marat, the French revolutionist (who was murdered by Charlotte Corday), exhibited an absence of moral, and religious sentiments. David Hume (1711–1776), the historian, was a sceptic, and an atheist. He had a low retreating forehead, and a flat crown of Head, with a square face, and a full fleshy chin. In Socrates, the face was ignoble, but the religious region large. Democritus, the Greek natural philosopher, who sought for natural rather than spiritual laws, had likewise a flat-top Head. John Knox, the Scottish Reformer, had a large region of the religious sentiments, but a broad pugnacious base of brain. His life was full of conflicts ; he was unforgiving, vehement even in his prayers, and in some things betraying a coarse nature. Robert Leighton (1611–1684), Archbishop of Glasgow, was a saint from his youth, given to mysticism, and abstraction from the world ; benevolent to a fault, and never out of temper. His Head was high, but without any undue breadth of the temples. His face was of the tapering Nervous character. Professor Owen (1804–1892) had a strongly developed imagination, and a great faculty

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for observing, but with a specially wide base of brain. He was much addicted to acrimonious controversy. Sir Humphrey Davy (1778–1829), another natural philosopher, had also a strongly developed imagination, but without the same excessive breadth of forehead at its base. Nevertheless, his forehead was high at the sides ; hence he was humane, and cultured.

Many years ago we knew intimately Daniel D. Home, the notorious spiritualist of that time. His fame, and alleged mystic powers had caused his reception by several crowned heads. Furthermore, his supposed alliance with the evil one had led to his authoritative banishment from the Papal dominions. At this moment we have his photographed face, and Head before us, inscribed below, “To *ourselves*, with the grateful, and affectionate regards of D. D. Home, November 29th, 1872.” His Physiognomy was a remarkable one, whilst his characteristics were altogether beyond ordinary comprehension. That he believed in himself, and was sincere in the main, could not be doubted. None the less, he could descend at times to questionable devices. His face was long, with high cheekbones, and a strongly developed chin ; the eyes being wild-looking, grey, and with large pupils. The nose was of the Grecian type, rather retroussé, but with wide nostrils ; his forehead was low ; his abundant hair curly. He possessed a remarkable memory, and wonderful powers of recitation. The following article appeared in one of our leading journals some twenty years ago :—

“For a modern story of a hypnotist behind a throne, we have only to go back to the days of the Second Empire. The time was not long after the Crimean War; and French society gradually became aware of the presence in its midst of a mysterious spiritualist, whom some said to be an American, and others a scion of the House of Hamilton. His name was Home; and he made his *début* under the auspices of the wife of the Russian Ambassador, then living apart from her husband, but not on that account excluded from society. He gave a *séance* at her house, and became the fashion. The news of his performance reached the ears of the Empress Eugénie, and he was summoned to give a *séance* at the Tuileries.

“At first that *séance* was troubled by the presence of sceptics. Though the lights were lowered, the table would not turn. The medium explained that the spirits were prevented from manifesting themselves by the incredulity of Count Walewski, the Foreign Minister, and the Duc de Bassano. The Emperor commanded these gentlemen to retire, and then the manifestations began. The table turned, the pictures swung to and fro on their nails, and the candelabra rose towards the ceiling, while an invisible accordion made mysterious music underneath the tablecloth, and one of the ladies felt the touch of a clammy hand on hers. From that hour the hypnotist began to establish himself in a safe position behind the throne.

“About this time a strange thing happened, which

might entirely have destroyed his influence. A distinguished Frenchman went to Home, begging that he would enable him to commune with the spirit of a woman who had been very dear to him. Home agreed to do so, and put his visitor alone in a room to await the promised vision. What happened then one cannot know; but when Home returned, he found his visitor lying, dead from heart failure, on the floor. Whether he had seen, or only imagined a vision, the presumption is that he had died of fright. Measures for the suppression of the medium were mooted, but the Empress declared that he was the victim of a plot, and protected him. He followed the Court everywhere,—to Fontainebleau, to Biarritz, —and gave his séances continually.

“Of one séance in particular the record has been preserved. It was given at Fontainebleau, in a kiosk, on a Sunday morning: and among those present were the Grand Duchess Stéphanie of Baden and her daughter, Mary Duchess of Hamilton. The manifestation this time took the form of a storm of invisible hailstones rattling against the kiosk window; and a voice was heard saying: ‘What are you doing here? This is not the place for you. It is Sunday, and you ought to be at church.’ The Empress, it is said, rose and hurried off, followed by all her companions, to her devotions. And on the way home there was a further manifestation in the drawing-room car of the train. The tables, and the cushions danced to such an extent that the little Prince Imperial cried, and had to be hushed to sleep.

“Naturally this sort of thing caused a scandal; and the medium had his enemies, who determined to get rid of him. Their opportunity came when he began to interfere with politics. One day he caused the spirits to trace with a mysterious pencil the sentence: ‘The Emperor ought to declare war, and liberate Italy from the Austrians.’ Then the idea spread that the medium was a secret agent from Berlin: and it was war to the knife between him and Count Walewski, who did not want to fight the Austrians. For a while indeed Home remained in favour, but not for long; and though the war with Austria took place, the hypnotist behind the throne who had helped to bring it about, was at last ejected. He lived for many years afterwards: and it is said that he ultimately died in Germany.”

At one of the so-called “sittings,” usually made up of four persons, each at one side of a small square card-table, in a well-lighted room, Daniel Home would sometimes pass into an apparent trance, and seem to become possessed with the individuality of another person; most commonly one who had departed this life (perhaps a celebrity), to disturb whose last sleep in this trivial manner would assuredly have been a sacrilege! Messages would then be delivered by alphabetical rappings on the table, addressed perhaps to one, or another of the sitters. But to tell the truth, these messages were usually of an unlikely sort, and unworthy of their assumed transmitters. Sometimes, indeed, the language in which they were expressed was ungrammatical, and vulgar.



It may be mentioned that Lord Crawford (recently deceased) was also one of the few distinguished men—Lord Dunraven was another—who are alleged to have seen the medium Home, by means of “levitation,” float out of one window, and in through another.

The authority for the “levitation” story may be found in the report of the proceedings of the London Dialectical Society, published by Longmans in 1871. Lord Crawford, then Master of Lindsay, gave on July 6, 1869, the following evidence of the occurrence before the society:—

“I saw the levitations in Victoria Street, when Home floated out of the window.

“He first went into a trance and walked about uneasily; he then went into the hall. While he was away I heard a voice whisper in my ear: ‘He will go out of one window and in at another.’

“I was alarmed, and shocked at the idea of so dangerous an experiment. I told the company what I had heard, and we then waited for Home’s return.

“Shortly after we entered the room I heard the window go up, but I could not see it, for I sat with my back to it. I, however, saw his shadow on the opposite wall.

“He went out of the window in a horizontal position, and I saw him outside the other window (that in the next room) floating in the air. It was 85 feet from the ground. There was no balcony along the windows, merely a string course, an inch and a half wide. Each window had a small plant-stand, but there was no connection with these.

"I have no theory to explain such things. I have tried to find out how they are done; but the more I studied them, the more satisfied was I that they could not be explained by mere mechanical trick. I have had the fullest opportunity for investigation.

"I once saw Home in full light standing in the air seventeen inches from the ground."

Amongst other well-known persons of that period who were witnesses of Home's mediumship, and regarded it in a sympathetic spirit, were Lord Adare (now Lord Dunraven), Mr. Gerald Massey, Mr. Cromwell F. Varley, Dr. Gully, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, and, of course, Sir William Crookes, who made the most patient and thorough examination of various phases of the supernormal phenomena.

Not many weeks after this wonderful incident had occurred, we ourselves, while talking familiarly with Mr. Home about it, took occasion to ask him whether or not he felt frightened when finding himself so strangely elevated many feet above the ground, without any visible means of support. He replied. "No; not at all." He remembered looking down, and seeing a policeman far below him in the roadway.

The late Lord Crawford was one of the few peers who can claim to have seen a sea-serpent. The adventure happened during one of his cruises in his yacht, the *Valhalla*, among the South Sea Islands.

The story is told by Mr. J. Nicoll in his account of the trip in *Three Voyages of a Naturalist*. In December, 1905, the vessel was about fourteen miles from the coast of Brazil, near Para, when a creature of

most extraordinary form, and proportions was sighted about ten o'clock in the morning :—

“ I was leaning on the rail of the poop-deck,” says Mr. Nicoll, “ when a large fin suddenly appeared close to the ship at a distance of about fifty yards. This fin resembled that of no fish I had previously seen. We watched it together for several minutes. As we passed slowly by, a long eel-like neck, surmounted by a head shaped somewhat like that of a turtle, rose out of the water in front of the fin.”

“ This creature remained in sight for a few minutes, but we soon drew ahead of it, and it became lost to view, owing to the ripple of the water.

“ This creature was an example, I consider, of what has been so often reported, for want of a better name, as the ‘ great sea-serpent.’ I feel sure, however, that it was not a reptile that we saw, but a mammal. It is, of course, impossible to be certain of this, but the general appearance of the creature, especially the soft, almost rubber-like, fin, gave one such an impression.”

There is, in an article—“ Stranger than Fiction ”—published in an early number of the *Cornhill Magazine* (vol. ii., p. 211), an account of a marvellous “ sitting ” which was held in the house of Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton), whereat Thackeray was represented. Amongst other wonderful things which then happened, Home was visibly “ levitated ” upwards from his chair to the ceiling, on which he made a distinct pencil-mark. At the same time an accordion in a distant unoccupied

part of the same room played weird music of its own execution, without the aid of hands.

“ ’Twas in the middle of the night,  
To sleep young William tried,  
When Mary’s ghost came stealing in,  
And stood at his bedside.

“ ‘ O, William, dear ! O, William, dear !  
My rest eternal ceases ;  
Alas ! my everlasting peace  
Is broken into pieces.

“ ‘ The body-snatchers, they have come,  
And made a snatch at me ;  
It’s very hard them kind of men  
Won’t let a body be !

“ ‘ You thought that I was buried deep,  
Quite decent-like, and chary ;  
But from her grave in Mary-bone  
They’ve been, and boned your Mary !

“ ‘ The arm that us’d to take your arm  
Is took to Dr. Vyse ;  
And both my legs have gone to walk  
The Hospital at Guy’s.

“ ‘ As for my feet, the little feet  
You used to call so pretty,  
There’s one, I know, in Bedford Row,  
The other’s in the City.

“ ‘ I can’t tell where my head is gone ;  
But Dr. Carpus can ;  
As for my trunk, it is packed up  
To go by Piekford’s van.

“ ‘ The cock, it crows—I must be gone !  
My William, we must part !  
But I’ll be yours in death, although  
Sir Astley has my heart.

“ ‘ Don’t go to weep upon my grave,  
And think that there I be ;  
They hav’n’t left an atom there  
Of my anatomic ! ’ ”

*Hood.*

But putting aside the cap and bells as almost out of place for this occasion, let us rather listen attentively to the grave words of solace chanted so melodiously by Longfellow, the "sweet Psalmist of America," respecting—

"THE FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

"When the hours of Day are numbered,  
And the voices of the Night  
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight ;

"Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful firelight  
Dance upon the parlour wall ;

"Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door ;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more.

"He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the road-side fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life.

"They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spake with us on earth no more.

"And with them the Being Beauteous,  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

"With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

"And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies.

“ Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
 Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
 Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
 Breathing from her lips of air.

“ O, though oft depressed and lonely,  
 All my fears are laid aside,  
 If I but remember only  
 Such as *these have lived*, and died.”

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow wrote “The Footsteps of Angels” (1835) in commemoration of his first wife (Mary Potter), who died four years after their marriage. His second wife was most sadly burnt to death by her light summer dress catching fire whilst playing with her children.

“ There is no Death ! What seems so is transition ;  
 This life of mortal breath  
 Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,  
 Whose portal we call Death.”

“ *Resignation.*”

“ The dominant science of to-morrow will be Psychology,” says Dr. Charles Whitby, in *The Doctor and His Work* (an admirable little book just issued, the text of which is written in such English as affords æsthetic pleasure of an unusual kind) “ as understood in the widest possible sense. It is already evident that the suffering mind is as legitimate a part of the medical sphere as the suffering body ; and that the ills of the body cannot be satisfactorily dealt with apart from those of the soul, or even of the spirit.” Quite recently there was published in *The British Medical Journal* a report of a Committee appointed to investigate the subject of Spiritual Healing. This was preceded by



a special number devoted to contributions from leaders of the profession, and others, on the possibilities of Occultism, the alleged miracles of Lourdes, of Christian Science, and of Faith Healing. "The significance can scarcely be exaggerated of the silent revolution in the attitude of the scientific mind towards these hitherto tabooed problems. This much may at least be said, that we are evidently upon the threshold of a new medical era, which may be defined in advance as that of Psychological Medicine." Bacteriology is the present prevailing sphere of research. So, as we have said, the dominant science of to-morrow in medicine will be Psychology.

The Americans, thin-skinned, highly emotional, and impressionable, are much more readily influenced by psychic agencies than we stolid Britishers. This fact was forcibly proved during the war between North and South. When, at the beginning, the flag was shot down at Sumter, the whole country quivered with emotion. And, it being a known fact that the feeling of great numbers always tends to utterance in song, the people of the North wanted to sing. But there was no National Anthem which seemed to fit the occasion. The time had come for a new generation of men to possess new lyrics. The great theme of the war called for a new song, which should strike a chord hitherto untouched. No sooner, therefore, had civil war been proclaimed than there came into being, as if by magic, and inspiration, a new strange song, with its weird enchanting chorus : a song which kept in unison with the steady tramp

of the armies on their way to the field of battle. This "John Brown" song has been called "a spontaneous generation of the uprising of the North." "John Brown's Body," and the almost religious enthusiasm of the words, blended so closely with the exciting trend of the music as to make it an almost irresistible force in arousing a spirit of patriotism amongst the soldiers. The hanging of John Brown on a tree by the Southerners (December 2nd, 1859), was one of the most significant events which led to the actual rebellion. He suffered as a martyr through being thus executed at Charlestown. When Webster's famous regiment started for the front, it electrified New York by marching to this song (rendered with a power, and feeling never heard before):—

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave ;  
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave ;  
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave ;  
But his soul goes marching on !

"Glory, glory ! Hallelujah !  
Glory, glory ! Hallelujah !  
Glory, glory ! Hallelujah !  
His soul goes marching on."

"Why"—as is stated in *The Stories of Great National Songs* (1899)—"the undistinguishable name of John Brown should have been whispered by four million slaves, or incorporated into an Anthem which thrilled great nations with delight, and inspiration, still remains in the realm of mystery." The soldiers when on the march started another preliminary verse :—

“ John Brown is hanging on a sour apple tree !  
John Brown is hanging on a sour apple tree !  
John Brown is hanging on a sour apple tree !  
But his soul goes marching on !

“ Glory ! glory ! Hallelujah !  
Glory ! glory ! Hallelujah !  
Glory ! glory ! Hallelujah !  
But his soul goes marching on ! ”

These words were sung to the tune of the Hallelujah Chorus. Later on, in December, 1861, Julia Ward Howe wrote, as if by inspiration, to the same tune, (springing out of her bed for the purpose),—“ The Battle Hymn of the Republic,” in words of living power :—

“ Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord :  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored ;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword ;  
His truth is marching on !  
“ He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat :  
Oh ! be swift, my soul, to answer him ! be jubilant, my feet !  
Our God is marching on ! ”

This hymn is known wherever the English language is spoken. Their music made the words of “ John Brown’s Body ” famous ; but Mrs. Howe’s matchless “ Battle Song ” has made the melody immortal.

Having now carefully epitomized the Head, and the Facial features, (singly, and collectively) of the passer-by, concerning whose character, and attributes we are trying to speculate within ourselves ; also likewise of the acquaintance, or friend of whom we are enabled to take more deliberate stock ; we can

straightway proceed some steps further in our mental problem. It becomes important to form a judgment as to the pose of the head on the neck ; as to the kind of neck under notice ; as to the general figure and deportment of our examinee ; as to his, or her, immediate mode of behaving ; as to the limbs, and their extremities—the hands and the feet ; finally, too, as to the dress, and the manner in which it is being worn. But before quitting the Facial aspect as a whole, so as to take up these questions concerning the bodily proportions, and lineaments generally, some few further particulars remain to be noticed. Thus, as to the Complexion, and the Cheeks.

Full Cheeks, with a cheerful face, all round, tell of a contented placid disposition. Such a rounded fullness of the Cheeks outwards and upwards from the mouth, denotes a love of liquids, and a special capability for absorbing them. Again, a general width, and fullness of the Cheeks, with a large mouth, show the possession of a superior appetite ; whilst narrowness of the Cheeks announces the reverse. Do you see a clear rosy carnation of Cheek ? This promises candour, gentleness, and liberality ; whereas a livid complexion is very suspicious :—treachery, rancour, and dark vindictive designs are likely to lurk underneath the same. Through knowing this fact Julius Cæsar was able to reassure his friends who warned him against Antony, and Dolabella. “ No, no,” said he, “ their fresh, and ruddy Complexions warrant easy, and festive dispositions. ’Tis in those pale, and meagre figures,”

—pointing to Brutus and Cassius,—“where all the danger lies ; they indeed are to be feared.” “Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look ; I like him not.” Much as melancholy has little or no share in the rosy-countenanced, so are those of lurid face strangers to hilarity. Yet it may happen that the alacrity of a person highly coloured as to visage is great for a time, though not lasting ; whereas in a pale-countenanced man it will hold out to the end, and is always ready at call. The hasty man (who is the best-natured creature in the world) is sure to be of a flushed face ; whereas the man of dark temper, whose latent fire never goes out, possesses a sallow, or lurid aspect of face.

In Scripture we read that David, who kept his father's sheep, was “but a youth, and ruddy, and of fair countenance” when he boldly withstood Goliath, the Philistine giant, casting him down with a sling and a stone. We are assured, moreover, that David must have been endowed with remarkable gifts of mind, and skill of hand. “And Saul's servants said unto him, Behold now, an evil spirit from God troubleth thee. Let our lord now command thy servants, which are before thee, to seek out a man, who is a cunning player on an harp : and it shall come to pass, when the evil spirit from God is upon thee, that he shall play with his hand, and thou shalt be well. And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp, and played with his hand : so Saul was refreshed, and was

well, and the evil spirit departed from him." Likewise Daniel, a child "in whom there was no blemish, but well favoured, and skilful in all wisdom, and cunning in knowledge, and understanding science," after refusing to defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, and with the wine which he drank, but praying to be kept for ten days on pulse to eat, and water to drink, that he might then have his countenance proved before Melzar, the prince of the eunuchs. "At the end of ten days his countenance appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat."

Shakespeare has told us, "Where unbruised youth, with unstuffed brain, doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign."

"Look at pictures of the women of the 'sixties, 'seventies, 'eighties, even 'nineties. We unanimously pronounce them 'frights.' Not only their costumes have gone out of fashion, but their figures, and their faces, their expressions, and the way they did their hair. Even those who were considered the prettiest of their day would not be allowed in the present day to be even good-looking.

"Go further back, and the same strange phenomenon faces us still. The 'beauties' of the Court of Charles II, whom Sir Peter Lely painted, and who are all alike, make us gasp in amazement. Then come nearer, come to within a few years ago, and still we have cause to marvel. The girls of 1902 look to us all wrong. They bulge where



they should be concave: they are curving where they should be straight.

"Then, after this test, make another. Analyse the pretty girl of to-day. She is very slim, and sinuous. That is her dressmaker's doing. Her hat shades just enough of her face to make it mysterious and interesting. That she owes to some clever milliner. Her expression is 'frosty but kindly' (to borrow old Adam's phrase), her brows are level, her eyes fearless, her lips and chin determined. She looks like that because it is the fashion, because she sees the look in pictures, and reads stories about heroines of that type."

A portrait-painter who has made a special study of types of English beauty, when consulted on the point declared: "Of course Irish girls are pretty—some of them. I may add that there are others. The pretty ones have 'Irish eyes.' That is often their one beauty. Their features are apt to be irregular. For regularity of features commend me to Scottish lassies. In Argyllshire, or in the Lowlands, one sees many faces perfect in form.

"For the best Complexions we must go to Devon. The soft air, and the damp, give Cheeks a delicious roundness, and freshness. The Lancashire climate is good for the skin, too. Welsh girls are often handsome. The western winds laden with moisture blow upon them: and mountains almost always produce a good-looking race."

"But after all, you see as many pretty girls in London as you can find anywhere. The special

charm of London girls is their vivacity. They have not the 'chic' in costume of the French, or Americans. Yet they are more attractive than either. They look softer than the Americans, and daintier than the French.

"They are not easy to paint. Their charm is elusive. It lies in their expression, and in quick changes of feature. It is the statuesquely beautiful women whom one can paint with least difficulty. In this country they are rare. But we have every kind of beauty except that."

"Why so pale, and wan, fond lover?  
 Prithee, why so pale?  
 Will, when looking well can't move her,  
 Looking ill prevail?  
 Prithee, why so pale?"

"Cur tener palles amator  
 Fare, cur palles?  
 Quod rubenti denegatur  
 Tunc pallens id feres?  
 Fare, cur palles?"

Hamlet (in the Churchyard) takes up a Skull;  
 "Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy! Where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come."

"Pallida Morsaequo puisat pede pauperum tabernas,  
 Regumque turres."

In Cornwall, if a person's Cheek burns, then it is

supposed that someone is talking scandal of him, or her :—

“ Right Cheek ! Right Cheek ! Why do you burn ?  
Cursed be she that wisheth me harm !  
If she be a maid let her be stayed !  
If she be a widow long let her mourn !  
But if it be my own true love,  
Burn, Cheek ! burn ! ”

Facial Wrinkles appear sooner in a man than in a woman ; and they are deeper in nervous men, whose faces are very mobile. For such Wrinkles there is no possible remedy, either of prevention, or cure. It would be as well to try and stay the wings of Time. A Spanish proverb says truly, “ The teeth lie, the hair deceives, but Wrinkles correct the deception.” However, a natural and sovereign remedy consists in growing stout at the period when Wrinkles are wont to appear ; thus the skin stretches, and the folds which are beginning to form postpone their dreaded appearance. On the contrary, nothing is more fatal than, after having been fat up to forty, to grow thin at the wrinkling age. A plan will sometimes serve to postpone the advent of wrinkled cheeks, while preserving for a while their freshness of colour and their contour, if they are stimulated for a couple of minutes every night and morning with rather stiff brushing ; but not so hard as to excoriate the skin. Transverse Wrinkles of the forehead are normal in the healthy man after forty. Vertical Wrinkles of the forehead appear earlier in men who devote themselves to brain work. Arched Wrinkles, which are found in the middle lower forehead, when

appearing early, tell of long physical or mental suffering. "Crows' feet" are formed by Wrinkles which radiate from the outer corners of the eyes.

"What different dooms our birthdays bring!  
For instance, one little mannikin thing  
Survives to wear many a Wrinkle;  
While death forbids another to wake,  
And a sun that it took nine moons to make  
Expires without even a twinkle!

"Into the world we come like ships,  
Launched from the docks, and stocks, and slips,  
For fortune fair or fatal;  
And one little craft is cast away  
In its very first trip into Babbicombe Bay,  
While another rides safe at Port Natal."

Perpendicular Wrinkles in the forehead, immediately above the nose, together with horizontal Wrinkles, or a single Wrinkle across the root of the nose at its junction with the forehead, are unfailing signs that the person exhibiting these frontal markings is given to intent consecutive thought on the subject occupying the mind, and attention. When the mind remains thus riveted upon one subject repeatedly time after time, the brows at the top of the nose become drawn together, so that finally they remain fixed in the positions so often assumed, with a Wrinkle or two, of a vertical form, dividing the series. Among animals, a tabby cat when full grown frequently exhibits such frontal Wrinkles, acquired by long close consecutive watching after mice.

Proceeding to treat of the Neck—a pillar of more or less beauty and strength—this gives support to

the head, and enables it to move and turn freely. It is sometimes long and slender; sometimes stout and strong. The Neck is a very characteristic feature of the frame. In its uprightness, or its being bent forward, we may note marked traits of character, and personal qualities. Nature has given long Necks to animals likely to be hunted, and to somewhat silly creatures. The giraffe, and the ostrich may be quoted as instances of this fact. As to the silliness indeed, what better example can we have than the goose? Strong courageous animals are short-Necked and stubborn-Necked; witness the bull, the lion, and the buffalo. Big animals are slow in movement. If they were not so, the smaller, and those with less strength, would stand little or no chance. In the nursery story (always conveying its moral) Jack killed the ponderous giants by the activity and quickness of a lighter frame.

The bending of the Neck is submissive. We bow our heads in reverence and prayer. If the head is habitually carried in a bent-forward position, the individual is probably thoughtful and introspective. If it be borne sideways, its bearer is somewhat affected, being an insinuating pleasant chatty person, who is a bit vain, and likes to enjoy life. Again, despondent folk naturally look down; whilst cheerful, hopeful, ambitious persons look up.

A long Neck generally denotes the Nervous Temperament. Mr. A. Stewart, F.R.C.S., writing about Temperaments, has told us, "The first day I was struck by the length of Neck being a fundamental

characteristic of the Nervous Temperament, I walked leisurely from Charing Cross to St. Paul's, observing faces all the way: and having seen no exception to this supposed rule, I was congratulating myself on its proof, when near the end of my ramble I saw a gentleman walking slowly towards me, having a broad forehead, with the face tapering to a narrow chin, and with small features, yet seemingly a short, very short, Neck. Disheartened, I was about to discard my new view, when on his nearer approach I saw that chronic asthma had drawn his shoulders up, and shortened his naturally long Neck. The seeming exception helped to prove the rule. In other such cases the beard, or the dress, is often in the way of accurate observation as to whether the Neck is long, or short. However, it may be taken for granted that if the face and the features are wide the Neck is always short."

Chaucer (*Canterbury Tales*) speaks of the Pardoner when preaching, "Then pain me to stretchen forth my Neck, and east and west upon the people I beck, as doth a dove when sitting upon a barn."

If the head is thrown back as though in a stiff-necked person, this indicates pride, vanity, and a spirit of defiance.

"A deer with a Neck that is longer by half  
Than the rest of his family—try not to laugh—  
By stretching, and stretchen becomes a giraffe;  
Or a very tall pig, with a very long nose,  
Sends out a proboscis right down to his toes,  
And then by the name of an elephant goes."

Herr Louis Kuhne, of Germany, bases his system



of medical diagnosis on an examination of the head and Neck, this being done on the theory that encumbrances of the body with morbid matters are invariably indicated by changes which occur in the shape, colour, and form of these parts. Thus, a person perfectly free from foreign matters constitutionally, will have a naturally-shaped head and Neck. The head will be small, and well formed, the forehead smooth and free from wrinkles, the eyes open, clear, and quiet; the nose in the middle, straight, and not slanting; the mouth central, and kept shut, the lips not hanging over; the face will be oval, with a boundary line from the tip of each ear to the Neck; the chin neither too long, nor too short; the Neck well set, also neither too long, nor too short, and showing no tension, nor turning. The head will not be bald; and from the back of the head there will be a defined boundary line. The bearing of the head will be strong, straight, and firm, however old the person may be. The complexion of the chin will be neither too red, nor yellow, brown, nor grey. Any encumbrance of morbid matter reveals itself as a front, back, or side encumbrance, or a mixture of all three. A back encumbrance (denoting something importantly wrong) is shown by the want, or lessening, of a boundary line from the back of the head to the Neck; also by the colour of the Neck behind, and with tension at the back of the Neck, this being sometimes so marked that the head cannot turn properly. With every such encumbrance the digestive organs are at fault.

As to the Build of the Body, this is as a rule heavy, or thick-set, in persons of the first three Temperaments,—the Sanguine, the Bilious, and the Lymphatic; whereas in those of narrow bodily build the Temperament is Nervous, the face being then tapering, whilst the disposition is gentler than in the other Temperaments, which are more of a matter-of-fact nature than intellectual. Mr. Galton has explained that favourite pursuits, and interests are definite expressions of character, and Temperament. It has been pertinently observed that our fathers in medicine of the last century, or the last but one, if they could be brought from their graves, would have to be told what we mean in the present day by "Nervousness." But assuredly this is a delicate Temperament, feeling pain more acutely than the others, and more liable to constitutional disturbance. The distinctive features of the Nervous person are greater sensibility, and more rapid movement. Sir James Crichton-Browne, in his *Book of Health*, says: "From the Nervous to the Lymphatic Temperament, through the Sanguine, and the Bilious, with intermediate Temperaments compounded of these, there ensues a gradual diminution in the rate of nerve action, and in the fineness of quality of the nerve substance." Thus, it may be you are speaking to one of this (Nervous) Temperament; he sees the conclusion of your sentence before it is finished, and probably helps you to finish it, beginning his reply while you are still speaking. He asks you to do some little

thing for him ; but before you can perform it he does it himself. "Persons of this Nervous Temperament are those who make great orators, great preachers, the leading diffusers of moral influences." "The celebrated William Hunter, brother of the still more famous John Hunter, was a well-marked example," says Professor Laycock, "of the Nervous Temperament. His small dapper person, small limbs, small mobile features, thin nose-wings and lips, were strikingly characteristic, as well as his active habits, and power of continuous labour." Again, to-day, Lord Roberts, the most distinguished soldier of our time, is a conspicuous instance of a Temperament mainly Nervous. He has happily reached his eightieth birthday, whilst still to the fore in military zeal, and energy of interest. We have already instanced Charles Dickens as displaying his special ownership of this Nervous Temperament in a marked degree. The invariable tendency of education is towards producing this Temperament. It is highly sensitive to alcohol, and tea.

"If wine be poison, so is tea ;  
It's death in either shape ;  
What matter whether we are killed  
By ' canister,' or ' grape.' "

Mr. Galton says : "One fine Sunday afternoon I sat with a friend by the walk in Kensington Gardens which leads to the bridge, and which on such occasions is thronged by promenaders. It was agreed between us that whichever caught sight

of a typical John Bull should call the attention of the other. We sat, and watched keenly for many minutes, but neither of us found occasion to utter a word." Dr. Alexander Stewart says about this: "Probably every third or fourth person who passed Mr. Galton and his friend was a foreigner; at the same time the English passers-by, being chiefly of the educated class, made it a matter scarcely to be expected that typical John Bulls would be amongst them. Nevertheless they still exist. At the Agricultural Hall, let us say on a Smithfield Show day, Mr. Galton and his friend would not have sat long silent; neither would they in the Kensington Gardens, if they had been on the look-out for the tapering face and the slim build of the Nervous Temperament."

The Consumptive constitution is discernible by a slender, long, forwardly-inclined neck, where the blue veins are very visible; by a narrow, and ill-formed chest; by a slim body, with long and thin limbs; by a white and delicate skin; by waving, light-coloured hair; by a prolonged and tapering nose; by very pronounced jaws; and by the size of the eyes, which are very open, and most commonly blue. Individuals of this constitution are of extreme sensibility; they talk much, eat and sleep little, love light literature, and are given to recreative dissipation. There is another variety of phthisical person who is wasted, and squat in body, with disproportionately long limbs; the character is feeble, and indecisive, without the

gentleness, and delicacy of feature proper to those first-named.

“These are a sort of men, whose visages  
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond.”

The consciousness of being well Dressed gives an inward tranquillity of mind which religion is powerless to bestow. When the reverse is the case, there is a sense of mental discomfort which spoils sport altogether. A man in morning Dress among “swallow-tails” and white ties, is sure to be uncomfortable. Again, no tidy person is ever ill-equipped in the matter of boots and gloves. These may be old, or considerably worn, but they are not untidy, or in holes. Yet the restless busy man will not be gloved at all; or if so, he will have gloves too large for his hands, so as to be quickly pulled off, and having only one button on each. He has no time to spare for buttoning gloves. The person who devotes too much time to his personal appearance is idle and lazy, as contrasted with the steady, plainly attired person who nevertheless looks neat and tidy, eschewing loud colours, and brilliant ties. The scientist, or the philanthropist, whose “soul is above buttons,” has no regard for foppery. He likes clothes which cannot hamper his actions, and he thinks so little about himself that he disregards appearances.

“A man’s garment,” saith *The Wisdome of the Sonne of Sirach*, “and his excessive laughter, and going, declare what person he is.”

Horace has written thus (*Satire I, Lib. 3, 30*):—

“ Rideri possit, eo quod  
Rusticius tonso toga defluit, et male latus  
In pede calceus hæret ? At est bonus, ut melior vir  
Non alius quisquam ; at tibi amicus ; at ingenium ingens  
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore.”

“ Is hair ill-cut ? does robe that awkward flows  
O’er his large shoes, to raillery expose  
The man you love ? Yet is he not posset  
Of virtues with which very few are blest ?  
While underneath this rude uncouth disguise  
A genius of extensive knowledge lies ! ”

But of course this personal negligence may be carried too far. The lower a person descends in his own estimation the commoner he seems. Then, if his mind becomes wanting in refinement, his outward frame continues to follow suit. His soul incurs the risk of growing subservient to the mere animal instincts and tastes. Therefore, as concerning the personal appearance, and manners :—

“ Let each one learn to know himself ;  
To gain that knowledge let him labour :  
Correct those failings of his own  
Which he despises in his neighbour.”

A familiar proverb puts it thus : “ A man’s reception ” (when seeking employment) “ is according to his coat ; his dismissal according to his sense.” Again, “ Good Clothes open all doors.”

“ We all know the broad-shouldered blustering man who stands with his feet apart, gesticulating with his stick, and who bullies you by simply shouting, if you will let him. His Clothes are generally full large ; he has freedom—for himself.



He owns a good wide back, with a not ill-natured fall in the shoulders. For all his roaring he is a tame lion, being sociable by disposition, and fond of his meals. He swaggers a bit, but dresses neatly, and wears his hat straight. You can tell his attributes from his gait, and gestures. His walk is rather gentle than otherwise." "Take another specimen: a long-haired grey-haired person, with gently bowed head, and patient mien. He is thoughtful, wearing ample boots, and easy clothes, not studiously in the fashion of the day. He is 'of the old school,' you will say, and might be one of the Brothers Cheeryble (in *Nicholas Nickleby*); and you will not be far from the truth in your conjecture. This gentleman is a philanthropist; and if his hat were removed would be seen to possess flowing grey locks, on a rounded somewhat lofty head, with full-sized organs of Benevolence, and Veneration." Again, the thick-necked, short-haired, greasy man's back need scarcely be particularized. With his hat thrown back from the arrogant forehead, the butcher or the shop-assistant stands confessed. Thus it is that the Clothes, and the manner of wearing them, have much to tell as to the character of their wearer.

Respecting Dress, Richard Jefferies has written in his *Field and Hedgerow*: "A July fly clinging to tall grass, and showing his scarlet spots, of the loveliest colour, on his wings, was seen, all he having to do when hieing in the wind over the grasses, being to whirl about his scarlet spots in the

brilliant sun, to rest when he liked, and go on again. I wonder whether it is a joy to have bright scarlet spots, and to be clad in the purple and gold of life. Is the colour felt by the creature that wears it? The rose, restful of a dewy morn, before the sunbeams have topped the garden wall, must feel a joy in its own fragrance, and know the exquisite hue of its stained petals! The rose sleeps in its beauty."

"Colour was a passion with Charles Dickens, manifested not seldom in a somewhat crude and barbarous form. He revelled in profusions, and in sudden shocks of strong colour; not only to look upon, but likewise to wear. He was capable of combining a bright green waistcoat with a vivid scarlet tie, and with a huge bouquet in his buttonhole; or of wearing a sky-blue coat with red cuffs, together with an enormous gold chain, and a tie-pin. But these trifling eccentricities endeared him the more perhaps to his friends, who appreciated the true lovable worth of the man."

Shakespeare, in *Hamlet*, makes old Polonius, when giving advice to his son Laertes, speak thus:—

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

Elsewhere we read of:—

"An honest man—close-buttoned to the chin;  
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within."

We read in *The Physiognomy and Expression of Emotions* (*Contemporary Science Series*, 1904): "The mobility of Dress exercises a very great influence on

the æsthetic, and the bodily expressions. It is sufficient in this connection to note our European garments, in which we are, as it were, imprisoned; and the mobility of the old Roman pallium; also of the present garments of India. The limited mobility of our clothes certainly adapts us better for the various tasks of our laborious and striving existence, but its concealment of expression, and frequent disfigurement of the anatomical beauty of our bodies, are the chief despair of modern art.”

“Every emotion, every passion, every intellectual labour can find some expression in the Clothing. Character can express itself partly in the way in which we move our garments; so that the most ordinary observers may distinguish in this way the appearance of the miser, and the prodigal, the candid man and the hypocrite, the neat man, and the untidy. The histrionic expression also of many poems is strengthened by gestures conveyed by Clothing. Anyone who has had the good fortune to see the great Italian actor, Gustavo Modena, will never forget the high art with which as Orestes he played jovially with his Greek chlamys; or, as the dying Louis XI, convulsively caressed his royal mantle.”

Hamlet—as we all know—gave this advice to the Actors: “Nor not saw the air too much with your hand thus; but use all gently”—“suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o’erstep not the modesty of nature.”

“ Finally, the stick, which is not a garment, nor adapted to any part of our body, is carried variously by different individuals, and is able to express the emotion which agitates us, whether joy, or sadness, anger, or annoyance.”

There is a familiar story told of an American Indian who was expostulated with for dressing only in a blanket, in the depth of winter, with deep snow on the ground. “ But, ugh ! ” he replied, “ ugh ! you no cover your face.” “ No,” said his questioner, “ there is no necessity ; my face is not cold.” “ Ugh ! ” answered the Indian, “ me all face.” It is not difficult for our readers to see the point of the Indian’s reply. In the States “ to have worn the blanket ” is an imputation, when applied to one’s immediate progenitors, signifying that the person addressed is of Indian descent.

“ Youth,” says Shakespeare, “ no less becomes the light and careless livery that it wears, than settled age his sables and his weeds.”

Respecting the Dress of our women, particularly as regards the stays, or corset, much newspaper comment has lately been made thereupon.

“ ‘ The perfect figure,’ said the Hon. John Collier, ‘ is the Venus of Milo. Nothing better, more robust, or healthier has ever been reproduced by an artist, and the further away you get from that ideal the less perfect is your figure.

“ ‘ The great difference between the ideal perfect figure and that of the ultra-modern woman is that the former is natural, and the latter unnatural. A

comparison between the statues of males and females left us by the Greeks shows that in reality there is a great similarity between the perfect form of both. The modern woman attempts to accentuate what differences there are. She wants a small waist, and as a consequence her hips protrude. It is quite unnatural, and cannot be beautiful from an artistic point of view.' But the modern girl of athletic pursuits acquires a tall lanky figure, with a large waist, a flat chest, and narrow hips.

"Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., was even more outspoken. 'A thin, wasp-like waist,' he said, 'is one of the most hideous things; and the effect of corsets on our modern women has been to destroy their natural beauty of form. The shoulders have been raised, the neck is tending to disappear, the head is thrust forward, the arms no longer fall gracefully, and when seated she sits higher, and stiffer than men because she is held in the grip of a tube. The perfect figure—such as the Venus of Milo—must be founded on a woman of perfect health, whose every action is free, and unchecked, and whose whole body has undergone a perfect even development, admitting of neither the neglect of one portion of the figure, nor the accentuation of another. Apart from all hygienic considerations, which in themselves are strong enough to condemn the use of stays, the modern corset is fatal to a good natural figure.' " After all, as an old adage teaches, "the body is sooner dressed than the soul."

"When I was" (Max O'Rell says in *Rambles in*

*Womanland*) “ in South Africa, I invariably admired the manner in which the Kaffir, and Zulu women walked, and held themselves. On watching them I often exclaimed, ‘ If English women, with their pretty faces, and figures, with their beautiful skin, and complexion, could only walk, and carry themselves as these women do, they would have few rivals in the world.’ It is by walking barefooted, and carrying everything on their heads, that the women of Kaffirland, and Zululand learn to walk so well, to hold their heads up, to bring their chests forward, to throw back their shoulders, and give to their gait that gentle swing which is so dainty and graceful.”

Passing on now to speak about the Arms, and the Hands, of the person under our amateur Physiognomical guess-work, it is a matter of interest to observe how he, or she, carries these limbs. A trustworthy man holds his Hands at the side, with the fingers partially closed, not hanging limp but not wide open. By contrast, the deceitful untruthful man closes his fingers over the palm, as if hiding the workings of the mind. Hands carried at the side, whilst dangling in a limp, and lifeless manner, show indecision of character, the owner of such Hands being mentally lazy. If, however, whilst the Hands are hanging at the sides, the fists are tightly closed, the condition is then indicated of one labouring under some great determination of purpose ; a very strong resolution being



thus portrayed. The bullying person carries his Arms in a "bow-legged" fashion, with the fists firmly clenched. The slippery being, who is hypocritical though adroit, rubs the Hands together as if washing them, at the same time assuming a cringing attitude, with a slight stoop, and with the head bowed forwards. Witness, for instance, Uriah Heep, in *David Copperfield*, as drawn by Phiz.

"The body should be an instrument capable of infinite expression, so that the person of an actor should interpret not only his own moods and thoughts, but likewise the rhythm and purpose of the whole piece in which he is taking a part." It is difficult to express any great emotion without the help of the Hands. Obviously, in acting, every movement of the Arms and the Hands is governed by the brain; and therefore must depend much on the individual reading of the part. For instance, Forbes Robertson, "the most gracious actor living," when playing "Hamlet," soliloquizes with his Hands throughout the tragedy. Again, the Hands of his Shylock are those of a money-lender. "So far as the Hands are concerned, from the point of view of giving expression, the generality of English actors and actresses are behind those who have studied in Continental schools of acting. The Hands of the really artistic actor should be as important to him in the expression of his art, in conveying a sense of the emotions he would portray, as are the Hands of a clock to those who wish to know the time."

When the Arms and Hands swing to and fro while their owner is walking, impetuosity may be read. Much movement of the Hands betokens loquacity ; whilst trembling Hands (unless from old age) characterize the nervous and highly-strung subject. If the Arms are free, they follow the rhythm of the walk. Place yourself at a closed window, and observe the passers-by ; they all move their Arms ; and some by this movement alone serve to tell whether they are angry or annoyed, sad or glad. Likewise, without making reference to a thermometer, we can, by observing the passers-by, judge of the degree of temperature outside, according as they wear a light mantle or a substantial overcoat. In warmer countries than ours, the naked man walks best. Nevertheless the clothed Orientals give to their walking gestures a grace, and majesty which can scarcely be imagined by those who have not seen them.

As to the Classes of Hands, there are three distinct types, denoted by the shape of the Finger tips as seen from the back of the Hand. These are called respectively from their shape, the "Square," the "Spatulate"—so named from the broad-bladed blunt knife with which a druggist spreads his ointments—and the "Conic." Certain intermediate combinations of types, through the influences of heredity, are common.

The Hand of a doctor should have a square palm, with spatulate Fingers, long in their lowermost bone. "As regards the patient, his mental attitude towards

the fee cannot be more tersely described than in the famous epigram of Enricus Cordus :—

“ ‘ Tres medicus facies habet : unam quando rogatur  
Angelicam ; mox est cum juvat ipse Deus.  
Post ubi curato poscit sua præmia morbo  
Horridus apparet terribilisque Sathan. ” ’

“ Which for the benefit of future doctors of the learned University of London may be English’d thus :—

“ ‘ Three faces hath the Doctor : when we’re ill  
He seems an Angel ; when he’s cured the evil,  
God’s self we deem him ; when the little bill  
Comes in long after, he’s the very D——l ! ’ ”

In the soldier, we look for a large hard Hand, with blunt conic Fingers set rather close together. All officers have the first Finger more developed in the right hand than in the left.

“ So used I, when I was a boy,  
To march with military toy,  
And ape the soldier’s life ;  
When with a whistle, or a hum,  
I thought myself a Duke of Drum  
At least, or Earl of Fife.

“ With gun of tin, and sword of lath,  
Lord ! how I walked on glory’s path  
With regimental mates !  
By sound of trump, and rub-a-dubs,  
To seize the wash-house, charge the tubs,  
Or storm the garden gates. ”

*Hood (1826).*

In the Church, all leaders of religious faith should possess good Fingers, and specially long fourth Fingers, which show natural eloquence. Pointed smooth Fingers tell of dogmatism, and knotted ones of argumentativeness. Musicians should have soft

Hands, with conspicuous angles. Vocalists claim a thicker palm, and less supple Fingers. A good gardener should possess long and strong second Fingers. A capable business man has a long Hand, squared Fingers, a long square fourth Finger, the palm and the Fingers being nearly equal in length, or the latter slightly longer.

“UPON CUPID.”

“Love, like a gipsy, lately came  
And did me much importune  
To see my Hand, that by the same  
He might foretell my fortune.

“He saw my palm; and then, said he,  
‘I tell thee by this score here  
That thou within few months shalt be  
The youthful Prince d’Amour here.’

“I smiled, and bade him once more prove,  
And by some cross-line show it—  
That I could ne’er be Prince of Love,  
Though here the princely poet.”

*Herrick. “Hesperides.”*

Spatulate Fingers belong essentially to the Hands of the workers and manual labourers. The Spatulate is the sign of action, the Square that of materialism, and the Conic the sign of ideality. Where the Spatulate is combined with the Square, the mental activity will be greater than the bodily.

“Do the work that’s nearest,  
Though ’tis dull at whiles,  
Helping, when you meet them,  
Lame dogs over stiles.  
See in every hedge-row  
Marks of angels’ feet;  
Epics in each pebble  
Underneath our feet.”

*Charles Kingsley.*

Furthermore, in countries like England where there is much admixture of races, it is rare to find a Hand of which each Finger is of the same type. In most Hands there are examples of all three, it being difficult to say exactly to which class a Finger belongs. Of course, when combinations of types are present, the qualities of the blended types are united, and tend to modify each other. In an extreme development of the "Conic" type, when the Fingers are specially long and pointed, this is designated by some Physiognomists as a fourth type—the "Psychic." The individual strength of will-power is thought to be shown in the Thumb; whilst energy of character and disposition is revealed by hardness of the palm.

To the several Fingers and the Thumb, the so-called science of Palmistry (which owns many adherents, and asserts for itself indisputable pretensions) has ascribed separate classical names which are somewhat fanciful, and far-fetched. Thus they dedicate the fore-Finger (or "index") to Jupiter, the second to Saturn, the third to Apollo, the fourth to Mercury, and the Thumb to Venus. But we do not purpose discussing the said art (or science) with its "pros" and "cons," in this treatise of ours, to which the subject would be foreign. Its main claim is to interpret the palmar lines, and conformation.

Our ancestors had distinct names for each of the "five" Fingers (the Thumb being generally called a Finger in old works). The first Finger was named

“toucher,” “because therewith men touch a wis”; the second Finger was “longman,” for “longest Finger it is”; the third Finger was “lecheman,” because a leche, or doctor, tasted everything by it; or it was sometimes termed “ringman”; the last Finger was “littleman,” “because it is least of all.” There was, moreover, a supposition that the third Finger communicated directly with the heart, and therefore owned a pulsation for itself. Halliwell Phillips tells us in his *Nursery Rhymes* that in Essex the five Fingers are known as “Tom Thumbkin,” “Bess Bumpkin,” “Bill Winkin,” “Long Linkin,” and “Little Dick”; this version being changed in some parts of Yorkshire to “Tom Thumbkins,” “Bill Wilkins,” “Long Daniel,” “Betsy Bobtail,” and “Little Dick.”

#### THE LAY OF THE FIVE FINGERS.

“This little Pig went to market;  
 This little Pig stayed at home;  
 This little Pig had butter and bread;  
 This little Pig had none;  
 This little Pig cried, ‘Wee; wee; wee,’  
 I can’t find my way home.”

#### IN QUINQUE DIGITOS.

“Porculus ille forum se cantulit; ille remansit  
 Usque domi; panem butyro porculus ille  
 Perfusum arripuit; nallum miser ille; sed, ‘eheu,’  
 Ter repetens, ‘cheu’ clamabat porculus ‘cheu’;  
 Ille ‘ego porcinos nequeo reperiro Penates.’”

Ruskin has said, “Childhood often holds a truth in its feeble fingers which the grasp of manhood cannot retain, and which it is the pride of utmost age to recover.”



With further reference to the aforesaid types of Fingers, it is beyond dispute that the "Square-" topped Fingers denote action; the Spatulate wide-topped Fingers tell of matter-of-fact work; and the Conical-topped Fingers declare ideality. If the Spatulate seems to merge into the Conic, the subject will partake of both characteristics, but will be neither so active, nor so prone to ideality, as if the type were more purely shown. And where the Spatulate seems to mingle with the Square, the mental activity will be greater than the bodily.

As to the longitudinal dimensions of the Fingers, they are long, medium, or short. When both palm and Fingers are of equal length, the subject will consider the whole of a question first, and then take each detail. When the palm is longer than the Fingers, the person dislikes detail, preferring a general idea to minute particulars. When the Fingers are longer than the palm, the subject will make detail the first consideration. Long Fingers, with broad Spatulate tops, show a love of detail, giving great attention to the smallest points of any work taken up. On the contrary, persons having short Fingers, with broad Spatulate tops, will take interest only in masses; they will organize clubs, whilst disregarding the individual members. When the same short Fingers have Square tops, they show great common sense applied to all big things. Long Fingers also betray sensitiveness, with a tendency to criticism and contradiction. Thick Fingers declare a love of ease and luxury, but less so if at the same

time the Hand is hard. Fingers which are inclined to turn back, being supple and elastic, show a person disposed to let opportunities slip, though there is often at the same time a great charm of manner, and a ready adaptability. If the Fingers are stiff, and difficult to separate, this betrays conventionality, with a lack of power to adapt the occasion to circumstances. But when the Fingers fall easily apart, independence and impatience of control are declared. "Cushioned tips to the Fingers are considered to make the touch more sensitive."

About the individual Fingers. If the first, or "index," Finger is long and straight, this indicates a love of power, and a desire to rule. When unusually long, in a soft Hand, it shows a love of personal luxury and comfort. If this first Finger is pointed, it tells of religious exaltation; if square, a taste for logic is shown. But if the said Finger is short, a dislike to personal responsibility is declared. The best proportion for this Finger is when level at its top with the third Finger, and just below the second. If the second Finger is heavy, long, and strong, then the pressure of adverse circumstances is much felt, and morbid sadness may rule the character. This Finger should not be pointed, or frivolity is shown. If its end is square, this implies prudence, and gravity of disposition. A spatulate end shows caution—sometimes even suspicion. When this second Finger is remarkably developed, there is a tendency to rheumatism, and to troubles of the teeth. If the third Finger is as long as the first,

this shows artistic taste. If it is as long as the second, this indicates a disposition to gamble, with some foolhardiness. If the tip of the Finger is square, an artistic ability is shown, with exactitude in details. If it be pointed, a love of the ornamental rather than of the beautiful is declared. If it be spatulate, a love of form, action, and movement is told about, as in a good actor. The fourth, or little, Finger represents a power of making use of one's own talents, and of those belonging to others; but if this Finger is thin and small, there will not be energy enough to develop the notions of the thinker. When this Finger is pointed, there is a ready flow of words, showing a good "after-dinner" speaker; if it be very pointed, a disposition to *finesse* and trickery is indicated. Squareness of the tip makes a good teacher. If it be spatulated, there will be an interest in machinery, and a talent for mechanics. If the Finger is crooked, there is a liability to miss opportunities, and not to make use of the talents promised by the rest of the Hand.

"The Thumb," said d'Arpentigny, "individualizes the man, and is by far the most important part of the Hand." The great controlling forces—Will and Logic—are assigned to a powerful Thumb. A length of its first bone, from the lower knuckle to the middle joint, serves to show constancy. The angle of the Thumb between it and the first Finger at its base, is worth noticing. When this angle is broad below, and wide, punctuality is a marked endowment of the owner. If the lower bone of the Thumb is short and

weak, there are a feebleness of will, and a want of decision in the character. If the end bone of the Thumb is very broad and firm, then obstinacy is told of, and even a disposition to tyrannize. When the Thumb bends outwards, it denotes extravagance, and a love of luxury. A shortness of the Thumb-end tells of a dislike for argument. A soft Hand will greatly modify a large Thumb. If the Thumb is long, and strong, then tenacity of purpose, and common sense are shown. The "stretch" of the Thumb indicates extravagance, or meanness, according to whether it is wide, or narrow. Small-Thumbed persons are governed more by the heart than by the head. With a large Thumb, and separated Fingers, independence and self-reliance are shown. A Thumb set low down tells of versatility; if it be set high the disposition is more mean.

"Scribere qui nescit nullum putat esse laborem;  
Tres digiti scribunt totumque corpus laborat."

The finger-Nails have an individuality of their own. A healthy Nail is rounded, and smooth; not ridged, nor fluted. The colour is a soft pink. Short Nails indicate a critical mocking temperament; but if with rounded bases they imply good-natured criticism. The "filbert" Nail, if pink, and smooth, shows a gentle disposition, without much force, and with some tendency to delicacy of chest and lungs. If, in addition, these Nails are fluted from crown to base, then spinal weakness is said to be shown. The large white Nail indicates a somewhat cold selfish

disposition, especially when the Thumb is large. The high rounded Nail is again a sign of delicate chest and lungs. Brittle Nails reveal a tendency to rheumatism, and gout. The white spots which are observed to come and go in Nails, show nervous exhaustion, and should warn the subject that rest must be taken. Flat Nails likewise indicate some failure of nervous power. If the top of the fleshy part at the base of the Nails encroaches with a rim of skin over the bottom of the Nails, there is often a dullness of perception, and some lack of sensibility. Bitten Nails are characteristic of an irritable, nervous disposition. A Nail which is wedge-shaped at its base, especially if noticeable on the first Finger, shows great "touchiness" with regard to personal feelings.

In West Cornwall white specks on the Nails are thought to foretell the coming receipt of presents :

"A gift on the Finger is sure to linger;  
A gift on the Thumb is sure to come."

It is considered by many persons very unlucky to cut the Nails on a Sunday. There is a Devonshire rhyme which says :—

"Who on the Sabbath pares his horn,  
'T were better for him he had ne'er been born."

To the old Romans it was peculiar to cut their Nails on the *Nundinæ*, which were observed every ninth day. The Jews, however, pare their Nails on a Friday. In some districts a baby's Nails are bitten off instead of being cut, until after he is a year old ;

otherwise it is feared he will grow up a thief, or, as the Germans think, will stammer.

“ Could I come near your beauty with my Nails,  
I’d set my ten commandments in your face.”

*King Henry VI, Part II, Act i, Sc. 3.*

“ Mirror as it is of the soul, of the heart, of the mind, and of the spirit, the Physiognomy of the face is endowed with all the charms of variety, but as it is, to a certain extent, subject to the dictates of our will, the accuracy of its indications cannot be guaranteed, whereas the Physiognomy of the Hand always bears the stamp, whatever it may be, of our genius.” Lavater said: “ The Hand cannot dissemble; its mobility betrays it at every moment. The most accomplished hypocrite, the most experienced deceiver, could not alter the form of his Hand, nor its outlines, proportions, or muscles; not even of a part of it; he could not protect it from the gaze of the observer save by hiding it altogether.”

The Hand which is hard, and stiff, and which finds a difficulty in extending itself to the utmost limit of its extensibility, indicates a stubborn character, and a mind without elasticity. As to hard and soft Hands: the soft-Handed subjects will seek in the love of action, and of movement, which is common to them, the fulfilment of their desires in a moderate and subdued activity; whilst hard-Handed subjects will develop a love of energetic movements, and energetic locomotion. These latter will rise with the lark; whilst the former will prefer the charms of a comfortable bed until the sun is high in the



heavens and suggests the necessity for exertion. The ideas of hard-Handed artists are based upon sound facts; and their works have more virile strength than those of artists whose Hands are soft.

Persons whose Fingers are supple, and have a tendency to turn back, are gifted with much sagacity; others whose Fingers are set clumsily on their Hands, and all of which differ as to the length of their last joints, are wanting in strength of mind. "If your Hand when held before a candle shows no chinks, or crannies because the fleshy Fingers seem adherent to one another, whilst parallel throughout their length, this is a sign of avarice. Very short, very thick Fingers tell of cruelty. Long and thin Fingers are usually those of diplomatists, of deceivers,—even of cardsharps, and of pickpockets. Strong and large-jointed Fingers are indicative of prudence, and ability.

The custom which maintains among vulgar folk of "taking a sight" by placing the extended Thumb of the right hand against the nostril on that side, whilst holding the four Fingers extended, and arranged in a line parallel to the end of the nose, (whilst at the same time closing the left eye), is really one of remote antiquity. This practice was known as a method of pantomimic derision among the ancient Assyrians.

Concerning the Thumb, its indications are of high importance. "In default of any other proofs," said Newton, "the Thumb would convince me of the

existence of God." Just as without the Thumb the Hand would be imperfect, and incomplete, so without moral force, logic, and decision (as indicated by the Thumb), the most fertile spirit would be a gift without value.

Few women have jointed, or knotty, Fingers, and so it is that but few women have the talent of combination. "The man is the mind of the woman; but she is the soul of the man." We value things with our brains, she with her heart; but her instincts deceive her less often than our reasoning powers prove false to us. We have the faculty of reflection, and know what can be learnt; she has intuition, and knows what can be divined. Women with the small Thumb are not endowed with great sagacity. As to the heart of a woman whose Fingers are square, if laying siege thereto a man should speak the language of common sense, and solidity of mind; she has less imagination than mind, and her mind is more just than original. "See those little, soft, supple Hands, almost fleshless, but rosy. with joints small of development, their owners live with the mind alone; they love brilliant phrases. which cast a sudden bright flash of wit around them. But with women whose Hands are hard, whose Fingers are pointed, and whose Thumbs are small. they are governed by indolence, fancy, and sensuality."

When Shakespeare's Othello bids Desdemona. "Give me your Hand:—this Hand is moist, my lady," she answers him: "It yet hath felt no age.

nor known no sorrow." Othello continues : " This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart."

" Hot, hot, and moist ; this Hand of yours requires  
A sequester from liberty, fasting, prayer,  
Much castigation, exercise devout ;  
For here's a young and sweating devil here,  
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good Hand ;  
A frank one."

Again Desdemona :—

" You may, indeed, say so ;  
It was the Hand that gave away my heart."

*Othello. Act ii, Scene 4.*

" In the method of using its Hands, the baby shows to the full its descent from arboreal ancestors. When it wishes to take hold of anything, alike a glass, or a flower-pot, it does not, like an adult, put the Hand round it, or even put the thumb inside to use as a lever. On the contrary, it places all the fingers inside, makes no use of the thumb, and clasps the rim of the flower-pot between the fingers and the palm of the Hand. This is exactly the action which would be acquired from arboreal ancestors : in going from bough to bough they would take their Hands palms first, and would strike from above downwards, grasping the bough with the fingers. Such is the action of an infant picking up a cup. So little use have some monkeys made of the thumb that abortion has resulted ; and in the most arboreal species of monkeys known, the fingers have grown together because the whole Hand was used merely as a grasping-hook. It is probably from our

ancestors' excessive use of the Hands in bough-grasping that our babies inherit a certain inability to move the fingers with freedom, or to extend the Hand, especially if in the least degree cold. The power to extend the fingers perfectly straight is oftentimes not obtained by children at six or seven years of age.

"Even the very manner in which babies are got off to sleep—by rocking in the arms or in a cradle—is an inheritance of arboreal or monkey-like ancestors, because the rocking is an imitation of the to-and-fro swaying of the branches, and such swaying would be the natural accompaniment of sleep with arboreal dwellers.

"It is certainly singular to find that nursery ditties contain reference to matters arboreal, as if there were some lingering tradition in the human race of ancestors who lived in trees. Thus the English mother, or nurse, in rocking her infant to sleep sings :

" ' Lullaby baby on the tree top ;  
When the wind blows the cradle will rock ;  
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall  
And down will come baby, cradle, and all.'

" CUNÆ ARBORÆ.

" Molliter hac, summâ puer arbor, molliter illac ;  
Fluctuet hac illac agitât cunabula ventus ;  
Rupta sed excutient tremulas ramalia cunas,  
Omniaque illa solo, cunæ volventur, et infans."

"Somewhat similar is a German nursery ditty :—

" ' Schlafe, schlaf ein, mein Kind,  
Horch ! da draussen der Wind ;  
Wie das Vöglein im grünen Baum,  
Wiegt er auch dich in süssem Traum.'

“Another habit of children—a sadly destructive habit too—is that of picking at anything loose, any piece of wall-paper especially, so as to tear it off. This habit is a survival of a monkey-practice of picking off the bark from trees in order to search for insects. Any loose piece of bark, even the very least displacement, indicates an insect-refuge, and immediately suggests live prey; so that with the monkey there is a definite association between loose bark and food. With the child the reason for picking at loose things has been lost, but the instinct to pick remains as a vestigial survival, traceable to a definite food-acquiring instinct of the monkey. There may also have been an association with the monkey habit of picking out one another’s parasites, a habit which is very noticeable among them.”

“Children and chicken are always a-picking.”

We often notice persons who flourish a handkerchief, or twirl a watch-chain, or fiddle with a paper-knife, when speaking, particularly if in public. This action goes to prove that the Fingers help to maintain the current of thought. We remember the incident recorded of a celebrated counsel who was completely dumbfounded when his adversary craftily cut off from his coat the favourite button with which he always played when addressing the jury.

In the New Testament (Gospel of St. John xx. 26–29) a remarkable mention of the Finger is recorded, thus: “And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them: then came

Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you. Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands ; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side ; and be not faithless, but believing. And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God." If, accepting this passage literally, we are justified in supposing (reverently taking Christ as our example) that after death in this world we shall yet retain in the next the scars of wounds which have been inflicted and suffered prior to our mortal death ; or, at least, a power of assuming them. This fact affords serious, and momentous subject for strange conjectures in the minds of the thoughtful.

We read (2 Kings x. 15) that Jehu said to Jehonadab, " Is thine heart right, as my heart is with thy heart ? And Jehonadab answered, It is. If it be, give me thine hand. And he gave him his hand ; and he took him up to him into the chariot."

" One touch of nature makes the whole world kin ! "

Among civilized people the Hand-shake is the most natural expression of friendship, and the national character often gives it a characteristic manner. The Italians clasp the Hand with a passionate effusion which is absolutely unknown among the peoples of the North. Many persons who are cool, not expansive, fail to respond to a Hand-shake. They place between your fingers a corpse-like member which arouses dislike, and horror. The shake of the



Hand, though it may be one of the simplest acts of expression, suggests so many things that it would need a volume to indicate all. None the less a shake of the Hand given by a man to a woman may be impertinent, more so than a box on the ear.

“ I love the true good-hearted shake  
Of friendship’s Hand for friendship’s sake,  
When love’s deep power controls the arm,  
And strength greets strength as palm meets palm.

“ No flabby lump of flesh and bone,  
That one may shake, or leave alone—  
An insult in a friendly way,  
Unfit to scare a crow away.  
I hate the shabby awkward paw  
That cleaves alone in fashion’s law.

“ I love the manly genial laugh,  
When at the well-piled crackling hearth  
We gather round the blazing embers,  
With the whole band of household members,  
On the dark nights of bleak Decembers.

“ Then comes the parting, if we part,  
Then the strong language of the heart  
In the one true good-hearted shake  
Of friendship’s Hand for friendship’s sake.”

Futhermore, as a gesture which is of very remarkable significance, Hand-shaking deserves serious and attentive consideration. For instance, nothing is more unpleasant, and disappointing than a flabby Hand-shake,—the clammy, or harsh dry Hand being felt instead of a warm friendly grasp. Charles Dickens has portrayed the sneaking false designing Uriah Heep in *David Copperfield* with cold, clammy, fish-like Hands; such as without doubt his close observation had taught him to depict. This is physiognomically correct. A very dignified person

will decline to shake Hands, while the dissipated person lets one's Hand go quickly. The man who has something to conceal will not give one his whole Hand. But it may happen that both of the pair thus greeting one another are not equally sincere; if so, the Hand which is held out to be grasped by the honest man's open upward palm is placed therein with a downward palm, being conscious of deception, or of some wrong insincere purpose. A swindler will not be the first to put out his Hand; indeed, he is scarcely likely to extend it at all for any such honest greeting.

"It is a curious fact," says Henry Firth in *How to Read Character by the Laws of Physiognomy*, "that people who seem to be always on their guard, like lawyers, and some other business persons,—editors and publishers, for example—do not as a rule give you a hearty Hand-Shake. Sometimes the business man will hide two fingers in his palm, and give you only the other two. Beware of him." Kindly-hearted persons shake Hands warmly; cold precise persons give only a cold manual greeting. The insinuating servile creature will "wash his hands" and writhe. He wants you to assist him, and he "squirms," or, it may be, will (like Sir Jacob, in Hood's highly humorous, yet in some passages tenderly pathetic, "Miss Kilmansegg and her Golden Leg,"—who showed his self-importance, and condescension at the gorgeous christening of his heiress daughter), wash his "hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water."

“ And Sir Jacob the father strutted, and bowed,  
And smiled to himself, and laughed aloud  
To think of his heiress, and daughter.  
And then in his pockets he made a grope,  
And then, in the fullness of joy and hope,  
Seem'd washing his hands with invisible soap,  
In imperceptible water.

“ He had rolled in money, like pigs in mud,  
Till it seemed to have enter'd into his blood  
By some occult projection ;  
And his cheeks, instead of a healthy hue,  
As yellow as any guinea grew,  
Making the common phrase seem true  
About a rich complexion.”

In Shaking Hands, honesty is generally expressed by the open Hand, with the palm turned outwards : there is nothing to conceal, all is above board, open, and frank. When we cry to heaven we open our Hands palm upwards, except when vengeance is invoked, and then the Hand is clenched, the will being angrily fixed, and the purpose deeply concentrated. It is common to see a bargain clenched by the Hands of the two parties to the transaction—“ Your Hand on it ” is a pledge ; the palms are open ; there is honesty in the mutual act.

Balzac has said : “ We acquire the practice of silencing our lips, our eyes, our eyebrows, our forehead ; but the Hand does not dissemble, and no feature is more expressive. The Hand has a thousand ways of being dry, moist, burning, icy, soft, hard, unctuous ; it palpitates, it perspires, it hardens, it softens, it presents an inexplicable phenomenon, which one may term ‘ the incarnation of thought.’ ”

“ By the pricking of my Thumbs, something

wicked this way comes," saith the second witch in Shakespeare's *Macbeth* (*Act iv, Sc. 1*). The pricking of the Thumbs as a warning of coming danger, constantly occurs in old romances. One of the best known is the story of the Irish hero Fingal, whose Gargantuan master, having devoted many years to the attempt, at length caught a fish the properties of which were that who should first taste thereof should immediately become endowed with the gift of foresight. This remarkable fish was handed to Fingal to be cooked; and during the operation, he (Fingal) having diverted himself away, and in so doing having forgotten to turn the fish, a blister rose upon its side from the excess of heat. Fingal, terrified at the prospective consequences of his inattention, pressed down the blister on the side of the fish with his Thumb; in doing which the scorched fish stuck to his Thumb, and burnt it, whereupon our hero not unnaturally put his Thumb into his mouth. The result was instantaneous. Fingal, having been the first to taste the fish, became the depository of the promised power; so he fled from the scene of his faulty mishap, and of course the giant followed, vowing vengeance; but in vain. for whenever he approached his victim the pricking of the latter's Thumbs warned him of the coming danger, so that Fingal pursued his way continually forewarned, and therefore continually fore-armed.

In our *Health to Date* (1911) we drew attention to the system of detecting burglars, and other such criminals, by their Finger-markings left on window-

sills, articles of furniture, discarded jewellery cases, safes, and other matters, which had been handled during their predatory proceedings. This modern method of detection has come to be implicitly relied upon by the police authorities, insomuch that Chief Inspector Charles Collins, of New Scotland Yard, said he had obtained ten years' experience of this Finger-print system, having examined and compared some hundreds of thousands of Finger impressions, all varying unmistakably in one or another individual characteristic. But since this pronouncement the wary thief has taken to wearing thick gloves during his depredations, and thus in many instances has escaped detection, and consequent enrolment among the incriminating police records.

But science in its turn has again come to the fore, and has devised a method of detection by photographing the Veins on the back of the Hands, so as to aid future identification. This last method being equally infallible, is more likely to baffle criminal craft, however adroit and cunning.

“The said new method of identification of prisoners has been devised by means of photographs taken of the Veins on the back of the Hand. Professor Tomassia, an Italian professor, the inventor, bases his method on the observation that no two persons have the Veins on the back of the Hand so much alike as to allow room for confusion—less, indeed, than with Finger-prints. The prisoner's Hand is held downwards for several minutes, or the pulse at the wrist is restrained, and the Veins are then photographed.

This photograph, Professor Tomassia says, will always be available for explicit proof; whereas criminals now understand that, with an ordinary razor, they can operate on their own Hands without much pain, or inconvenience, and may change the pattern of the Finger-print beyond chance of identification. To burn the Finger tips is more painful, but perhaps even more effective. On the other hand, as Professor Tomassia points out, only a serious and dangerous operation can modify the Veinal system."

As a masterpiece of correct Physiognomical representation, the "self-esteeming," complacent moral humbug, Pecksniff (the immortal creation of Charles Dickens), will rank first as long as English light literature shall continue to hold its own. It goes far to prove the marvellous powers of close, and retentive observation which this great novelist possessed, and exercised in his writings. Furthermore, the admirably faithful way in which Phiz has delineated the personality of Pecksniff throughout the whole book (*Martin Chuzzlewit*), demonstrates forcibly the close sympathy of Physiognomical expression as actuating the pen, and pencil, of author and draughtsman alike, thus serving to enhance the literary value and truth of the work. What reader of this highly graphic, and intensely interesting story can fail to realize the personal bearing and attributes of the big, bland, jaunty, self-satisfied impostor who deceived even himself, but came at last to well-merited exposure and ridicule.



“It has been remarked that Mr. Pecksniff was a moral man. So he was. Perhaps there never was a more moral man than Mr. Pecksniff: especially in his conversation, and correspondence. It was once said of him by a homely admirer, that he had a Fortunatus’s purse of good sentiments in his inside. In this particular he was like the girl in the fairy tale, except that if they were not actual diamonds which fell from his lips, they were the very brightest paste, and shone prodigiously. He was a most exemplary man: fuller of virtuous precept than a copy-book. Some people likened him to a direction-post, which is always telling the way to a place, and never goes there: but these were his enemies; the shadows cast by his brightness; that was all. His very throat was moral. You saw a good deal of it. You looked over a very low fence of white cravat (whereof no man had ever beheld the tie, for he fastened it behind), and there it lay, a valley between two jutting heights of collar, serene and whiskerless before you. It seemed to say, on the part of Mr. Pecksniff, ‘There is no deception, ladies and gentlemen, all is peace, a holy calm pervades me.’ So did his hair, just grizzled with an iron-grey, which was all brushed off his forehead, and stood bolt upright, or slightly drooped in kindred action with his heavy eyelids. So did his person, which was sleek though free from corpulence. So did his manner, which was soft and oily. In a word, even his plain black suit, and state of widower, and dangling double eye-glass, all tended to the

same purpose, and cried aloud, 'Behold the moral Pecksniff!' "

Passing on to the observation of the Legs, and Feet of our inspected person—whether this be a casual glance or a more patient criticism—the would-be Physiognomist should take attentive note of their shape, size, gestures, modes of usage, and capabilities, as far as discernible. In the walk of a tall, healthy, well-built, perpendicular man, both dignity and firmness may be seen. He stands erect, with chest well forward, and shoulders well thrown back. He breathes freely; his circulation, and digestion are perfect; all the functions of his body and brain are in harmony. In the person who stoops forward in his walk, having a narrow chest, and contracted shoulders, we most probably see a timid, irresolute, uncertain individual (unless illness is the sad cause of this attitude). A burly man, on the contrary—having probably abundant self-esteem—will go ahead, stepping somewhat heavily upon the heel. A secretive and cunning person will have a stealthy walk, like that of the fox; and his step will be light rather than heavy. He will be found to walk mainly on his toes. The rough, untrained, blunt "bog-trotter" walks heavily upon his heels: whilst the heavy field-labourer tramps ponderously, and slowly, weightily shod, and often clod-encumbered. The humble man has a humble walk; the vain man a vain walk; the hopeful man a buoyant hopeful walk; the desponding man a

dragging hopeless step, as though he were going to prison rather than to his duties ; the executive man a brisk executive walk ; the lazy slothful man a slouch corresponding to his disposition. A thoughtless saunterer has an indefinite draggle, aimless, and meaningless as the vacant stare with which he looks at most things. As to the walk of children, this varies according to the individual character and disposition ; one is sprightly, nimble, and quick on his feet ; another is clumsy, and bungling, running against the tables and chairs, whilst frequently stumbling.

“ There’s some is born with their Legs straight by nature ;  
And some is born with bow-Legs from the first ;  
And some that should have grown a great deal straighter,  
But they were badly nurs’d.”

## BANDY LEGS.

“ As I was going to sell my eggs,  
I met a man with bandy legs ;  
Bandy legs, and crooked toes ;  
I tripped up his heels, and he fell on his nose.”

## VARO QUOD ACCIDIT.

“ Ibam forte forum vendendis impiger ovis ;  
Obvius incurvis vir mihi fit pedibus,  
Cruribus et variis ; mihi supplantare misellum  
Sors erat ; in nares incidit ille solo.”

In its form, the human Foot follows the same law as the hands, except that our tightly fitting boots and shoes tend to cramp and fetter its freedom.

“ He walked along the crowded street,  
His pace was sad and slow ;  
He heeded not the busy throng,  
But seemed o’erwhelmed with woe.

“ At last a by-street down he turned,  
And reached a churchyard drear ;  
He sat upon an old grave-stone,  
And shed a bitter tear.

“ A sentimental parson passed,  
And saw him with bowed head ;  
Then up to him the parson went,  
And solemnly thus said—

“ ‘ You probably have lost a friend ;  
Your sorrow proves ’tis so ;  
For death respects no age, or rank,  
But strikes the great, and low.’ ”

“ Then he who sat upon the stone  
Replied in accents sad,  
‘ I’ve got a pair of new boots on—  
They’re hurting me like mad ! ’ ”

“ With a soft corn,” once said a philosopher,  
“ down tumbles the Colossus of Rome ; ” and ancient  
history makes mention of one Silius Italicus, who  
starved himself to death because he could no longer  
endure the torture of an abundant crop of corns.  
It is to be feared that the query, “ What is a corn ? ”  
would not be readily answered. Some people hold  
corns to be constitutional, others class them as  
callous tumours, and some authorities maintain that  
they are distinct organizations traversed in every  
direction by vessels. An unscientific sufferer of  
the male sex might, had he a hasty temper, be  
inclined to say that a corn was “ an infernal thing  
on his foot that gave him a deuce of a pain ; ” while  
a lady, in her greater refinement, might only make  
a face and remark that “ corns were dreadful things.”  
The experts, however, seem to be tolerably well  
agreed that the corn is a morbid, local, and

circumscribed thickening of the epidermis, and that it need not be confined to the feet, since workmen, toiling at very laborious trades, often have corns on the palms of their hands, and there is even a "scrivener's corn," which excessive writing will produce when the pen is pressed against the topmost joint of the third finger of the right hand. Celsus called a corn a *clavus* or nail, because in the centre of the successive layers of hardened epidermis there is a kind of semi-transparent horny spike, much harder than the surrounding callosity, which continues to pierce, spike-like, lower and lower down, until it transfixes the dermis, and reaches sometimes the tendons and the articulatory ligaments; it has even been said that this horny spike has been known to reach the bone. In the earlier stages of its formation the corn does not differ materially from the bunion, which is simply a hardening of the epidermis. Corns, it may be pointed out, do not usually become agonizing until the tubercular spike is formed, when its dilatation and its continual digging downwards are productive of the most exquisite pain. The *clavus*, which chiropodists call the root, is the real centre of anguish in a corn, and until it is extirpated the patient will obtain no lasting relief, and will only enjoy brief surceases of trouble by the application of liniments and plasters. Thus, perhaps, the very best thing that the sufferer can do is to repair to a skilful corn-cutter, and when the centre of mischief has really been eradicated the patient should be careful to wear for the future only closely-

fitting socks or stockings, and shoes or boots which are neither too large nor too small. It is foolish to undervalue the importance of the corn question.

Looking at the fact that the Roman physician Celsus, who flourished in the time of Augustus Cæsar, wrote an exhaustive treatise upon corns and bunions, and that Ambrose Paré, the great French surgeon who was contemporary with our Queen Elizabeth, not only diagnosed corns, but even discussed the etymology of those painful callosities, which he concluded were derived grammatically from the horn or "corne" of a lantern, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the names of remedies for corns are legion. The components of these nostrums have usually been kept a profound secret. but analytical chemists have by degrees ascertained the ingredients of nearly all the corn cures, only a very small proportion of which, it must be admitted, can be stigmatized as absolutely innocuous; and, if salicylic acid can vindicate its claim to be an antiseptic, it must be as harmless and, indeed, as beneficent as carbolic acid. "Cannabis indica," or Indian hemp, the Oriental haschish, which is one of the components of the "new corn cure," is undoubtedly a high narcotic and intoxicant. In the East it is chewed or smoked for directly intoxicating purposes, and if a sufficient quantity of the drug, prepared from the resinous exudations of hemp, were given to a dog, the consequences might certainly be, as George Stephenson aptly put it in the case of the cow on the railway, "bad for" the dog.



*Cannabis indica*, bang, or haschish, however, is employed in medicine for its anodyne, hypnotic, and anti-spasmodic qualities, and may really be very serviceable in mitigating the torture of corns, hard or soft.

For a hundred and fifty years, at least, English doctors—to say nothing of bishops and judges—always wore black silk stockings, and it is scarcely credible that the medical faculty would have sanctioned the use of a hose of a corn-producing colour. Stockings of black silk or thread are again at present the almost universal wear of ladies and girl-children; but there is scarcely, we should say, an opinion among pedicures that black stockings lead to corns. On the other hand, magenta, purple, violine, and other aniline dyes made from nitrobenzole treated with nascent hydrogen, and producing a colourless, oily liquid with a peculiar vinous smell and a burning taste, and acted upon by arsenious acid and other chemicals, have often been fiercely denounced by hygeists as most unfit to be applied to fabrics intended to be worn next the skin.

In walking, much depends on the elasticity of the Foot arch as composed of the bones of the instep. This arch ought to be lofty enough to give sufficient spring of step whilst walking; but it is apt to become flat through trusting to the stiff sole of our artificial Footgear. A clever device called the “supinator,” to be worn inside the boot beneath the plantar arch, has been ingeniously invented so as to meet this defect, and to remedy it. This is fitted with movable

springs, so that the arch can be altered according to the progress made in wearing it. For tired and aching Feet, it makes an admirable appliance. When we descend from a height upon the ground we always alight upon the balls of the toes, and thus gain the advantage which the several muscles of the arch, and of the instep generally, afford in diminishing the shock. After going upstairs, the experimentalist will find, if taking the trouble to come down again, that he alights upon each stair on the balls of his toes, doing this without any inconvenience, however quickly the descent is made. But if this mode of proceeding is changed, so that the descent is made upon the heels, the sensation thus produced will be by no means agreeable.

Small hands, and Feet are supposed by many persons to denote gentle blood and an aristocratic lineage. It is true that labour has a tendency to increase the size of the hands; also that going barefoot allows the Feet to spread, so that the working folk have larger hands, and often larger feet than others who do not labour with their hands, and who are better shod. Yet large hands not infrequently denote the aristocracy of usefulness.

The Anthropometrical Committee of the British Association stated that the present fashion of women indulging in athletics has influenced her figure. broadening the shoulders and waist, whilst enlarging the hands and Feet. Roughly speaking, the modern woman is some two or three inches taller than the average woman of a generation ago; her waist is a

little larger, and her chest flatter. Not long since, Mr. Plowden, the well-known magistrate, took occasion to publicly remark: "The whole type of woman seems to be changing. Men appear to be growing smaller, and women bigger." English women are in danger of being criticized by the women of other nations for the size of their Feet. On an average they are taking much larger sizes in boots and shoes than formerly. But across the Atlantic, Dr. Helen R. Kellogg, of Chicago, has uttered an apologia for the big Foot: "I am happy to know that Chicago women have the reputation of possessing big Feet. We must cultivate our Feet. Big Feet are an indication of an amiable temperament. Big intellects do not go with small Feet. Cultivate large Feet, and the intellect will grow automatically." Dr. Schofield told his hearers just lately at the Institute of Hygiene in London: "Hitherto for half a century, or longer, people have been reaping the consequences of the drinking excesses which prevailed during the reigns of George the Third, and George the Fourth. We are now beginning to reap the sounder crop sown in Queen Victoria's time, insomuch that women are already taller, better, and healthier generally than they were twenty years ago."

As to Footgear, a famous critic of personal attire once said that the surest signs of a man's respectability are his hat, and his boots. If these show no trace of wear the rest matters little. In *The Little Minister*, Birse, one of the Scottish Elders, is humorously told

about as "wearing genteel 'lastic-sided boots on the Sawbath,—shoon twa sizes ower sma'; but it's grand! and you canna expect to be baith grand and comfortable!"

It was Max O'Rell who was responsible for the epigram, "You can judge the social *standing* of a woman from the way she *sits down*."

In one of his most humorous poems, with a happy combination of exquisite tender verse, Thomas Hood has told the tragico-comic tale of "Miss Kilmansegg, and her Precious Leg." She, the only child of Sir Jacob, and heiress to great wealth, comes to grief through being thrown by a run-away steed, in the Park, and sustains a compound fracture of her right Leg.

"Then the king's physician, who nursed the case,  
His verdict gave, with awful face,  
And three others concurr'd to egg it;  
That the patient, to give old Death the slip,  
Like the Pope, instead of a personal trip,  
Must send her Leg as a legate.

"The limb was doom'd; it couldn't be saved!  
And like other people the patient behaved;  
Nay, bravely that cruel parting braved,  
Which makes some persons falter;  
They rather would part, without a groan,  
With the flesh of their flesh, and bone of their bone,  
They obtain'd at St. George's altar.

"But when it came to fitting the stump  
With proxy limb—then flatly and plump  
She spoke in the spirit olden;  
She couldn't,—she wouldn't,—she wouldn't have wood!  
Nor a leg of cork, if she never stood!  
And she swore an oath, or something as good,  
The proxy limb should be Golden!

“ A Leg of Gold—solid Gold throughout,  
 Nothing else, whether slim or stout,  
 Should ever support her, God willing !  
 She must,—she could,—she would have her whim ;  
 Her father, she turn'd a deaf ear to him,  
 ‘ He might kill her,—she didn’t mind killing !  
 He was welcome to cut off her other limb,—  
 He might cut her all off with a shilling.’

“ So a Leg was made, in a comely mould,  
 Of Gold, fine virgin glittering Gold,  
 As solid as man could make it ;  
 Solid in foot, and calf, and shank ;  
 A prodigious sum of money it sank ;  
 In fact, ’twas a branch of the family Bank,  
 And no easy matter to break it.

“ ’Twas a splendid, brilliant, beautiful Leg,  
 Fit for the court of Scander-Beg,  
 That precious Leg of Miss Kilmansegg !  
 For, thanks to parental bounty,  
 Secure from mortification’s touch,  
 She stood on a member that cost as much  
 As a member for all the county.”

Of Daniel Lambert, the fattest man recorded in England, his tombstone in the burial-ground of St. Martin’s, Stamford, tells us : “ He departed this life on the 21st of June, 1809, aged 39 years. He measured three feet one inch round the leg, nine feet four inches round the body, and weighed at his death fifty-two stone and eleven pounds.” He “ was possessed of an excellent and convivial mind.”

As a striking contrast, there lies buried in St. James’ Cemetery in Liverpool, Sarah Biffin, of whom a singular epitaph speaks thus :

“ Reader, pause ! Deposited beneath are the remains of Sarah Biffin, who was born without arms or hands, at Quantock Head, Somerset, October 25th, 1784, and died at Liverpool, October 2nd, 1850. Gifted with

singular talents as an artist, she gratified thousands with the able productions of her pencil (used between two of her toes). Futhermore, her versatile conversation and agreeable manners elicited the admiration of all."

She enjoyed favour from two king Georges, and received a small pension from William the Fourth.

In the Churchyard at Barnstaple may be seen the following epitaph :—

" Beneath the gravel, and these stones,  
Lie poor Jack Tiffy's skin and bones ;  
His flesh, I oft have heard him say,  
He hoped in time would make good hay ;  
Quoth I, ' How can that come to pass ? '  
When he replied, ' All flesh is grass ! ' "

As regards bodily repose, the face expresses less than the whole attitude of the body, which seeks relief by the instinctive relaxation of the tired muscles. It is scarcely possible to rest well while standing: thus the expression of repose occurs only when one is sitting, or lying. Just as, before shutting up an instrument in its case we fold it together, so, as it seems, the man who is about to rest himself bends his head upon his neck; and the different parts of his arms, and legs double up in turn upon themselves. The elbows rest upon the knees, and the head upon the palms of the hands. But if the fatigue is greater, and the need of repose more imperative, then a larger number of the muscles must be relaxed. The sitting posture is changed for the semi-horizontal, or the horizontal, position, passing through several stages; first seeking support for the lower limbs by disposing them prone on a couch, then for one arm, then for both, and finally leaning



fully back so as to rest the whole trunk, and the shoulders. All our couches lend themselves to these different positions, as suggested by muscular fatigue ; likewise by the difference of climates.

Ten weary, footsore travellers,  
All in a woeful plight,  
Sought shelter at a wayside inn  
One dark and stormy night.

"Nine rooms, no more," the landlord said,  
"Have I to offer you ;  
To each of eight a single bed,  
But the ninth must serve for two."

A din arose. The troubled host  
Could only scratch his head,  
For of those tired men no two  
Would occupy one bed.

The puzzled host was soon at ease—  
He was a clever man—  
And so to please his guests devised  
This most ingenious plan :

| A | B | C | D | E | F | G | H | I |

In room marked A two men were placed,  
The third was lodged in B.  
The fourth to C was then assigned,  
The fifth retired to D.

In E the sixth he tucked away,  
In F the seventh man,  
The eighth and ninth in G and H,  
And then to A he ran,

Wherein the host, as I have said,  
Had laid two travellers by ;  
Then taking one—the tenth and last—  
He lodged him safe in I.

Nine single rooms—a room for each—  
Were made to serve for ten ;  
And this it is that puzzles me,  
And many wiser men.

The expression of action is diametrically the reverse of the repose-seeking attitude : the neck is now pulled up ; the head is raised from its supports ; the arms are also raised, and the trunk upreared ; the lying is abandoned for the sitting posture, and then for that of standing. The most characteristic of all these movements is the firm closing of the mouth. This fact has attracted the attention of all who have written on Physiognomy.

“ Said a cheerful old bear at the Zoo :  
‘ I never have time to feel blue :  
If it bores me, you know,  
To walk to and fro,  
I reverse it, and walk fro and to.’ ”

As a rule, together with a fine bony structure will be found probity of character, and reliability of mind. Nevertheless, height alone must not be taken as such a criterion. Likewise among animals, the horse and the ox, which are endowed with large bony structures, are of a high type, being docile, and eminently useful to man. On the other hand, the fox, and creatures of the cat tribe, whilst small-boned, are untrustworthy and dishonest. Thus it is that large bones are as much an evidence of trustworthiness in man as in animals. Large men whose bones bear a full proportion to the other parts of their bodies, are found to be firm, honest, decided, persevering, honourable, slow, and sure, progressive in knowledge, good providers, peace-loving, yet full of moral courage. When the Bony form is found allied with the Brain form, men of genius are the result of this happy combination.

" Big was he made, and tall ; his port was fierce,  
Erect his countenance ; manly majesty  
Sat in his front, and darted from his eyes,  
Commanding all he viewed."

*" Ædipus."*

Or, as Shakespeare has recorded of large men :—

" Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a Colossus ; and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves."

And yet by contrast it is notorious that men of small stature—only provided they were of well-knit, compact form, of sound healthy organism, and of active energetic mind—have proved rulers of the world : to wit, Julius Cæsar—" the foremost man of all this world " ; Alexander the Great, whose classical epitaph has pronounced on his memorial stone : "*Sufficit huic tumulus, cui non sufficeret orbis*" (Here a mound suffices for one for whom the whole world was not large enough ) ; Wellington, and, as quite a modern instance, the distinguished soldier, Lord Roberts. Although Wellington was a small man, all his features were well defined, conspicuous, clearly cut, and strongly marked. The love of command was distinctly indicated ; as likewise in the faces of Cromwell, and Napoleon. Cromwell had a broad brain, as well as a broad deep-chested body. Napoleon had a very large head, prominent at the temples, broad between the ears, high and long on the top. His knowledge of human nature was conspicuous, together with great spiritual intuition. In Shakespeare himself we have one of the

finest modelled heads and faces which the human imagination can picture, for texture, expression, and exquisiteness of temperament. "There was but one element wanting to place him, head and shoulders, above all the poets, namely, Christian spirituality. With less of the worldly and the wayward, and with more of the meek, and the humble, he would have been well-nigh faultless. Intellectually he may justly be said to have no equal; and in imagination, intuition, and appreciation of human character, no superior."

As a rule it may be fairly held that length indicates activity and intensity, whilst breadth shows comprehensiveness, stability, and endurance. The woman's head has relatively less breadth, and more length, than that of the man. This fact explains why a woman's mental operations are more rapid, and intense, but less prolonged, than those of the man. In the male head there is a relatively larger development of the base of the brain, as well as of the upper forehead region. But in the region of the crown—the seat of the spiritual sentiments—the woman has relatively a fuller development than the man.

Respecting the Stature of "the man in the street" nowadays, taken as a whole, it is asserted by some Physiognomists (but without any manifest proof) that men as a mixed race in Great Britain, or at any rate throughout the world at large, were taller in the early ages than at present; also that examples of very tall men were more frequent then than now. The remains of human bones, and particularly the

teeth (which remain unchanged in the most ancient urns and burial places, the mummies, and the sarcophagus of the Great Pyramid of Egypt), combine to demonstrate this point clearly. Likewise every pertinent fact which we can collect from ancient works of art, from armour (as helmets and breast-plates), or from buildings designed for the abode and accommodation of man, concurs in strengthening what we thus assert. The noted anatomist, Blumenbach (1830) had the skull and bones of an old person taken out of a burial-place of the most remote antiquity in Denmark ("ex antiquissimo tumulo Cimbrico"), and found that they corresponded in size and conformation to the standard of his day. That we cannot have degenerated as a result of the habits of civilized society is clear, because the individuals of nations whose ways are much different from ours, such as the native Americans, Africans, and South Sea Islanders, do not exceed us in stature. Indeed, it has been generally observed of these races that they are shorter than Europeans. Furthermore, it is seen that men who considerably exceed the ordinary stature do not possess those proportions of form which we regard as elegant; nor does their physical strength by any means correspond to their size. The head is in such persons below the ratio which it ought to bear to the body, according to what we deduce from men of ordinary stature; and hence the brain must be comparatively smaller.

In the seventeenth century there was exhibited,

at the sign of the Catharine Wheel, in Southwark Fair, "a Gyant or Miracle of Nature," who was described in the play-bills as "that so much admired young man, aged nineteen years last June (1684). Born in Ireland, of such a prodigious height and bigness, and every way proportionable, the like hath not been seen since the memory of man. He hath been several times shown at Court, and his Majesty was pleased to walk under his arm, and he is grown very much since—he now reaches ten foot and a half. Fathoms near eight foot, spans fifteen inches, and is believed to be as big as one of the gyants in Guild Hall."

About the same time there was on exhibition at the Golden Ball, at Charing Cross, a "giant, lately arrived from Holland; being the tallest person that ever was seen there before; being above eight feet high and between 27 and 28 years of age; the son of a clergyman, and was born in Finland."

One of the sights of Bartholomew Fair in the early part of the eighteenth century was "a tall Englishman, eight foot high, and but 17 years of age." In the first year of the eighteenth century there was also exhibited at the Sun Tavern in Queen Street, Cheapside, "a wonderful and strange Englishman, who is seven foot four inches and a half in height, being not as yet 20 years of age until November, 1701. His limbs are all proportionable to his tallness and years of growth."

In the opposite end of the scale there have been from time to time exhibited in this country many



famous dwarfs. In 1688 and 1689 John Worrenburg, who was born at Harlshousen, in Switzerland, in 1659, was "on show" in London. He never exceeded 2ft. 7in. in height, but is said to have been "as big and strong in his arms and legs as any full-grown man." He was drowned in 1695 while being carried in his box over a plank from the quay to the ship. The plank broke and the porter fell with the box into the River Meare.

Jeffery Hudson was born in 1619, at Oakham, Rutland. His parents were both tall, but he never exceeded 18 in. in height. He was taken into the service of the Duke of Buckingham, and on one occasion was served up at table in a pie dish. He was given to Henrietta Maria, consort to King Charles I., as servant. In the Civil Wars he was made a Captain of the Horse in the King's service, and accompanied the Queen to France, but was banished from that country for killing the brother of Lord Crofts in a duel, whilst mounted in the saddle, so as to put himself on equal terms as to height; his adversary, however, coming to the encounter armed only with a squirt. He died in 1682.

It is a generally observed fact that very large men are seldom distinguished by extent, or force, of mental vigour. As to dwarfs, they are mostly ill-made, the head in particular being too large. The truth is that perfect instances of well-built healthy men, with all the proper attributes of the race, but yet considerably below the general standard of height, are very few. In the time of Theodosius there was

seen in Egypt a pigmy of so small a body that he was said to resemble a partridge ; yet did he exercise all the functions of a man. Again, Cardan said he saw a man of full age in Italy who was not above a cubit (about twenty inches) high, and who was carried about in a parrot's cage.

As to the question of stature, an apothegm of Francis Bacon puts it thus : " My Lord St. Albans said that Nature did never put her precious jewels into a garret four storeys high ; and therefore that exceeding tall men had ever very empty heads." Similarly it was a saying of Thomas Fuller : " Often the cockloft is empty, in those whom Nature hath built many storeys high."

" ' I've read about a fairy land  
In some romantic tale,  
Where dwarfs, if good, are sure to thrive,  
And wicked giants fail.  
My wish is great, my shoes are strong,  
But how shall I get there ? '  
' Straight down the Crooked Lane,  
And all round the Square.'

" ' I've heard about a pleasant land  
Where omelettes grow on trees ;  
And roasted pigs run, erying out  
" Come, eat me if you please."  
My appetite is rather keen,  
But how shall I get there ? '  
' Straight down the Crooked Lane,  
And all round the Square.' "

In his Extra Christmas Number of *Household Words* for December, 1858, Charles Dickens wrote a most humorous story about a Dwarf, one of a travelling showman's company ; thereby giving a proof again

of his marvellous powers of keen insight into the ways and doings even of strollers on the highroads. This capital tale, now fifty years old, is well worth reproduction for our present readers, some shortening of its pages being now made by us so as to escape what might otherwise prove a tedious prolixity. It forms one of a collection in *A House to Let*, under the title of "Going into Society," the text of which, somewhat curtailed, runs as follows :—

"At one period of its reverses, the House fell into the occupation of a showman. He was found registered as its occupier, on the parish books of the time when he rented the House, and there was therefore no need of any clue to his name. But he himself was less easy to be found ; for he had led a wandering life, and settled people had lost sight of him, and people who plumed themselves on being respectable were shy of admitting that they had ever known anything of him. At last, among the marsh lands near the river's level that lie about Deptford and the neighbouring market-gardens, a grizzled personage in velveteen, with a face so cut up by varieties of weather that he looked as if he had been tattoo'd, was found smoking a pipe at the door of a wooden house on wheels. The wooden house was laid up in ordinary for the winter near the mouth of a muddy creek ; and everything near it, the foggy river, the misty marshes, and the steaming market-gardens, smoked in company with the grizzled man. In the midst of this smoking party, the funnel-chimney of the wooden house on wheels

was not remiss, but took its pipe with the rest in a companionable manner.

“On being asked if it were he who had once rented the House to Let, Grizzled Velveteen looked surprised, and said yes. Then his name was Magsman? That was it, Toby Magsman—which lawfully christened Robert; but called in the line, from a infant, Toby. There was nothing agin Toby Magsman, he believed? If there was suspicion of such—mention it!

“There was no suspicion of such, he might rest assured. But, some inquiries were making about that House, and would he object to say why he left it?

“Not at all; why should he? He left it, along of a Dwarf.

“Along of a Dwarf?

“Mr. Magsman repeated, deliberately and emphatically, ‘Along of a Dwarf.’

“Might it be compatible with Mr. Magsman’s inclination and convenience, to enter, as a favour, into a few particulars?

“Mr. Magsman entered into the following particulars.

“It was a long time ago, to begin with;—afore lotteries and a deal more, was done away with. Mr. Magsman was looking about for a good pitch, and he see that house, and he says to himself, ‘I’ll have you, if you’re to be had. If money’ll get you. I’ll have you.’

“The neighbours cut up rough, and made complaints; but Mr. Magsman don’t know what they

would have had. It was a lovely thing. First of all, there was the canvass, representin the picter of the Giant, in Spanish trunks and a ruff, who was himself half the heighth of the house, and was run up with a line and pulley to a pole on the roof, so that his Ed was coeval with the parapet. Then, there was the canvass, representin the picter of the Albina lady, showin her white air to the Army and Navy in correct uniform. Then, there was the canvass, representin the picter of the Wild Indian a scalpin a member of some foreign nation. Then, there was the canvass, representin the picter of a child of a British Planter, seized by two Boa Constrictors—not that *we* never had no child, nor no Constrictors neither. Similiarly, there was the canvass, representin the picter of the Wild Ass of the Prairies—not that *we* never had no wild asses, nor wouldn't have had 'em at a gift. Last, there was the canvass, representin the picter of the Dwarf, and like him too (considerin), with George the Fourth in such a state of astonishment at him as His Majesty couldn't with his utmost politeness and stoutness express. The front of the House was so covered with canvasses, that there wasn't a spark of daylight ever visible on that side. "MAGSMAN'S AMUSEMENTS," fifteen foot long by two foot high, ran over the front door and parlour winders. The passage was a Arbour of green baize and gardenstuff. A barrel-organ performed there unceasing. And as to respectability,—if threepence ain't respectable, what is ?

“ But the Dwarf is the principal article at present, and he was worth the money. He was wrote up as MAJOR TPSCHOFFKI, OF THE IMPERIAL BULGRAD-ERIAN BRIGADE. Nobody couldn’t pronounce the name, and it never was intended anybody should. The public always turned it, as a regular rule, into Chopski. In the line he was called Chops ; partly on that account, and partly because his real name, if he ever had any real name (which was very dubious), was Stakes.

“ He was a un-common small man, he really was. Certainly, not so small as he was made out to be, but where *is* your Dwarf as is ? He was a most uncommon small man with a most uncommon large Ed ; and what he had inside that Ed, nobody never knowed but himself : even supposin himself to have ever took stock of it, which it would have been a stiff job for even him to do.

“ The kindest little man as never growed ! Spirited, but not proud. When he travelled with the Spotted Baby—though he knowed himself to be a nat’ral Dwarf. and knowed the Baby’s spots to be put upon him artificial, he nursed that Baby like a mother. You never heerd him give a ill-name to a Giant. He *did* allow himself to break out into strong language respectin the Fat Lady from Norfolk ; but that was an affair of the ’art ; and when a man’s ’art has been trifled with by a lady, and the preference giv to a Indian, he ain’t master of his actions.

“ He was always in love, of course ; every human nat’ral phenomenon is. And he was always in love



with a large woman ; *I* never knowed the Dwarf as could be got to love a small one.

“ One sing’ler idea he had in that Ed of his, which must have meant something, or it wouldn’t have been there. It was always his opinion that he was entitled to property. He never would put his name to anything. He had been taught to write, by the young man without arms, who got his living with his toes (quite a writing-master *he* was, and taught scores in the line), but Chops would have starved to death, afore he’d have gained a bit of bread by putting his hand to a paper. This is the more curious to bear in mind, because *he* had no property, nor hope of property, except his house and a sarser. When I say his house, I mean the box, painted and got up outside like a reg’lar six-roomer, that he used to creep into, with a diamond ring (or quite as good to look at) on his forefinger, and ring a little bell out of what the Public believed to be the Drawing-room winder. And when I say a sarser, I mean a Chaney sarser in which he made a collection for himself at the end of every Entertainment. His cue for that, he took from me : ‘ Ladies and gentlemen, the little man will now walk three times round the Cairawan, and retire behind the curtain.’ When he said anything important, in private life, he mostly wound it up with this form of words, and they was generally the last thing he said to me at night afore he went to bed.

“ He had what I consider a fine mind—a poetic mind. His ideas respectin his property, never come

upon him so strong as when he sat upon a barrel-organ and had the handle turned. Arter the wibration had run through him a little time, he would screech out, 'Toby, I feel my property coming—grind away! I'm counting my guineas by thousands, Toby—grind away! Toby, I shall be a man of fortun! I feel the Mint a jingling in me, Toby, and I'm swelling out into the Bank of England!' Such is the influence of music on a poetic mind. Not that he was partial to any other music but a barrel-organ; on the contrary, hated it.

"He had a kind of a everlasting grudge agin the Public: which is a thing you may notice in many phenomenons that get their living out of it. What riled him most in the nater of his occupation was, that it kep him out of Society. He was continiawly sayin, 'Toby, my ambition is to go into Society. The curse of my position towards the Public, is, that it keeps me hout of Society. This don't signify to a low beast of a Indian; he an't formed for Society. This don't signify to a Spotted Baby; *he* an't formed for Society.—I am.'

"Nobody never could make out what Chops done with his money. He had a good salary, down on the drum every Saturday as the day come round, besides having the run of his teeth—and he was a Woodpecker to eat—but all Dwarfs are. The sarser was a little income, bringing him in so many halfpence that he'd carry 'em, for a week together, tied up in a pocket handkercher. And yet he never had no money. And it couldn't be the Fat Lady from

Norfolk, as was once supposed ; because it stands to reason that when you have a animosity towards a Indian which makes you grind your teeth at him to his face, and which can hardly hold you from Goosing him audible when he's going through his War-Dance—it stands to reason you wouldn't under them circumstances deprive yourself, to support that Indian in the lap of luxury.

“Most unexpected, the mystery come out one day at Egham Races. The Public was shy of bein pulled in, and Chops was ringin his little bell out of his drawing-room winder, and was snarlin to me over his shoulder as he kneeled down with his legs out at the back-door—for he couldn't be shoved into his house without kneeling down, and the premises wouldn't accommodate his legs—was snarlin, ‘Here's a precious Public for you ; why the Devil don't they tumble up ?’ when a man in the crowd holds up a carrier-pigeon, and cries out, ‘If there's any person here as has got a ticket, the Lottery's just drawed, and the number as has come up for the great prize is three, seven, forty-two ! Three, seven, forty-two !’ I was givin the man to the Furies myself, for calling off the Public's attention—for the Public will turn away, at any time, to look at anything in preference to the thing showed 'em ; and if you doubt it, get 'em together for any individual purpose on the face of the earth, and send only two people in late, and see if the whole company an't far more interested in takin particular notice of them two than of you—I say, I wasn't best pleased

with the man for callin' out, and wasn't blessin' him in my own mind, when I see Chops's little bell fly out of winder at a old lady, and he gets up and kicks his box over, exposing the whole secret, and he catches hold of the calves of my legs and he says to me, 'Carry me into the wan, Toby, and throw a pail of water over me or I'm a dead man, for I've come into my property!'

"Twelve thousand odd hundred pound, was Chops's winnins. He had bought a half-ticket for the twenty-five thousand prize, and it had come up. The first use he made of his property, was, to offer to fight the Wild Indian for five hundred pound a side, him with a poisoned darnin'-needle and the Indian with a club; but the Indian bein' in want of backers to that amount, it went no further.

"Arter he had been mad for a week—in a state of mind, in short, in which, if I had let him sit on the organ for only two minutes, I believe he would have bust—but we kep' the organ from him—Mr. Chops come round, and behaved liberal and beautiful to all. He then sent for a young man he knowed, as had a wery genteel appearance and was a Bonnet at a gaming-booth (most respectable brought up, father havin' been imminent in the livery stable line but unfort'nate in a commercial crisis, through paintin' a old gray, ginger-bay, and sellin' him with a Pedigree), and Mr. Chops said to this Bonnet, who said his name was Normandy, which it wasn't:

"'Normandy, I'm a goin' into Society. Will you go with me?'

“ Says Normandy : ‘ Do I understand you, Mr. Chops, to hintimate that the ’ole of the expenses of that move will be borne by yourself ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Correct,’ says Mr. Chops. ‘ And you shall have a princely allowance too.’ ”

“ The Bonnet lifted Mr. Chops upon a chair, to shake hands with him, and replied in poetry, with his eyes seemingly full of tears :

‘ My boat is on the shore,  
And my bark is on the sea,  
And I do not ask for more,  
But I’ll Go :—along with thee.’ ”

“ They went into Society, in a chay and four grays with silk jackets. They took lodgings in Pall Mall, London, and they blazed away.

“ In consequence of a note that was brought to Bartlemy Fair in the autumn of next year by a servant, most wonderful got up in milk-white cords and tops, I cleaned myself and went to Pall Mall, one evening appinted. The gentlemen was at their wine arter dinner, and Mr. Chops’s eyes was more fixed in that Ed of his than I thought good for him. There was three of ’em (in company, I mean), and I knowed the third well. When last met, he had on a white Roman shirt, and a bishop’s mitre covered with leopard-skin, and played the clarionet all wrong, in a band at a Wild Beast Show.

“ This gent took on not to know me, and Mr. Chops said : ‘ Gentlemen, this is a old friend of former days : ’ and Normandy looked at me through a eye-glass, and said, ‘ Magsman, glad to see you ! ’—which

I'll take my oath he wasn't. Mr. Chops, to git him convenient to the table, had his chair on a throne (much of the form of George the Fourth's in the canvas), but he hardly appeared to me to be King there in any other pint of view, for his two gentlemen ordered about like Emperors. They was all dressed like May-Day—gorgeous!—and as to Wine, they swam in all sorts.

“I made the round of the bottles, first separate (to say I had done it), and then mixed 'em all together (to say I had done it), and then tried two of 'em as half-and-half, and then t'other two. Altogether, I passed a pleasin evenin, but with a tendency to feel muddled, until I considered it good manners to get up and say, 'Mr. Chops, the best of friends must part, I thank you for the wariety of foreign drains you have stood so 'ansome, I looks towards you in red wine, and I takes my leave.' Mr. Chops replied, 'If you'll just hitch me out of this over your right arm, Magsman, and carry me downstairs, I'll see you out.' I said I couldn't think of such a thing, but he would have it, so I lifted him off his throne. He smelt strong of Maideary, and I couldn't help thinking as I carried him down that it was like carrying a large bottle full of wine, with a rayther ugly stopper, a good deal out of proportion.

“When I set him on the door-mat in the hall, he kep me close to him by holding on to my coat-collar, and he whispers :

“‘I ain't 'appy, Magsman.’

“‘What's on your mind, Mr. Chops?’



“ ‘ They don’t use me well. They ain’t grateful to me. They puts me on the mantel-piece when I won’t have in more Champagne-wine, and they locks me in the sideboard when I won’t give up my property.’ ”

“ ‘ Get rid of ’em, Mr. Chops.’ ”

“ ‘ I can’t. We’re in Society together, and what would Society say ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Come out of Society ! ’ says I. ”

“ ‘ I can’t. You don’t know what you’re talking about. When you have once gone into Society, you mustn’t come out of it.’ ”

“ ‘ Then, if you’ll excuse the freedom, Mr. Chops,’ were my remark, shaking my head grave, ‘ I think it’s a pity you ever went in.’ ”

“ Mr. Chops shook that deep Ed of his, to a surprisin extent, and slapped it half a dozen times with his hand, and with more Wice than I thought were in him. Then, he says, ‘ You’re a good fellow, but you don’t understand. Good-night, go along. Magsman, the little man will now walk three times round the Cairawan, and retire behind the curtain.’ The last I see of him on that occasion was his tryin, on the extremest werge of insensibility, to climb up the stairs, one by one, with his hands and knees. They’d have been much too steep for him, if he had been sober ; but he wouldn’t be helped. ”

“ It warn’t long after that, that I read in the newspaper of Mr. Chops’s being presented at Court. It was printed, ‘ It will be recollected ’—and I’ve noticed in my life, that it is sure to be printed that it

*will* be recollected, whenever it won't—'that Mr. Chops is the individual of small stature, whose brilliant success in the last State Lottery attracted so much attention.' Well, I says to myself, Such is Life ! He has been and done it in earnest at last ! He has astonished George the Fourth !

"(On account of which I had that canvas new-painted, him with a bag of money in his hand, a presentin it to George the Fourth, and a lady in Ostrich Feathers fallin in love with him in a bag-wig, sword, and buckles correct.)

"I took the House as is the subject of present inquiries—though not the honour of bein acquainted—and I run Magsman's Amusements in it thirteen months—sometimes one thing, sometimes another, sometimes nothin particular, but always all the canvasses outside. One night, when we had played the last company out, which was a shy company through its raining Heavens hard, I was takin a pipe in the one pair back along with the young man with the toes, which I had taken on for a month (though he never drawed—except on paper), and I heard a kickin at the street door. 'Halloa !' I says to the young man, 'what's up !' He rubs his eyebrows with his toes, and he says, 'I can't imagine, Mr. Magsman'—which he never could imagine nothin. and was monotonous company.

"The noise not leavin off, I laid down my pipe, and I took up a candle, and I went down and opened the door. I looked out into the street ; but nothin could I see, and nothin was I aware of, until I turned

round quick, because some creetur run between my legs into the passage. There was Mr. Chops!

“‘Magsman,’ he says, ‘take me, on the hold terms, and you’ve got me; if it’s done, say done!’

“‘I was all of a maze, but I said, ‘Done, sir.’

“‘‘Done to your done, and double done!’ says he. ‘Have you got a bit of supper in the house?’

“‘It was arter he had made a clean sweep of the sassages (beef, and to the best of my calculations two pound and a quarter), that the wisdom as was in that little man, began to come out of him like perspiration.

“‘‘Magsman,’ he says, ‘look upon me! You see afore you One as has both gone into Society and come out.’

“‘‘Oh! You *are* out of it, Mr. Chops? How did you get out, sir?’

“‘‘SOLD OUT!’ says he. You never saw the like of the wisdom as his Ed expressed, when he made use of them two words.

“‘‘My friend Magsman, I’ll impart to you a discovery I’ve made. It’s wallable; it’s cost twelve thousand five hundred pound; it may do you good in life.—The secret of this matter is, that it ain’t so much that a person goes into Society, as that Society goes into a person.’

“‘Not exactly keeping up with his meanin, I shook my head, put on a deep look, and said, ‘You’re right there, Mr. Chops.’

“‘‘Magsman,’ he says, twitchin me by the leg,

‘Society has gone into me, to the tune of every penny of my property.

“ ‘Magsman! The most material difference between the two states of existence through which your unappy friend has passed’—he reached out his poor little hand, and his tears dropped down on the moustachio which it was a credit to him to have done his best to grow, but it is not in mortals to command success,—‘the difference is this. When I was out of Society, I was paid light for being seen. When I went into Society, I paid heavy for being seen. I prefer the former. . . . Give me out through the trumpet, in the hold way, to-morrow.’

“Arter that, he slid into the line again as easy as if he had been iled all over. But the organ was kep from him, and no allusions was ever made, when a company was in, to his property. He got wiser every day; his views of Society and the Public was luminous, bewilderin, awful; and his Ed got bigger and bigger as his Wisdom expanded it.

“He took well, and pulled ’em in most excellent for nine weeks. At the expiration of that period, when his Ed was a sight, he expressed one evenin, the last Company havin been turned out, and the door shut, a wish to have a little music.

“ ‘Mr. Chops,’ I said (I never dropped the ‘Mr.’ with him; the world might do it, but not me), ‘Mr. Chops, are you sure as you are in a state of mind and body to sit upon the organ?’

“His answer was this: ‘Toby, when next met

with on the tramp, I forgive her and the Indian. And I am.'

"It was with fear and trembling that I began to turn the handle; but he sat like a lamb. It will be my belief to my dying day, that I see his Ed expand as he sat; you may therefore judge how great his thoughts was. He sat out all the changes, and then he come off.

" 'Toby,' he says, with a quiet smile, 'the little man will now walk three times round the Cairawan, and retire behind the curtain.'

"When we called him in the morning, we found him gone into a much better Society than mine or Pall Mall's. I giv Mr. Chops as comfortable a funeral as lay in my power, followed myself as Chief, and had the George the Fourth canvass carried first, in the form of a banner. But the House was so dismal arterwards, that I giv it up, and took to the Wan again."

So too we read in Wanley (*The Wonders of the Little World*, 1678): "As the tallest ears of corn are lightest in the ear: and houses built many storeys high have their uppermost rooms the worst furnished; likewise those human fabrics which Nature hath raised to a giant-like height are observed not to have so happy a composition of the brain as other men. Resembling the Pyramids of Egypt they are rather for ostentation than use; and are remembered in history, not for any accomplishment of mind, but only for the magnitude of their bodies. Pliny relates that Maximinius, the Emperor, was

eight and a half feet in height ; he was “ a Thracian, barbarous and cruel, being hated of all men. He used the bracelet, or armlet, of his wife as a ring for his thumb ; and his shoe was longer by a foot than that of another man.”

Fuller, in his *Worthies of England*, tells about, *inter alios*, one “ William Evans, born in Monmouthshire, the giant of our age for his stature, full two yards and a half in height ; he was Porter to King Charles the First, succeeding Walter Parsons (who himself when an apprentice grew so tall that a hole was made for him in the ground to stand therein up to the knees, as to make him adequate with his fellow-workmen, and who was seven feet four inches in height, but was knock-kneed, and splay-footed, and halted a little). He managed to dance in a masque before Queen Henrietta Maria, and then lugged out of one pocket a loaf, and out of the other little Jeffery, the dwarf, instead of a piece of cheese.” Jeffery Hudson at eight years old was not half a yard high. The Duchess of Buckingham took him, and clothed him in satin. At a splendid feast given by the Duke, there was a cold pie, which being opened little Jeffery started up in complete armour. He died in 1682. being then more than sixty years of age.

Various recipes for dwarfing children whilst quite young have been held in vogue from time to time. The most effective of these, according to common report, was to anoint the backbone with the grease of moles, bats, and dormice. Of modern dwarfs, we



ourselves remember going to see General Tom Thumb (Charles Stratton) at the Egyptian Hall, in London, nearly seventy years ago. He was then twenty-five years old, and thirty-one inches high. The General was born in 1837, and came to England in 1844, when he was exhibited at the Egyptian Hall with great success. He took six hundred pounds in the first week. The great Duke of Wellington went to see Tom Thumb when characteristically dressed up in the well-known uniform of Napoleon Bonaparte, with cocked hat, breeches, and high boots. The Duke was much interested, and amused. Afterwards the small General travelled throughout both hemispheres, visiting London again in 1857. In 1863 he married the diminutive American lady, Lavinia Warren, who was then twenty-one years old. Subsequently he died, on July 15, 1863. The original Tom Thumb of nursery tradition lived in King Arthur's time; and, though the son of a common ploughman, was knighted by him. Poor Tom came to his death through the poisonous breath of a spider.

[This nursery song may probably commemorate a part of Tom Thumb's history, extant in a little Danish work, treating of 'Swain Tomling, a man no bigger than a thumb, who would be married to a woman three ells and three quarters long.' See Mr. Thoms' Preface to *Tom o' Lincoln*, p. xi.]

- " I had a little husband,  
No bigger than my thumb;  
I put him in a pint pot,  
And there I bid him drum.
- " I bought a little horse,  
That galloped up and down;  
I bridled him, and saddled him,  
And sent him out of town.

“ I gave him some garters,  
To garter up his hose,  
And a little handkerchief,  
To wipe his pretty nose.”

Dr. Watts (1706), in his *Horæ Lyricæ*, has written :

“ Were I so tall to reach the Pole,  
Or grasp the ocean with my span,  
I must be measured by my soul :  
The mind’s the standard of the man.”

It has been humorously and pithily said :—

“ Whether tall men, or short men, are best ;  
Whether bold men, or modest and shy men,  
I know not ; but this I protest,  
All the fair are in favour of Hymen.”

“ Our chronicles,” saith Bertius (in his description of Zealand) “ speak about a woman of an unusual stature, born in Zealand ; in respect of whom very tall men seemed but dwarfs. So strong was she that she would carry two barrels of beer (each of them weighing four hundred Italian pounds) under both arms ; and a beam which eight men could not lift she could wield at her pleasure.”

Again, concerning bodily strength of muscle and limb, we are told as a modern instance, by Wanley, how “ Mr. Carew, in his *Survey of Cornwall*. assured him that one John Bray, well known to himself as being his tenant, carried on his back at one time. for the space of near a bowshot, six bushels of wheaten meal, reckoning fifteen gallons to the bushel ; and this together with the miller. a stout fellow, twenty-four years of age.” We are further told how “ Thomas Topham, born in London.

and then thirty-one years of age, being five feet and ten inches high, with muscles very hard and prominent (through his having been brought up as a carpenter), by the strength of his fingers rolled up a very strong and large pewter dish; lifted a table six feet long (which had half a hundredweight hanging at the end of it) with his teeth, and held it in a horizontal position for a considerable time; took an iron kitchen poker about a yard long and three inches round, and, holding it in his right hand, he struck upon the bare left arm between the elbow and the wrist, till he bent the poker nearly to a right angle [but this feat would really depend more upon leverage than upon actual strength of arm]. He took such another poker, and holding it by the ends with his hands, and the middle against the back of his neck, he brought both ends of it together before him; and then—which was more difficult—he pulled it almost straight again. He lifted a roller stone of eight hundredweight, with his hands only, while standing in a frame above it, and taking hold of a chain which was fastened round it.”—(Dr. Desaguliers’ *Course of Experimental Philosophy*.)

Having canvassed at some length, and explicitly, the physical aspect and probable dispositions of persons who come under our inquisitorial scrutiny, we now (in accordance with the instruction we have tried to impart) proceed to explain what may be usefully gathered from a close observation of the manners and ordinary visible behaviour of him, or

her, whom we are subjecting to our Physiognomical guess-work. Much help will accrue to us in these endeavours by watching the behaviour, and gestures towards companions or familiar intimates, or strangers more ceremoniously addressed. In which mode of further inquiry we shall not hesitate to make free use of an admirable book by Dr. Samuel Smiles (1910) on "Character," as seen through the medium of an individual nature,—a "Book of Noble Characteristics," as it is aptly termed. A first edition of the same work appeared as long ago as December, 1876. "Character," he says, "means the distinctive qualities by which one person is known from another. It may mean goodness, or badness; weakness, or energy. It may also mean the adventitious qualities impressed by nature, or by habit, on the person in view." Such a person stands apart by himself, and perhaps becomes known as "a regular character." Again, the writer says, "I take Individual Character to form the highest embodiment of the human being. In its chief aspect it requires the exercise of many supreme qualities; such as truthfulness, chasteness, mercifulness; and, with these, integrity, courage, virtue, and goodness in all its phases."

It is certain that some of our greatest men have had both physical and mental peculiarities. For instance, Shakespeare—by his own plain confession—was lame. His Sonnets tell us this repeatedly: "So I, made lame by sorrow's dearest spite;" "Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt;" "Limping away disabled." Furthermore, as Dr.

Smiles says, "It is to be inferred that he was an exceedingly shy man. His appearance in his own plays, in second- and even third-rate parts; his indifference to reputation; and even his aversion to being held in repute by his contemporaries; his disappearance from London (the seat and centre of English histrionic art) so soon as he had realized a moderate competency; and his retirement about the age of forty for the remainder of his days, to a life of obscurity in a small town in the midland counties; all seem to unite in proving the shrinking nature of the man, and his unconquerable shyness."

"It might naturally be supposed that Shakespeare's profession as an actor, and his repeated appearances in public, would speedily overcome his shyness, did such exist. But inborn shyness, when strong, is not easily conquered." The most reliable likeness of Shakespeare is thought to have been discovered at Stratford by Mr. Edgar Flower, as painted on an elm panel, whilst bearing the inscription: "W. Shakespeare, 1609." This was most probably the original of the engraved portrait (half length) prefixed to the Folio of 1623 by Martin Droeshout. Therein the face is long, and the forehead high; the top of the head is bald, but the hair falls in abundance over the ears. There is a scanty moustache, and a thin tuft under the lower lip. A stiff and wide collar, projecting horizontally, conceals the neck. The coat is closely buttoned, and elaborately bordered, especially at the shoulders. The Chandos Portrait (now in the National Portrait

Gallery) was probably painted from a fanciful description of Shakespeare after his death ; the face is bearded, and rings adorn the ears. Over the poet's grave in Stratford Church (within the chancel, in which, as one of the lay rectors, he had a right of interment) were inscribed the lines, as written by himself :—

“ Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here :  
Blest be the man that spares these stones,  
And eurst be he that moves my bones.”

It is told, again, of Garrick, that when subpoenaed on Baretti's trial, and required to give his evidence before the court, though he had been accustomed for thirty years to act with the greatest self-possession in the presence of thousands, he became so perplexed and confused that he was actually sent from the witness-box by the judge as a man from whom no evidence could be obtained. Likewise, regarding Charles Mathews (to whose last appearance on the stage we have particularly referred in our Preface) : “ Who could have believed that this distinguished performer, a man of most varied career, of wide foreign travel, and many ups and downs in life, who moreover had entertained crowded houses night after night, was naturally one of the shyest of men ? He would even make long circuits (lame as he was) among the byways of London, to avoid recognition. His wife said of him that he looked ‘ sheepish ’ and confused if recognized ; and that his eyes would fall, and his colour would mount, if he heard his



name even whispered when passing along the street." A still more striking instance was that of Archbishop Whateley (1787-1863), who in the early part of his life was painfully oppressed by a sense of shyness. When he was at Oxford, his rough white coat, and white hat obtained for him the sobriquet of "The White Bear": and his manners corresponded to this appellation. He was directed, by way of remedy, to copy the example of the best-mannered men he met in society; but the attempt to do this only increased his shyness, and he failed therein.

As one more illustration of such a personal failing, and this among Americans, who are not naturally diffident, Nathaniel Hawthorne, the highly distinguished American author, was shy to the extent of morbidity. "He was observed, when a stranger entered the room where he was, to immediately turn his back, so as to avoid recognition; and yet, when the crust of his shyness was broken, no man could be more cordial, and genial than Hawthorne."

Bulwer Lytton, in his *Pelham* (chapter lxvi.), is hard on English manners, and servility. "They offer you," writes he, "an affront, and call it 'a plain truth'; they wound your feelings, and tell you it is manly 'to speak their minds.' While they profess to abhor servility, they adulate the Peerage; while they tell you they care not a rush for the minister, they move heaven and earth for an invitation from the minister's wife."

"It was not a little characteristic of the ancient Germans," says Dr. Smiles, "that the more sociable

and demonstrative people by whom they were surrounded should have characterized them as 'Dumb Men'—'Niemec':—and the same designation might well apply to modern English folk, as compared, for example, with their nimbler, more communicative, and more vocal, as well as in all respects more sociable, neighbours, the modern French, and Irish." "*Le Français aime son parent, son ami, son compagnon, et jusqu'à son voisin d'omnibus, ou de théâtre, si sa figure lui est sympathique. Pourquoi? Parcequ'il regarde, et cherche son âme; parcequ'il vit dans son semblable autant qu'en lui-même. Quand il est longtemps seul il dépérit; et quand il est toujours seul, il meurt.*"

Good manners on the part of any person towards those with whom he is associating at the time, and whose behaviour is under immediate observation, may be said to consist in showing by external signs the internal regard which is present, and not speciously assumed. The truest politeness comes of sincerity. It exhibits itself in a disposition (which is manifest) to make others happy, and in refraining from all which may annoy them. The impolite thick-skinned man will, on the contrary, sometimes rather lose his friend than his joke. Dr. Johnson once declared: "Sir, a man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to do one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down." There is no reason why the poorest classes in their daily intercourse with one another should not practise good manners, as well as the richest. The

civil workman will exercise increased power amongst his class, and gradually induce them to imitate him, by persistent steadiness, civility, and kindness. Thus, Benjamin Franklin, when a working man, is said to have reformed the habits of an entire workshop. The French and Germans, even of the humblest classes, are gracious in their manners, complaisant, and civil. The foreign workman lifts his cap, and respectfully salutes his fellow-workman in passing. Such is the power of good manners (when combined with tact) that Wilkes, one of the least prepossessing of men, used to say that in winning the good graces of a lady there was no more than a difference of three days between him and the handsomest man in England. None the less, good manners may not be natural, but merely assumed as a crafty disguise. The most highly polished manners may be no more than skin-deep. Again, in other cases, just as a rough rind sometimes covers the sweetest fruit, a rough exterior, and a boorish style of behaviour may be concealing a kindly, and hearty nature. John Knox, and Martin Luther were by no means distinguished for their urbanity. They had stern work to do, which needed strong and determined men rather than those who were better mannered. When the former of these, worn out by hard labour, and anxiety, was at length laid to his rest, the Regent, looking down into the open grave, exclaimed, "There lies he who never feared the face of man." Likewise, the roughness of Luther was only in his manner of speech. His apparently rude

exterior covered a warm heart. Fond of all simple pleasures, and enjoyments, he was anything but an austere man, or a bigot ; he was genial of soul, and even jovial. In his lifetime he was the people's hero, and he remains so in Germany to this day.

That "Manners makyth man" (according to the noted legend which runs on a label beneath the armorial bearings of Winchester's famous old College) is an allowed fact, not to be gainsaid. Equally true is the admonitory sentence which stands inscribed on the walls of the venerable school, wherein such good manners are faultlessly inculcated, "Aut Disce ; aut Discede ! Manet sors tertia—Cædi"—"Either Learn ; or Depart hence ! A third chance remains for you ;—submit to Correction with the rod." This distich is inscribed on a mural tablet at one end of the school ; the words, "Aut Disce," being surmounted by a bishop's mitre, and crook ; immediately beneath which are depicted a drawn sword, and other military emblems over the words "Aut Discede" ; and again below, at the bottom, is represented a birch rod surmounting the final words, "Manet sors tertia—Cædi."

To "make one's manners," was a good old mode of salutation amongst us in times past, with a bow, or a curtsy, on meeting one's social betters. Thus, in *Sylvia's Lovers*, by Mrs. Gaskill, we read : "I humbly make my manners, missus." Again, in those times of the "Good Old English Gentleman," the manners'-bit" was an established custom—the leaving from the contents of a choice dish at table of a small

portion, by well-mannered guests, in order that the host, or hostess might not feel suspected of having made inadequate provision for all the party.

It is worth while to compare in well-authenticated portraits the lion look of Luther's strong thoughtful Roman nose with the weak thin Greek nose of his contemporary, Erasmus. What a painful contrast not only in noses, but most remarkably in character. Erasmus possessed refinement, and cultivation of mind; and, although he preferred the principles of the Reformation to the superstitious dogmas of the Church of Rome, he could never remain in one mind, and lacked the courage to take any decided course of action. An old caricature represents him holding on to a rope, swinging between heaven and hell, without the courage either to climb up, or to let himself down. But Luther's whole life was one of activity, energy, and firmness, with continual displays of undeniable coolness and courage. He was for ever rushing into action; attacking falsehood everywhere, always in war of words; regardless of danger, fearless of imprisonment, torture, and death; reckless whom he offended; coarse, violent, and even repulsive in his language; indifferent in what terms he propounded truth, or exposed error.

As still another example, Dr. Samuel Johnson was rude, and often gruff in manner; he had been brought up in a gruff school. His companions designated him, "Ursa Major"—"The Big Bear." But Oliver Goldsmith, who knew his true nature, said happily

of him : " No man alive has a more tender heart ; he has nothing of the bear about him but its skin." The kindliness of Johnson's nature was shown on one occasion by the manner in which he assisted a (supposed) lady in crossing Fleet Street. He gave her his arm, and led her across, not observing that she was intoxicated at the time.

" I remember," says Johnson, " once being with Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey. While he surveyed Poets' Corner I said to him : ' Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis '—(perhaps our name may become included among these). When we got to the Temple Bar he stopped me, pointed to the decapitated heads upon it, and slyly whispered me : ' Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.' "

" In comparing modern with ancient manners," writes Elia (*Essay on Modern Gallantry*), " we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon this point of gallantry : a certain obsequiousness, or deferential respect, which we are accustomed nowadays to pay to females as females. I shall believe that this principle actuates our conduct when I can forget that in the nineteenth [now the twentieth] century of the era from which we date our civility, we are only of late beginning to leave off the very common practice of whipping females in public, almost as frequently as the coarsest male offenders. I shall believe it to be influential when I can shut my eyes to the fact that in England women are still occasionally hanged. I shall believe it when Dorimant hands a fishwife across the kennel ; or assists the apple-



woman to pick up her wandering fruit which some unlucky dray has just dissipated. I shall believe it when I see the traveller for some rich house part with his admired box-coat to spread it over the shoulders of the poor woman who is being passed to her parish on the roof of the same stage-coach with him, drenched in the rain. Lastly, I shall believe that there is some such principle influencing our conduct when more than one-half of the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world shall cease to be performed by women. I shall be even disposed to rank it among the salutary fictions of life when, in polite circles, I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to those which are handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear—to the woman, as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title.”

Thus, then, we cannot but see how much the disposition of everyone depends upon his, or her, innate constitution, and upon the early surroundings which have been instrumental in shaping it; for instance, the comfort, or discomfort of the homes in which persons have been brought up; their inherited characteristics; and the examples, good or bad, to which they have been exposed so far throughout life. Regard for such considerations as these should make the Physiognomist charitable in his conclusions, and given to forbearance in his attitude towards those respecting whom he seems led to judge unfavourably.

“Oh, we are ridiculous animals,” declared Horace

Walpole, "and if angels have any fun in them, how we must divert them!"

Both Garrick, and the elder Mathews possessed in an eminent degree the brain development which indicates a power of mimicry, so essential for a good actor. Gall gave this organ a place in the cerebral chart on the fore part of the crown of the head, towards the outer side.

In applying Physiognomy to the discernment of character, the important modifications resulting from sex must always be taken into account. The contours of man, and of woman, both in general form and in particular features, are strikingly different. Therefore it is that a masculine woman and an effeminate man make an equally disagreeable impression on our minds. The ancient artists, who well understood the proper natural difference between the sexes, made the Apollo rather more than half a head taller than the Venus, and proportionately stouter. Next, the greater breadth of the shoulders than of the hips in a man should be noticeable; while the hips of a woman should be broader than her shoulders. But nowadays, by reason of the modern young woman having taken to masculine pursuits, and active outdoor pastimes, this relative proportion is becoming lost as regards the majority of those young women whom one commonly meets, particularly of the upper and middle classes: the result already showing itself in their tall lanky stature, their narrow hips, and flat chests. When naturally shaped, the neck of a woman, though

longer in appearance because of the drooping shoulders, is really shorter than that of a man. Her arms and legs are proportionately shorter, her back more hollow, her bust small, and more rounded, whilst her bosom should be greater in volume, and more elegant in shape. Man is characterized by compact, and muscular developments, and a strongly taut-knit frame—indicative of power ; woman, by curved and varied lines, gracefully rounded limbs, smooth surfaces, and elasticity—indicative of delicacy and grace. Thus Milton has put it :—

“ For contemplation he, and valour formed ;  
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace.”

Roundness prevails in her ; angularity in him. The female forehead is smoother and more rounded than that of the male ; the nose is less prominent, being as a rule either straight, or even more or less concave. The upper lip is generally shorter than in man, while the lower lip is more rounded in woman than in man, the chin being smaller, rounder, and more delicately formed. Woman has relatively larger eyes, with finer, and softer, hair, and skin, with features in general less strongly marked and more mobile than those of man. Woman gains nothing by striving to become more like man. Her crowning beauty should consist in being truly womanly. It is this quality which wins the love of man ; in whom she adores above all things strength, and manliness—something to lean upon, to look up to, to be proud of. It is a grand and noble thing to be a MAN. To be a woman is to be truly—

“ God’s last, best gift to man,”

without whom his strength is useless, his wisdom folly, and his life a failure !

“Do you know Kate \*\*\*\*\* ?” asks Elia in one of his inimitable *Essays*. “I express her by nine stars, though she is but one—but if ever one star differed from another star in glory . . . !”

The Greek artists in former days insisted on a law of homogeneousness applicable to the forms of man and woman. Their features should agree with each other, and with their figure as a whole ; else harmony is lost, and physical discord prevails. “If you take from the Apollo’s nose the tenth part of an inch,” said Fuseli, “the god is lost.” The rules by which the Greek artists were guided for attaining correct proportions in their figures, were based upon this law of homogeneousness ; and modern artists (sculptors and painters), abide by the same rules. Thus they require that the whole figure shall be six times the length of the foot ; and they adopt rules on the like scale for the proper symmetrical proportions of the whole body, and its physical appendages.

Furthermore, a Physiognomy of Classes undoubtedly exists. A person whom Nature has, as it were, set apart for a certain calling by giving him the organization best fitted for that calling, will have its impress stamped upon him from the beginning (to be strengthened, and deepened by its continued pursuit) : and even if not particularly adapted to the profession or occupation which he may follow, he will by perseverance therein assimilate himself to its particular requirements.

Regarding the effects of climate on man, he has more power than have animals to resist external influences, though not able to escape entirely from their effects.

As an easy summary of the Physiognomical methods for estimating by the face and the head, the personal individuality, the physical endowments, the disposition, and the mental capacity of a bystander, or associate, whether casually met, or more intimately known, we may aptly quote "Delineating," by Annie Oppenheim, F.B.P.S., London and New York. The passage occurs in a clever little book published by her—*Physiognomy Made Easy*. She says therein: "The rules to observe when delineating a person's character are: first, as to the position of the ears, so as to estimate the intellectual capacities of your subject by the size of the head, its length forward, and its breadth generally. Then, if able to see the forehead, study its shape: whether it bulges out at the top, the middle, or over the eyes; noticing also if the forehead be narrow, or broad and square. In noting these points remember that much depends on the height of the nose bone at its top, and on the prominence of the cheek bones. Next observe the eyes, whether prominent, or deep set; take their colour into consideration, and the thickness, or transparency of the eyelids. Note well the eyebrows, whether they be bushy or smooth; and straight or arched. See carefully if there be any fullness under the eyes, so as to denote eloquence of speech. Proceed to consider the

face as a whole, and take mental notice of its shape ; whether it rises high above the ears, long forward from the ears, square across the front, or leaving the back head larger. Then scan the nose, mouth, chin, and jaws. High nasal and cheek bones, with wide nostrils, and square jaws, show mental power ; but if the features are small and insignificant, then the mentality is passive. Take note as to the shape of the eyebrow, whether indicating deceit, revenge, calculating faculty, artistic ability, or other endowments. In looking at the nose, observe if it has a prominent ridge, and on which part of the organ this lies. By averaging the thickness or thinness of the bridge of the nose, a tendency to acquisitiveness may be determined. Seek coarseness in tastes by the nostrils, likewise courage and dramatic talent ; also pride, and secretiveness are to be sought here. Look for suspicion, reserve, or trustfulness in the tip of the nose ; similarly, look there for inquisitiveness. In the mouth, you will find all the passions, estimating them mainly by the thickness, or thinness, of the lips. If the latter state is shown, though sympathy will be lacking, yet benevolence, or philanthropy may be present in the character. The length of the jaw, and the tightness or looseness of the lips, declare whether the passions are under control, or are allowed too much liberty of action. The width of the chin tells about fidelity in the affections. Notice must be taken whether the mouth opens from the upper, or from the lower, jaw. Watch whether the chin recedes or protrudes,



the former showing weakness, the latter too much strength. The chin ought to be even with the forehead."

Carrying the head well back, and a relatively greater length from the point of the nose to the lower part of the chin, are indications which belong only to those who fully appreciate their own merits, and not infrequently overrate the same. Beau Brummel, in the reign of George the Fourth, well known as an arrant fop, had these peculiarities, and was intensely egotistical. As already pointed out, the organ of Self-esteem is seen as a tilting-up of the crown of the head at its hindermost summit. It is especially useful to a person with a small head. It imparts satisfaction with oneself. It inspires us with that degree of confidence which enables us to use our powers, such as they may be, to their best advantage. When in excess it produces arrogance, conceit, egoism, and selfishness. The love of power and dominion owes its origin to Self-esteem. This organ looms large in the busts of Augustus Cæsar, and Bonaparte.

Gall observed the concurrence between a strong devotional disposition and a great fullness of the middle portion of the crown of the head across its top. Following out the hint, he examined the heads of persons eminent for devotion. He visited the churches of every sect: and particularly observed the heads of individuals who prayed with the greatest fervour, or who were most completely absorbed in their religious contemplations. The result was the

establishment of that part of the brain as the organ of Veneration.

Some years ago we submitted our own head and face to the deft hands, and the sharp eyes of Annie Oppenheim (beclad at the time with academic square cap and gown)—she not being at all aware of our identity—when she gave us a shrewd epitome of our character as far as it had become known to ourselves. It was not too complimentary on the whole; but what particularly took us aback was her evident conclusion on feeling the summit of our head (sadly flat, even actually depressed, instead of being a noble dome), that we repudiated all religious convictions, being more or less of an infidel. “If you fail to accept revealed religion,” quoth she, “yet at all events you cannot but acknowledge the existence of a supreme power which rules the world.” This grave implication shocked our sensibilities considerably; because we go to church, say our prayers trustfully, and repeat our Creed (perhaps with some mental reservations) in common with the rest of the congregation. So much then for this organ: but Conscientiousness was said to be large with us, which compensates for that Veneration which we are found to lamentably lack.

We are disposed to think that Madame Oppenheim generalized too readily in our instance as regarded Veneration. Some years previously a clever friend, well versed in phrenology, had marked on our chart, as computed by him, quite an average share of “Reverence for the Deity,” but only a minor amount

of "Respectfulness" (Esteem for Human Superiors), to which defect we still plead somewhat guilty, except for true mental and moral, and sound physical, superiority. Probably Madame did not recognize the duality of the "Veneration" organ. My friend's analysis was made in 1861. Most thinking persons have become more independent of mind and Creed since that date—fifty-two years ago.

The bony form of body, and face is essentially that of "Reverentialness" and respectful submission. There is a high superior top head in its front region, with eyes which naturally turn upwards on meeting another's gaze. Among animals, those of the cat tribe display no weak reverence for man, but will stare him in the face more or less ferociously.

"I've no ambition to enact the spy  
On fellow souls, a Spiritual Pry—  
'Tis said that people ought to guard their noses,  
Who thrust them into matters none of theirs;  
And, tho' no delicacy discomposes  
Your Saint, yet I consider faith and pray'rs  
Amongst the privatest of men's affair.

"I do not hash the Gospel in my books,  
And thus upon the public mind intrude it,  
As if I thought, like Otaheitan cooks,  
No food was fit to eat till I had chew'd it.

"On Bible stilts I don't affect to stalk;  
Nor lard with Scripture my familiar talk,—  
For man may pious texts repeat,  
And yet religion have no inward seat.  
'Tis not so plain as the old Hill of Howth,  
A man has got his belly full of meat  
Because he talks with victuals in his mouth!

"Mere verbiage,—it is not worth a carrot!  
Why, Socrates or Plato—where's the odds?—  
Once taught a Jay to supplicate the gods,  
And made a Polly-theist of a Parrot!  
A mere professor, spite of all his cant, is  
Not a whit better than a Mantis,—

An insect, of what clime I can't determine,  
That lifts its paws most parson-like, and thence,  
By simple savages—thro' sheer pretence—  
Is reckon'd quite a saint amongst the vermin.

"The humble records of my life to search,  
I have not herded with mere pagan beasts;  
But sometimes I have 'sat at good men's feasts,'  
And I have been 'where bells have knoll'd to church,'  
Dear bells! how sweet the sounds of village bells  
When on the undulating air they swim!  
Now loud as welcomes! faint, now, as farewells!  
And trembling all about the breezy dells,  
As flutter'd by the wings of Cherubim.  
Meanwhile the bees are chaunting a low hymn;  
And lost to sight, th' ecstatic lark above  
Sings, like a soul beatified, of love,—  
With, now and then, the coo of the wild pigeon;—  
O Pagans, Heathens, Infidels, and Doubters!  
If such sweet sounds can't woo you to religion,  
Will the harsh voices of church cads and touters?

"A man may cry Church! Church! at ev'ry word,  
With no more piety than other people—  
A daw's not reckon'd a religious bird  
Because it keeps a-cawing from a steeple.  
The Temple is a good, a holy place,  
But quacking only gives it an ill savour;  
While saintly mountebanks the porch disgrace,  
And bring religion's self into disfavour!

"In proof how over-righteousness re-acts,  
Accept an anecdote well bas'd on facts.  
One Sunday morning—(at the day don't fret)—  
In riding with a friend to Ponder's End  
Outside the stage, we happen'd to commend  
A certain mansion that we saw To Let.  
'Ay,' cried our coachman, with our talk to grapple,  
'You're right! no house along the road comes nigh it!  
'Twas built by the same man as built yon chapel,  
And master sadly wanted once to buy it,—  
But t'other driv the bargain much too hard—  
He ax'd sure-ly a sum purdigious!  
But being so particular religious,  
Why, *that*, you see, put master on his guard!'"

*Hood's "Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire."*

[*Note.*—The "Pretty Polly" has a head flat at its top; similar to our own.]

Gall said that priests who have chosen their vocation from natural propensity, and those who have become priests by external circumstances, present a different degree of development in the middle of the upper part of their heads. The pictures of the saints show the very same configuration of head, as exhibited by those pious men whom Gall first observed. It is also in this respect very remarkable that the head of Christ is always represented as very elevated above. But have we any real picture of Christ? Have artists given to Christ a configuration which they have observed in religious persons; or have they composed this figure from some internal inspiration? Has the same sentiment among modern artists given to Christ an elevation of the head as among the ancients it conferred a prominence of the forehead upon Jupiter? If the head be very high in the middle line, the hair falls down on both sides, just as the arrangement of the hair is presented in the pictures of Christ.

A witty writer remarks that when a man thinks himself a genius, he lets his hair grow long; when a woman thinks she has a mission to fulfil in life, she cuts her hair short.

In another little book, *Heads, and What They Tell Us*, by W. Thornton (1891), it is written: "Speaking broadly, a phrenologist is at once ready to trust a man if the crown portion of his head be well raised; but should, on the other hand, the top of the man's head be flat, or depressed across

the centre, then one should be careful not to trust that man too implicitly." "I was travelling once," says Mr. Pugin, "on the underground railway, in London, with a friend. At Paddington station a well-dressed man entered the carriage. On sitting down he removed his hat, showing a head much depressed in the centre. My friend, not a phrenologist himself, asked me quietly what I thought of our fellow-traveller's head. I whispered back: 'Travelling with a third-class ticket.' At Baker Street a ticket-inspector appeared at the window, and asked for our tickets. We showed ours, but our neighbour was immediately seized with an excessive anxiety to find his. He felt in his waistcoat pockets, he felt in his trousers pockets, then in the breast-pockets of his coat, then back to his waistcoat pockets, muttering all the time about the strange way in which he had mislaid his ticket. The inspector evidently appreciated the man's dilemma, for he said, 'I don't think you will be able to find it'; and coming into the carriage he wrote him out a ticket whilst the train went on, charging our traveller first-class fare from the terminus station. It was a conundrum as to which pocket could have held his third-class ticket."

In the same booklet (of some sixty pages only, humorously written, and capitally illustrated in outline by Ellen Welby) it is told how some years ago when there was a sale of the Duke of Hamilton's pictures (a very valuable collection), amongst them was the picture of a Saint, unnamed. Sad to relate,



this Saint had a most unsaintly head ; so flat at the top that Mr. Pugin instinctively felt that the man must rather have been a sinner, or, at any rate, not a man whose head qualified him to be portrayed as a Saint. He much astonished the friend who was with him by bursting out laughing when this friend read out the title of the picture from the catalogue. They both have wondered since then who secured the portrait of the unsaintly Saint, which, without its frame, was computed by them to be worth about twopence.

As to "Cautiousness," which phrenologists locate at the upper part of the sides of the back portion of the head, this mental attitude would appear to have been correctly assigned by Gall. As a minor instance of its veracity, Mr. Pugin tells of a friend whose young son, four years old, having this head prominence especially developed, always made his younger brother go first over any place which he thought was of doubtful safety ; and that this was not the only qualification for "cautiousness" exhibited in his character.

It is a recognized fact, again, that Jews in this country are observed to be furnished with heads prominent where the so-called organ of "Constructiveness" is placed, in that part of the head which lies above a line drawn from the top of the ears to the eyebrows. Their special endowment with this faculty serves to make these Jews successful at competitions in playing the game of Chess. At a tournament held in London, in 1883, Jewish players

carried off half the prizes. Well-known qualities of the Jewish race are a mathematical bent of mind, patience, perseverance, daring, and the peculiar quality known as "long-headedness."

"Heads," says Mr. Pugin, "and faces go together, the head really forming the face; but a face may pass muster when the head of the same person will not bear evidence of a corresponding good character."

Students of skulls and brains are quite convinced that no constant relation exists between the size of the skull and the mass of the brain, nor even between the quantity of brain matter and the person's intelligence.

One may, in the first place, have a large head while the brain within it is only about the average size, or perhaps below it. This may be due to unusual massiveness of the bone, or to thickness of certain membranes which form the scaffolding of the brain.

Then, again, a person may really have a brain of unusual dimensions with quite an average understanding.

This curious fact is explained quite simply. Our brain consists of grey matter on the surface and a mass of white matter beneath.

The latter is merely a collection of nerves which bring in sensations and carry outwards the impulses that move muscles, control glands, etc.

It is with the grey matter we think, judge, memorize, and perform all the other mental functions, and in a large brain this may be of relatively small size to the white matter.

The quantity of grey matter, which makes a person intelligent, depends mainly on the depth of numerous clefts or fissures into which it dips. The deeper the fissures the greater will be a person's mental capacity.

Quality of brain matter also tells. The man who wears a big hat may, and often does, possess a brain of poor quality, and consequently is inferior in mental capacity to the man of the small hat. Quality, however, can be judged only by its results.

As a matter of fact, we see many men of great capacity with low foreheads and obviously small brains. On the other hand, the possessor of a high, broad forehead and a large head is often disappointing when you come to ascertain the amount of his mental powers.

But in the main, large heads mean superior mental gifts. Cromwell's brain is said to have been about sixty per cent above the average size, and Byron had an enormous brain which weighed a quarter of an ounce more than Cromwell's.

But,—as already stated,—Gambetta, the great French statesman, was below the average as regards this organ, his very small brain weighing a little less than forty-one ounces.

As a matter of fact, tall men have larger brains than small men, without any corresponding excess of intellect; and the smaller female body, of course, calls for less physical brain energy, and therefore does not require so large a brain.

In quality a woman's brain is quite equal to that

of a man, and a time may come when that part of the brain devoted to mental functions will be larger in women than in men. Anyhow, she starts out in life with brain matter weighing  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ounces more than that of the male child. Quite possibly she has only to use it as man does to surpass him in mental power.

The first systematic Physiognomical treatise which has come down to us from ancient times is that of Aristotle; in which six chapters are devoted to a consideration of the method of studying the character by physical attributes; as showing strength, or weakness, genius, or stupidity, timidity, imprudence, anger, and their opposites. He then proceeds to study the Physiognomy of the sexes, and the characters determined by the various features, as well as from colour, hair, body, limbs, gait, and voice. He compares the varieties of mankind to animals, the male to the lion, the female to the leopard. Discussing Noses (which we have already written about *in extenso*), he says that those with thick bulbous ends belong to persons who are insensitive and swinish; the sharp-tipped nose belongs to the irascible, and to persons easily provoked—likewise to dogs; that rounded large obtuse noses appertain to the magnanimous, and lion-like; that slender hooked noses symbolize the eagle,—noble, but rapacious; that round-tipped, *retroussé* noses signify the luxurious, like the barn-door fowl; that noses with a slight notch at their root belong to the impudent, and are crow-like; while snub noses betoken persons of self-indulgent habits, whom he compares to deer.

We suppose it was Aristotle's plain writing about women, and sexual matters, which made a cheap concise edition of his works so popular, as sold in sealed covers forty years ago in Holywell Street, the Strand, behind St. Clement's Church—a dingy, narrow, disreputable street which has been demolished, and wisely forgotten.

Nowadays the world as a rule looks upon character-reading as a special gift with which a few chosen mortals are particularly endowed, rather than as a general science. Nevertheless, Charles Dickens remarked: "We are all natural Physiognomists." The paradox told about Dr. Fell gives a hint of the potential value of Physiognomy.

"I do not like thee, Doctor Fell;  
The reason why I cannot tell;  
But this alone I know full well,  
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell."

"Non amo te; nec possum dicere quare;  
Hoc tantum possum dicere, 'Non amo te' "

*Martial. Epigram.*

"Dis-moi qui tu admires, et je dirai qui tu es," said Sainte Beuve.

Dr. Joseph Bell, the Scottish surgeon, who died at his residence, Maurice Wood, Midlothian, enjoyed a fame extending far beyond medical circles, for he was the original of "Sherlock Holmes." The gentle art of discovering a murderer by his cigar ash was evolved in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's mind as the result of a minute observation of the inductive methods of Dr. Bell.

It was in Sir Arthur's student days at Edinburgh

University. Young Doyle acted as Dr. Bell's ward clerk, noting down the particulars of the cases. Sir Arthur describes Dr. Bell as a man with sharp, piercing grey eyes, eagle nose, and striking features, who would "sit in his chair, with fingers together—he was very dexterous with his hands—and just work at the man or woman before him."

With a face like a Red Indian, he would diagnose the patients as they came in. "He would tell them their symptoms, he would give them details of their lives, and he would hardly ever make a mistake. 'Gentlemen,' he would say to the students, 'I am not quite sure whether this man is a cork cutter or a slater. I observe a slight hardening on one side of his forefinger and a little thickening on the outside of his thumb, and that is a sure sign that he is either one or the other.'

"He would observe to another patient: 'You are a soldier, a non-commissioned officer, and you have served in Bermuda,' and then, turning to the students, he would point out that the man came into the room without taking his hat off, as he would go into the orderly room; that his air showed he was a non-commissioned officer, and that he had on his forehead a peculiar rash known only in Bermuda. 'A cobbler I see,' the professor would begin on approaching another patient, directing the students as he spoke to the inside knee of the man's trousers, which was worn where he had rested the lapstone."

So the amazing Sherlock Holmes came to be fashioned on the lines of the doctor. Developing his



theories one day, Dr. Bell pointed out the extreme importance of small details. "Physiognomy helps you to nationality, and accent to district. The shoemaker and the tailor are quite different. The soldier and the sailor differ in gait. The ornamentation on the watch chain of the successful settler will tell you where he made his money."

Dr. Bell was born in 1837. He was a familiar figure as he drove through the streets of Edinburgh, his gleaming eyes intent on everything.

"Character-reading from the face," writes Annie Oppenheim, "ranks as a science if based upon anatomical principles, and a practical knowledge of the values and properties of brain, bone, nerve, muscle, blood, tissue, and hair. It stands apart from palmistry, thought-reading, or astrology; and does not presume to predict the future, or to dive into the past." "The face is part of the head, which is incomplete without the face. The shape of the features, and the various developments of the facial bones, will indicate the manner in which the mental organs are likely to be used. They will also show the amount of physical ability which goes towards bringing the mental capacities into action. It is true the facial expressions can be modified by a strong will, and by self-control exercised early in life. The chief difficulty in character-reading from the face consists in the necessary employment of judgment in summing up the various characteristics of the several features which form the face, weighing the weaker with the stronger, when they denote

contradictory qualities. When we seem to see objectionable characteristics in a person's face, we must be more cautious in coming to a conclusion accordingly, than when the face expresses nothing base, or to our disapproval. Aristotle, like many of the occult scientists, tried to make generalities and precedents, instead of going into the matter from a scientific point of view, by working on the value of the various parts of the anatomy of the head and face; wherefore he failed to complete his researches with satisfactory results."

" 'This is the age of the Sphinx face,' said a physiologist recently. 'The old cheery countenances that nearly always wore a smile, the temperaments of the generation of the Cheerybles, unruffled by carking care, and rarely clouded by any frown of worry, are things almost of the past. The open, expressive countenance has given place to the face that is set, and hard. Inscrutability lies in the knitted brow, in the lines of the stiff set mouth, the hard expressionless eyes—as fixedly as it lies in the age-long features of the Sphinx. Walk down any street, go into any theatre, restaurant, or train,—any place where people gather in London, and look at their faces. Rarely does a real, fresh smile light up the gloom of the face.'"

" 'If there is a smile, it is often one that appears and disappears as quickly, and as automatically as the smile of a ventriloquist's doll. The speed and stress of modern life have produced the Sphinx face; the reason for it is to be found in the action of the mind

on facial expression. Obsessed by single ideas, harassed by the thousand worries of a worrying age, modern people reflect their burden of care in the hard expressionless face.'

"A photographer, discussing the Sphinx face recently, said: 'I know this face well. It is noticeable in women as well as men. The women, it seems to me, contract the Sphinx expression by constant association with Sphinx-like men. Children also are taking on this look; for it is well known that their faces take on something of the expression seen in their parents' faces.'"

As to the throat, its length and its thickness are to be noted; likewise the pose of the head. Then, the lines on the forehead must be studied; also the colour and texture of the hair, the latter having more to do with temperament than character.

"There was an old woman called 'Nothing-at-all,'  
Who rejoiced in a dwelling exceedingly small;  
A man stretched his mouth to its utmost extent,  
And down at one gulp, house and old woman went."

EX NIHILO NIL FIT.

"Quæ 'Nihil omnino' gaudebat nomine, tectis  
Lata per exiguisse recreabat Anus;  
Stabat hiulea Gigas expandans ora, domumque,  
Ah! simul et miseram, contumulabat Anum."

Before bringing our literary effort to an ending, we will make a quotation from *Physiognomy and Expression*, by the President of the Italian Society of Anthropology (1904), as published by the Walter Scott Company, London. *Inter alia*, he thus delivers himself on the expression peculiar to certain pro-

fessions: "It is certain that often on seeing a stranger we exclaim to ourselves, 'This man must be a pharmacist!' or, 'I bet that this other man is a priest, or he is a disguised soldier!' or, 'This third man can only be a carpenter!' And in most of such instances these hazarded suppositions have been correct. If in these conjectures we exclude all that depends on the mode of dressing, and of speaking, all the rest belongs to expression. Each profession then exercises a modifying influence on the look of the face, and even on the character; on the health, and on many other things, both inner and outer, which appertain to the individuality. The professions which most profoundly modify expression are those which daily exact a particular mode of muscular movement, or of brain work. It is because of this I could recognize the druggist, the priest, the soldier, and the carpenter. The habit of constantly making up little packets gives a very striking character to the gestures of a druggist. The doctor himself often recalls the pharmacist for the same reason; but in him there is further the stereotyped seriousness of the man who neither can, nor will laugh in the midst of the suffering which he has continually before his eyes. As for my success in recognizing a carpenter, I may explain this by saying that the habit of planing, sawing, piercing, drawing lines, and of seeking symmetry in the wood which he handles, gives a peculiar character to the muscles of his face, which becomes permanent. The priest, and the soldier belong to distinct social castes; they

wear uniforms, and visible insignia which impregnate their very skins, their muscles, indeed their whole being. The gesture of the soldier is always precise, rigid, and energetic; that of the priest supple, and unctuous, seeming, as it were, to pass into celestial spheres. The soldier, even in mufti, has in all his gestures the attitude of obedience or of command; the priest, even in lay attire, retains the mark of the cassock and band; his fingers always seem to bless, or absolve; he is continually adoring, and seems ever to be smelling heavenly incense; his lips are constantly occupied in murmuring the service. A doctor friend of mine declares that he can always recognize a priest by his lower lip, prominent in every instance, and sometimes falling through the habit of wetting the finger for turning over more rapidly the pages of his breviary. Similarly, the sailor, the horseman, and the dancer are easily recognized in the midst of other men. And this depends on their peculiar manners of using their legs. The constant habit of riding suffices to give a particular national character to the Hungarians, the Arabs, and the population of the Argentine Republic. Clockmakers, bankers, notaries, and advocates have gestures peculiar to themselves. But with these personages the diagnosis becomes more difficult, and less certain. Many witty pages might be written on this subject; amusing caricatures of each profession might be drawn; but science would derive therefrom scarcely any useful materials for building up serious and positive conclusions."

The man of the Tropics must necessarily be very different from the man who is a denizen of the Polar regions. The Temperate Zones are most favourable to development, and progress. Differences, again, between the Southerner and the Northerner are to be allowed for, and may be summed up thus : The man of the North is more cautious, considerate, thoughtful, calculating, and economical ; whilst the man of the South is more venturesome, impulsive, reckless, generous, improvident, and revengeful.

"The English," says Dr. Smiles, "are inartistic for the same reason that they are unsociable. They may make good colonists, sailors, and mechanics ; but they do not make good singers, dancers, actors, artists, or modistes. They neither dress well, act well, speak well, nor write well. They lack style ; they lack elegance. What they have to do they do in a straightforward way ; but they are wanting in grace. This was strikingly shown at an International Cattle Exhibition held in Paris a few years ago. At the close of the Exhibition the competitors came forward with the prize animals to receive their awards. First came a gay and gallant Spaniard, a magnificent man, beautifully dressed, who received a prize of the lowest class with an air, and attitude which would have become a grandee of the highest order. Then came Frenchmen, and Italians, full of grace, politeness, and chic ; themselves elegantly dressed, and their animals decorated to the horns with flowers and coloured ribbons, harmoniously blended. And last of all came the exhibitor who was to receive the



first prize,—a slouching man, plainly dressed, with a pair of farmer's gaiters on, and without even a flower in his buttonhole. 'Who is he?' asked the spectators. 'Why, he is the Englishman,' was the reply. 'The Englishman! That, the representative of a great country!' was the general exclamation. But it was the Englishman all over. He was sent there, not to exhibit himself, but to show 'the best beast;' and he did it, carrying away the first prize. Yet he would have been nothing the worse for a flower in his buttonhole."

"The English," says Bulwer, "make business an enjoyment, and enjoyment a business; they are born without a smile; they rove about in public places like so many easterly winds,—cold, sharp, and cutting; or like a group of frogs on a frosty day, sent out of his Hall by Boreas for the express purpose of looking black at one another. When they ask you, 'How do you do?' you would think they were measuring the length of your coffin. They are sometimes polite, but invariably uncivil; they are stiff without dignity, and cringing without manners."

Lamb says (in *Imperfect Sympathies*): "I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. They have no pretences to much clearness or precision in their ideas, or in their manner of expressing them. They are content with fragments, scattered pieces of truth. The light that lights them is not steady and polar, but mutable and shifting. Their conversation is accordingly. They cannot speak always as if they

were upon their oath ; but must be understood, speaking or writing, with some abatement.

“The brain of a true Caledonian (if I am not mistaken) is constituted upon quite a different plan from that of the Englishman. His Minerva is born in panoply. Between the affirmative and the negative there is no border-land with him. You must speak upon the square with him. His affirmations have the sanctity of an oath. He stops a metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy’s country. ‘A healthy book?’—said one of his countrymen to me, when I had ventured to give that appellation to a certain volume under our notice—‘did I catch rightly what you said? I have heard of a man in health, and of a healthy state of body, but I do not see how that epithet can be properly applied to a book.’”

“Above all you must beware of indirect expressions before a Caledonian. Remember you are upon your oath. Thus: I have a print of a graceful female, after the style of Leonardo da Vinci, which I was showing off to Mr. ——. After he had examined it minutely, I ventured to ask him how he liked ‘My Beauty’ (a foolish name by which the said print goes among my friends), when he very gravely assured me that he had considerable respect for my character, and talents (so he was pleased to say), but had not given himself much thought about the degree of my personal pretensions. The misconception staggered me, but did not seem to much disconcert him. I was present

not long since at a party of North Britons where a son of Burns was expected, and I happened to drop a silly expression (in my South British way) that I wished it was the father instead of the son ; when four of them started up at once to inform me that that was impossible, because the father was dead.

“I have in the abstract no disrespect for Jews. They date beyond the pyramids. But I should not care to be in habits of familiar intercourse with any of that nation. I confess that I have not the nerves to enter their synagogues. Old prejudices cling about me. I cannot shake off the story of Hugh of Lincoln. The nation in general have not oversensible countenances ;—how should they ?—but you seldom see a silly expression among them. Gain, and the pursuit of gain, sharpen a man’s visage. “*Esto, ut nunc multi, dives tibi, pauper amicis.*” Some admire the Jewish female Physiognomy. I admire it,—but with trembling. Jael had those full, dark, inscrutable eyes.”

“In the Negro countenance you will often meet with strong traits of benignity. I have felt yearnings of tenderness towards some of these faces, or rather masks, that have looked out kindly upon me in casual encounters in the streets and highways. I love what old Fuller beautifully calls these ‘images of God cut in ebony.’ But I should not like to associate with them, to share my meals, and my good-nights with them, because they are black.”

“The discovery in Sussex of a human skeleton which, from the geological conditions wherein it

was found, must date back to the beginning of the glacial age, or to an even earlier epoch, is in itself a remarkable event. It carries back the history of mankind upon this planet to a period perhaps 100,000 years distant, perhaps yet more remote. For the æons of time with which geology has to deal are, like the distances which the astronomer has to measure in the case of the stars, so infinitely great that they do not admit of precise determination. Nowhere has a complete skeleton been discovered to which an earlier date can be assigned than to this in Sussex. There have been isolated bones, and flints which seemed to bear traces of human workmanship: but they were regarded with suspicion and were doubted by the archæologists, and anthropologists. This is the first and earliest man known to modern man; the progenitor of *homo sapiens*."

"This skull of earliest mankind dates certainly from the beginning of the Pleistocene period. It was found in association with the bones of one of the most ancient types of elephant. The stratum in which it lay was the beach of a very old river bed. There is no doubt at all of its authenticity.

"The second, and still more surprising feature of this discovery is that the skeleton is not that of a degraded being. There are certain respects in which it differs from the skeleton of the modern European. The leg bones, and the skull have some peculiarities. But the anthropologists are able to say with certainty that the being to whom this skeleton belonged, who walked the earth in those far-off days when the

Polar Regions were habitable, and when the rhinoceros and mammoth were still common in Europe, was not a degenerate like the men whose skeletons have been discovered in the Neanderthal. Until this find, the Neanderthal men were regarded as the oldest in Europe; and some people were hasty enough to discern in them, with their monkey-like qualities, evidence of the 'missing link.'

" 'That this skull, representing a hitherto unknown human species, is the missing link, I for one have not the slightest doubt,' said Dr. Arthur Smith Woodward, of the Geological Department of the British Museum, who helped to recover the skull. In an interview, he asserted, 'This discovery takes us back nearer to the source, and origin of the first living creature than any discovery ever made before.

" 'Hitherto the nearest approach discovered to a species from which we might have been said to have descended was the "cave man;" but authorities have constantly declared that we did not spring direct from the "cave men." Where then was the missing link in the chain of our evolution? To me, at any rate, the answer lies in the Pilt Down skull; for we came direct from a species almost entirely ape.

" There is of course, one,—there may be more,—missing link; but if we are to find them we shall have to discover human remains of greater antiquity than those brought to light at Pilt Down. Such a discovery, to my mind, would bring us to almost a pure ape."

“The most significant thing about this discovery does not so much lie in the fact that the brain is infinitely smaller than that of an ordinary human being, or that the jaw is the jaw of a chimpanzee ; but in the fact, proved beyond doubt from the shape of the jaw, that the creature when alive had not the power of speech. But that it had some brain is certain. Therefore, in the evolution of the human species, the brain came first, and speech was a growth of a later age.”

“Never in the annals of the Geological Society has there occurred an event creating such excitement as the presentation to the Fellows by Mr. Charles Dawson, of Lewes, and Dr. Smith Woodward, of the British Museum, of the cranium and part of the lower jaw of the most ancient Briton yet discovered. A large gathering of scientists from all parts of the kingdom assembled to hear the story of its discovery, which proved even more remarkable than was expected.

“The object is not merely a skull of extreme antiquity, carrying us back several hundred thousand years, but one which displays indubitable proofs of kinship with man’s despised relations, the apes.

“Of the skull itself only a portion of the brain case has been recovered, the bones of the face having been destroyed by the workmen who unearthed it. The workmen did not realize the extraordinary character of their find. But enough has been rescued to show that, while unquestionably human, the skull, in its general shape, is ape-like.



“The human elements are disclosed in the form of the socket whereby the lower jaw is hinged to the skull, and by the capacity of the brain case. The latter, while far exceeding that of any ape, is yet considerably below that of any other race of men, (living, or fossil), save only the celebrated fossil man of Java, the *Pithecanthropus*, which caused such a stir among anthropologists some years ago.”

“The lower jaw is in conspicuous contrast with the skull, on account of its peculiarly ape characteristics, though it also displays some strikingly human features. It is human as regards the teeth, since these are all in the same level ; while in the apes the ‘eye’ teeth, or ‘canine’ teeth, are large, and fang-like, projecting beyond their fellows, and displaying a gap both above and below for the reception of their projecting points. But in their greater length in comparison with their breadth they incline towards the teeth of the apes. The most unequivocally ape-like character, however, was the absence of a ‘chin,’—the projection of the rim of the jaw beyond the level of the teeth.”

“From the slight development of the brow-ridges, and the slenderness of the jaw, Dr. Smith Woodward seemed inclined to suspect that these remains are those of a female ; and this may well be the case. In the enormous thickness of the walls of the brain-case the skull is unique, and one is curious as to what significance this may have. Wife-beating in those days, at any rate, was less dangerous than now !

“Of the age of these remains we can make no

estimate in terms of years; but they probably date back several hundred thousand years, for the gravel pit from which it was obtained, near Pilt Down Common, Sussex, is of early Pleistocene age; and with the skull were Palæolithic flint implements of the 'Chellean' type. Some of these were evidently rude axes; others may have been used as 'scrapers' for fashioning wooden spears, such as were wielded by the Tasmanians."

"Bones of numerous species of extinct animals were also found; among them those of an elephant, and of a horse long since extinct: animals which may well have been hunted by the primitive man represented by these newly-discovered remains. He also had less desirable neighbours, such as the lion, the sabre-toothed tiger, and the bear."

"The skull belongs, roughly, to the same age as the famous Heidelberg skull, and is quite as early as anything which has been found in Europe. The said skull resembles the Neanderthal specimen, but belongs to a much lower, and more primitive type of mankind even than that."

"Experts have been able to come to a definite judgment as to the kind of brain once housed in these amazing bones. It was certainly a very different brain from that possessed by any living race. Before this discovery the earliest skull found in England was the one dug up recently near Ipswich, but the conditions of the Ipswich find leave a loophole for doubt. It lay under 4ft. 3in. of superficial earth. There is no doubt about the geological age of the Sussex skull."

"The cares, and sorrows, and hungerings of the world," Charles Dickens has said, "change countenances as they change hearts; and it is only when these passions sleep, and have lost their hold for ever, that the troubled clouds pass off, and leave heaven's surface clear. It is a common thing for the countenances of the dead, even in that fixed and rigid state, to subside into the long-forgotten expression of sleeping infancy, and settle into the very look of early life; so calm, so peaceful do they grow again, that those who knew them in their happy childhood, kneel by the coffin's side in awe, and see the angel even upon earth." Personally, we ourselves, having during a long active medical career stood by many deathbeds, some those of friends known to us from their earliest years, can bear testimony to the surprising change of face back to that of first childhood just at the moment when the expiring breath leaves the body. "Age," said Goethe, "does not make us childish; it only finds us still true children."

"Ah! what would the world be to us,  
If the children were no more?  
We should dread the desert behind us,  
Worse than the dark before.

"Come to me, O ye children,  
And whisper in my ear  
What the birds, and the winds are singing  
In your sunny atmosphere!

"For what are all our contrivings,  
And the wisdom of our books,  
When compared with your caresses,  
And the gladness of your looks?

“Ye are better than all the ballads  
That ever were sung, or said ;  
For ye are living poems,  
And all the rest are dead !”

With respect to the Senses, Marie Corelli (who claims special psychic endowments beyond those generally accredited to us) makes—in *The Life Everlasting*, 1911—the following declaration: “I know—for I have studied and proved its truth—that every bodily sense we possess is simply an imperfect outcome of its original, and existent faculty in the Soul; that our bodily Ears are only the material expression of that spiritual hearing which is fine and keen enough to catch the lightest angel whisper,—that our Eyes are but the outward semblance to those brilliant inner orbs of vision which are made to look upon those supernal glories of Heaven itself without fear, or flinching,—and that our very sense of Touch is but a rough, and uncertain handling of perishable things, as compared with that sure, and delicate contact of the Soul’s personal being with the etheric substances pertaining to itself.” “What we call an actual Sense is a perception of the Soul,—a perception which cannot be limited to things which are merely material, inasmuch as it passes beyond outward needs, and appearances, and reaches to the causes which create those outward needs, and appearances.” But concerning this: the verge of a discovery which in its Divine simplicity should make all problems clear, and all difficulties of thought easy, I am gently, but firmly

held back by a force invisible ; and am warned—  
“ Thus far, and no farther.”

It is in the eyes that beauty most resides. A certain symmetry of feature is needed to justify the application of the term,—a certain rightness of drawing, if we may so express it. But in the last analysis it is the shape, the colour, the openness, the lustre of the eyes which make the difference between the woman who is beautiful and the woman whom you pass without a second look.

And this is a happy dispensation, for the eyes are largely under our personal control. No man or woman of mean disposition ever had large, attractive eyes. No one who was made to be loved, and to spread sunshine, ever had dull, screwed-up, or narrow slits of eyes. Therefore we adapt Charles Kingsley, and say :—

“ Be kind, sweet maid, and let who will be beautiful.”

It is the gentle women, the women whose eyes radiate tenderness and sympathy, who win the most lasting love. Fashions in beauty change as they change in everything. But the charm of eyes which shyly betray a winning soul is always in fashion. It always has been since the world began.

Regarding our little volume (now at its close) somewhat in the light of a Fable, rendered more or less humorous, after the fashion of those great writers, Phædrus, Æsop, La Fontaine, Fénelon, Gay, and Robert Dodsley,—whilst at the same time embodying practical instruction about “ Our Outsides,

and what they Betoken,"—we have finally to deduce THE MORAL which the entire subject conveys. "Ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee," says Job (chap. xii.), "and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee; or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee: and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee." How much more cogently then, and convincingly, shall our Physiognomical features, and bodily attributes inculcate the important lessons which their correct reading furnishes? It is true the separately printed Moral is a modern invention. Phædrus indeed usually began his apologues with some reflection appropriate to the subject on which he intended to treat; but it was reserved for more recent writers to give in a distinct subsequent section the maxims they thought to teach. Gay, and Dodsley were in the habit of placing theirs at the beginning of their Fables; Fénelon, and Cowper inserted them at the end; and La Fontaine put them at the beginning, or the end indifferently; knowing, however, that if the Moral precedes the Fable, or the anecdotal story, many readers, particularly the young ones, are prone to skip the Moral altogether. We are contenting ourselves with having begun our treatise with a brief "Introduction," and have reserved our Moral application of the whole subject until now.

About this Moral of ours, little need be said. No one, it may be fairly supposed, would think of inculcating as a Fabulist, for Physiognomical teaching, and science, the indulgence of vicious pursuits, or



the benefits of evil inclinations. Idle habits, and criminal licence have never yet found public advocates, however they may have been privately practised. Men who have propensities to these things try to conceal even from themselves the nature of their innate disposition; and most frequently disallow the Physiognomical failings which they would find themselves to possess. It is the province of Science when fabled to unmask self-deceit, and duplicity, so as to inform us what is the strict truth about ourselves; and at the same time to show us that our friends and acquaintances are not always so good, or so bad, as their external appearances would seem to represent them.

The first specimen of a Fable with which we are acquainted is the parable of Jotham, as contained in the Bible (Judges ix. 7-16) under the title of "The Tree and the Bramble":—

"The Israelites, ever murmuring, and discontented under the reign of Jehovah, were desirous of having a king, like the rest of the nations. They offered the kingdom to Gideon, their deliverer;—to him, and to his posterity after him. He generously refused their offer, and reminded them that Jehovah was their king. When Gideon was dead, Abimelech, with the assistance of the Shechemites, made himself king. Jotham, to represent to them their folly, spake to them in the following manner: 'Hearken unto me, ye men of Shechem, that God may hearken unto you. The trees, grown weary of the state of freedom and equality in which God had placed them,

met together to choose, and anoint a king over them, and they said to the olive-tree, "Reign thou over us." But the olive-tree said unto them, "Shall I quit my fatness, wherewith God and man is honoured, to disquiet myself with the cares of government, and to rule over the trees?" And they said unto the fig-tree, "Come thou and reign over us." But the fig-tree said unto them, "Shall I bid adieu to my sweetness, and my pleasant fruit, to take upon me the painful charge of royalty, and to be set over the trees?" Then said the trees unto the vine, "Come thou, and reign over us." But the vine said also unto them, "Shall I leave my wine, which honoureth God, and cheereth man, to bring upon myself nothing but trouble and anxiety, and to become king of the trees? We are happy in our present lot: seek some other to reign over you." Then said all the trees unto the bramble, "Come thou, and reign over us." And the bramble said unto them, "I will be your king; come ye all under my shadow and be safe; obey me, and I will grant you my protection. But if ye obey me not, out of the bramble shall come forth a fire, which shall devour even the cedars of Lebanon." " " "

From this Scriptural Fable we may aptly, and without profanity deduce a lesser Moral, well fitted to our present Physiognomical topics. Just as the trees, though left by Nature to the free enjoyment of sunshine, open air, and refreshing showers, yet got tired of their independence, and tried to choose a king, so with many of ourselves, though endowed by Nature

with health to begin with, and to continually enjoy if only we will remain content to live wisely and frugally, we foolishly crave for the fatness of the olive in excess, for the sweetness of the fig, until cloyed therewith, for the intoxicating juice of the grape, until our digestions suffer and fail. Then we become perforce dominated, as it were, by the bramble as "thorns in the flesh," which eventually cause a destructive fever of the whole body, and play havoc with the health; much as the fire which would come forth from the bramble, and devour even the "cedars of Lebanon."

Milton tells us that when Eve goes off to prepare a meal for the archangel Raphael, she provided "for drink, the grape. She crushes inoffensive must! and meaths from many a berry."

Bringing our subject of human Physiognomy to a conclusion, we may say a few useful, and instructive words about the primitive origin of Man, according to the most recent pronouncements of anthropological science. The common descent of man and apes is no longer to be doubted. But man is neither the offspring nor the brother of the apes; he is a sort of cousin more than "once removed." And the answer to the oft-put question, Where is the missing link between them? is, There is no missing link; there never has been one. As with the likenesses and differences between the apes themselves, so with those between apes and man. The likenesses are explained by descent from a common ancestry; the differences have slowly arisen in subtle ways. The

Primates form the upper branches of the life-tree, whose highest branch is man. This topmost place has been won by him in virtue of certain advantages in his bodily structure, namely, his wholly erect posture, his hands, and his organs of speech. For, although the impassable gulf between man and apes is especially manifest in his larger and more deeply furrowed brain, this is more an effect than a cause of the advantages just named.

The Anthropoid, or man-like apes—the gibbon, orang-outang, chimpanzee, and gorilla—are man's nearest allies. Some of them resemble him more in one feature; some in another. The orang-outang has the most human-like brain; the chimpanzee has the most human-like skull; and the more savage gorilla has the most human-like feet and hands. Although the bones of a man cannot be mistaken for those of an anthropoid ape, the skeleton of each, bone for bone, are identical. The modification of the fingers, enabling them to be opposed singly, or all together, to the thumb, and thereby to act as hooks or clasps; to form a cuplike palm; to grasp things large or small, and thus learn something about them; gave man a perfect organ without which he could never have won lordship over the earth. And we have but to cripple or lose a thumb to realize that in it lies the real power of the hand. The prehensile or grasping organs of some of the lower animals, as of the elephant, monkey, parrot, and opossum, whereby they can lay hold of an object and learn something of its nature, raises them in the

scale of intelligence ; and when we contrast trunk or claw with the human hand, we see what a mighty agent this has been in development of brain. Obviously the attainment of the erect posture involved various changes in the structure of man's body—as the thickening of the leg bones, the flattening of the feet, the curve of the spine, and the altered position of the skull as balanced on it. In all this there was the making of Man. His two-footed and upright posture involved exchange of the tree-life of his ancestors for life on the ground, which brought him into new relations with his surroundings, and finally, in the ceaseless struggle for life which he had to wage, gave him the mastery over foes and the wide earth itself.

Man is not, as has been shown already, the lineal descendant of his nearest relation, the ape, and it therefore follows that the division between the two cannot have been later than Miocene times. In fact, the evidence points to the divergence of the branch which includes monkeys and anthropoid apes, and of the branch which ends in man, about the close of the Eocene, or the beginning of the Miocene period.

The Vertebrates, or back-boned animals, stand at the head of the many-celled ; the Mammals, or those that suckle their young, at the head of the Vertebrates ; and the order of the Primates (pronounced Pri-ma-tes, to distinguish them from archbishops) at the head of the Mammals. This order includes lemurs, monkeys, apes, and man.

(1) There are the vast ages which separate man at his lowest, say as a chipper of flints in the Thames and Somme valleys, from Plato and Shakespeare, from Aristotle and Newton, or from the highest types living. Yet through all those ages, man, as we now know him, was in the process of making; he is their result. (2) There are the long, monotonous ages, the dismal wildernesses strewn with his bones, before any great impulse to advance, such, for example, as came through knowledge of metals, was given. Till then, brain and hand carried man only a certain distance, where progress was arrested. Nevertheless, all the germs were there, and we can trace their development. From unhafted stone tools and weapons to modern machinery; from clothes of twisted grass to modern fabrics; from tattooing and shell ornaments to adorning with rare jewels; from wigwams and mud-huts to mansion and palace; from heap of burial stones to pyramid; from cromlech to Buddhist tope and Christian cathedral; from scratchings on bones to sculptures of Phidias and paintings of Raphael; from twanged bow-string to violin of Stradivarius; from picture-writing to alphabets; from signs and imitative sounds to rich vocabularies; from counting on the fingers to reckoning in trillions; from measuring with different parts of the body—foot, nail, hand, span, fathom—to geometry; from “dug-out” canoe to Atlantic liner; from calabash or horn and clay-smeared vessel to Sèvres ware; from family life to tribal and national unity; from work done by one



to division of labour—the ruler, the farmer, the merchant, the soldier—from coarse rites and bloody sacrifices to ancestors, local gods and nature-gods, to worship of a Supreme being; from myths and such-like guesses to science and its certainties; as from alchemy to chemistry, and from astrology to astronomy; these and aught else in numberless gradations, are the steps of advance by which the highest races have made all things their ministering servants.

Such are the precise, and assured teachings of science in the present day about Primitive Man. The promise of still further progress in his development, and powers than has been already made, even to a stage now regarded by the average person as Super-Natural, seems to be on the eve of its fulfilment. But meanwhile, some of our poets have allowed their fancy to run wild in contemplating and lamenting the deplorable isolation of

“THE LAST MAN.”

“So there he hung, and there I stood,  
The LAST MAN left alive,  
To have my will of all the earth;  
Quoth I, ‘Now I shall thrive!’  
But when was ever honey made  
With one bee in a hive?”

“My Joan was dead, and under the mould,  
And every buxom lass;  
In vain I watched at the window pane,  
For a Christian soul to pass;  
But sheep and kine wandered up the street,  
And brows’d on the new-grown grass.”

"Hanging looks sweet ; but, alas ! in vain  
 My desp'rate fancy begs,  
 I must turn my cup of sorrows up,  
 And drink it to the dregs ;  
 For there is not another man alive  
 In the world, to pull my legs ! "

Hood.

Again, Thomas Campbell has written a lyric—  
 "The Last Man" (1843) :—

"All worldly shapes must end in gloom,  
 The sun itself must die,  
 Before this mortal shall assume  
 Its immortality.

"I saw a vision in my sleep  
 That gave my spirit strength to sweep  
 Adown the gulf of Time ;  
 I saw the last of human mould  
 That shall Creation's death behold  
 As Adam saw her prime."

\* \* \* \* \*

Marie Corelli (in *The Life Everlasting*) advances the doctrine that for each individual human life (this being a perpetual series of progressive changes) no change is ever, or can ever be made till the person concerned has prepared the next "costume" or mortal presentment of immortal being—"according to voluntary choice, and liking."

The final and most important application of our Physiognomical knowledge must be with regard to what is now termed the science of "Eugenics," thus named from two Greek words—*eu* and *geinomai* (having to do mainly with Heredity)—"how to be healthfully born, bred, and brought up." It is by a

careful study and practice of this science that Physiognomical defects can be remedied, and bodily characteristics improved. Manifestly, the questions thus involved bear strongly on the subject of Heredity. Francis Galton was the founder of Eugenics, and has been the greatest prophet of this modern science. Concerning its present aspect—it is yet in its infancy—we cannot do better than quote from a small treatise, recently produced as one of “The People’s Books” (a most useful series, by writers of distinction, “bringing within the reach of all the results of modern knowledge.”) It has been written under the titular name of *Heredity*, by James Walton, B.Sc., F.R.S.E., of Edinburgh University. “Schemes of Eugenics may be either positive or negative : they may aim at the encouragement of reproduction in the specially fit, or at its prevention in the specially unfit. It is in the latter direction that the most practical proposals have been made. An eminently sensible one has been that there should be a medical examination previous to marriage ; the requirements being a moderate general physique, soundness of mind, and freedom from such diseases as may be communicated to offspring. But practical legislative schemes of positive ‘Eugenics’ seem as yet almost impossible ; it appears we must look to the education of the public to ensure the reproduction of the specially fit.” We merely touch upon this wide and Physiognomically comprehensive question ; its fuller treatment lies outside the scope of such a book as our

present publication. Nevertheless, what we have now said may be sufficient to vindicate the importance of Eugenics. With the domestic animals, man has replaced Nature by artificial selection—with results little short of marvellous. But as regards his own species he has failed so far to provide any substitute for natural selection, which under existing social conditions is impossible.

Regarding the attitude of the modern “daughters of Nature” as to “Eugenics,” it is wittily said:—

“We never have headaches, hysterics, nor faint,  
And we’re none of us languid, or lazy;  
We don’t have to pencil, or powder, or paint:  
Of our physical fitness  
Our limbs are a witness,  
And we’re always as fresh as a daisy.

“Oh, Billy, it’s silly to tarry  
In love with a faked little face.  
Its health, and not wealth, you should marry;  
Put affection aside,  
And in choosing a bride,  
Don’t consider yourself, but the Race!”

Supreme as a qualification for those who advocate Eugenics, it may rank well to proudly claim, with the poet Cowper:—

“My boast is not that I deduce my birth  
From loins enthron’d, and rulers of the earth;  
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—  
The son of parents pass’d into the skies.”

Coming back, then, in conclusion, to the definite MORAL of our varied discourse (a Medley, we are bound to admit), let us revert to our classic friend Horace, in his *De Arte Poetica*, for a brief but timely peroration.

“ Interdum speciosa locis morataque recte  
 Fabula, nullius Veneris, sine pondere et arte,  
 Valdius oblectat populum meliusque moratur,  
 Quam versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.”

“ A Fable lacking beauty, strength, and art,  
 So that its words and teachings suit each part ;  
 Will catch men’s minds and rivet them when caught  
 More than a tale delivered without thought.”

Take notice then, Gentle Reader or Harsh Reviewer, an Apollo or a Venus, Hyperion or Satyr ; of whichever Sex, Masculine, Feminine, or Epicene ; of whatever rank or condition in life, Lord-in-Waiting or Man in the Street, “ Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Sailor, Rich Man, Poor Man, Ploughboy, or Thief, Apothecary, or Minister ”—

### “ DE TE FABULA NARRATUR.”

“ CONCERNING EACH, AND ALL OF YOU, OUR STORY  
 IS TOLD.”

“ The book is completed,  
 And closed, like the day ;  
 And the hand that has written it  
 Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies,  
 Forgotten they lie ;  
 Like coals in the ashes,  
 They darken, and die.

Song sinks into silence ;  
 The story is told,  
 The windows are darkened,  
 The hearthstone is cold.”





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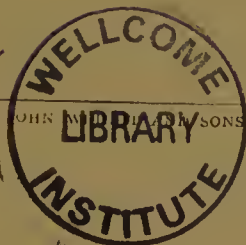
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